The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1915. NO. 11.

The War Tax.

Put a war-tax on us, Woodrow,
Spread it thick and pile it high;
Tax us when we're born, and also
Tax us when we come to die.
Tax each step of life's procession,
Till we moulder back to dust;
Make us pay for war and murder—
But don't tax the Powder Trust.

Put a war-tax on us, Woodrow;
Soak us all that we can stand;
Bloody war must be supported—
Let it rage on sea and land.
Tax the widows and the orphans,
Tax the land and tax the crops;
Tax the bread crust in the cabin—
But don't tax the Cannon Shops.

Put a war-tax on us, Woodrow;
Make us buy your little stamps;
Stick them on tne bread-line people,
And the noses of the tramps.
Tax the living and the dying,
Tax the tomb and marble shaft;
Tax us till we cry for mercy—
But don't tax the Armor Graft.

James Larkin Pearson.

DO YOU WANT MR. MORGAN?

When you have read the contents of this issue you will, no doubt, say that it alone is worth a dime. Don't imagine that Mr. Morgan has done his best in this and exhausted his resources. He is the most versatile and original writer in America. The next issue will be as interesting and as much of a surprise to you as this one. He is on intimate terms with every phase of human nature and human endeavor. His pen pictures are true to life. He is a master of dialect and a wizard in words. Clothed in humor, satire, burlesque and ridicule, he presents in a logical way the profoundest philosophy the world has ever known.

The readers of The Fool Killer have it in their power to secure the continuance of Mr. Morgan's contributions. My present arrangement with him expires in March, but if subscriptions continue to come in as they have in the past three weeks it will enable me to secure his permanent connection with the paper. It is to this end that I ask the present subscribers to do their very best to increase the circulation of the paper by sending in large clubs from now until March. We want Mr. Morgan with us and can have him if we get the support he deserves. Now let us all take a long pull and a strong pull, and put the question of keeping him beyond doubt.

If it is right for my government to tote a big gun and keep itself in readiness to kill people, why in the mischief ain't it right for me to do the same thing?

THE CHURCH OF MAMMON.

By W. S. Morgan.

My brothers and sisters in love, (with gold); I shall open the services this morning by reading the 423rd Sam.

Mammon is my shepherd and I shall not want.

He leadeth me into pleasant pastures, and permitteth me to reap in the industrial fields where I have not sown,

He provideth me a yacht to ride on the waters, and an automobile to go whizzing down the pike.

He permitteth me to lie in pleasant beds till late in the morning, and to lie to the people until late in the evening.

He installeth me in high places and permitteth me to make the laws and appoint courts.

Yea, though I am hauled up before his honor, he delivereth me out of the hands of justice and electeth me to Congress.

He filleth my hand with gold and my belly with yellow legged chicken.

Surely I have the goods and the money and the power to tax the people and I shall dwell in the house of Mammon forever.

Deacon Skinn'em will now lead in prayer:

"Oh Mammon! Thou great and incomprehensible being who ruleth with a mighty hand the nations of the earth, we humbly bow before thee to worship thy gracious name. Bless us, O Mammon, with showers of golden dollars. Bless the harvests and give us our portion of them. Bless the toilers in the mines and workshops and fields who produce all the good things for this life, and then kindly give us half of the products of their toil. Put it in their hearts to make our share larger for they are simple hearted and poor and can get along with mighty little. And now O Mammon, bless this congregation. Bless parson Bigsalary and fill him up so full with unction that he will spill over. Bless the feather on sister Porkpacker's hat, for it's a daisy, and I wonder what it cost. Bless the silver buckle on the number 3 shoe that Miss Goldhammer has on her number 4 foot. Bless Miss Silverside's low neck dress, and that part of her bosom which the law permits her to expose to the public; and bless the hobble skirt which enables her to show the calf of her hind leg when she steps up to get in her buggy. Bless old sister Aristocrat's gold handle umbrella. Bless old Deacon Moneybag; may he long be a strong pillar in the church, and be more liberal in his contributions. Bless the politicians who divide the toilers against themselves. Give us most of the good things that come from the earth and we shall ever praise thy name. Amen.

The congregation will now rise and sing the folowing hymn:

Here are our purses filled with gold
Drawn from the toilers' hand
We tax them all, both young and old,
Through profits and rent on lands.

We sock it to 'em day and night;
They pay in cash or notes;
To be our slaves is their delight;
They approve it by their voes.

My dearly beloved: We have met this morning to worship the god we love, the mighty Mammon, whose influence on human affairs is greater than that of all the other gods put together. In this magnificient structure of wood and stone and delicately painted windows, built with hands not our own, we meet to praise the god who has prospered us in this world's goods. In this house, richly decorated by the arts of man and the riches of the earth, there is no smell of old clothes, or presence of "undersirable citizens." The delicious odor of onions and eight year old whiskey fills the air with its fragance, and the beautifully tinted red noses of the congregation harmonize with the varied colors of the windows. Verily, my beloved, our god has prospered us. He hath led us in the paths of plenty and permitted us to pluck the choice fruits from the fields of industry to our hearts content. He hath given us luxurious palaces built with other hands. He hath helped us to reap where we have not sown. He hath softened the hearts of the laborers who toil and sweat in the fields, shops and mines, that they may have the blessed privilege of dividing their earnings with us who "neither toil nor spin," yet we have Solomon "skinned" in the matter of dress, and Croesus "faded" in the extent of riches. He hath given us courage, my beloved, so that we fear not the voices of discontent, nor heed the cries of anguish of the poor and distressed. The supplications of the widows and orphans keepeth us not awake, for Mammon hath taught us that these things need be, and if the husbands and fathers vote to give us the greater part of their earnings, we have a legal right to keep what they give us and they ought not to expect us to give it back to them. The path is broad and our way is easy and if the Socialist band wagon don't upset our chariot we shall soon own the world, for we have nothing to fear from any other vehicle that comes down the pike. "Many are called but few are chosen" to rule the world, and, beloved, we are the "chosen." Mammon, bless us all, and continue to pour in upon us a stream of golden shekels; and may he continue to furnish blind bridles for the fools who are so numerous that it is necessary to have war to give them an opportunity to kill each other off. The congregation will now rise to its feet and be dismissed.

And now may the spirit of Mammon be with us all while we go out and do some more skinning. Selah.

SAYINGS OF UNCLE MOSE.

De bad niggah he speculate on craps an' dey puts him in jail, but de bad white man he speculate on de crops an' dey 'lect him to Congress.

De savage Injun he skelps his enemies, but de civilized white man he skin his fren's.

De killin' ob one man, de law say, am murder, but de killin' ob thousands am wah, and dat am 'spectable; but dat am a philosophy dis ol' niggah doan' un'erstan'.

De hypercrit dat jines de chu'ch to git license to cheat an' slip up on de blin' side ob de public am about de wustest man on de airth.

De man whose 'ligion doan' bodder his business now-a-days doan hab much 'ligion or am doin' a limited 'mount ob business.

De woman who cuts her dress low in de neck to 'tract de'tention ob de male sex, sometimes 'tract mo' 'tention dan she can take care ob.

De man who votes fo' what he doan' want kase he's afeered he wont git what he wants by votin' fo' it, am a failure an' ort to swap places in society wid a Billy goat.

When de preacher gits right down tu tellin' ob the plain troof about riches dere's some painful squirmin' bein' done in de aggregation an' dat preacher am liable to lose his job.

If all de business in dis ole world had to be measured wid de golden rule dere's lots ob big business firms dat would be out'n a job.

De 'ligion what aint good only one day in de week aint a gwine to wear long enough to git to heben.

Dere's a string reachin' from ebery man's heart to his pocket-book; when de pocket-book doan' apen to de po' an' needy it's a sho sign dat de string am closed around de heart.

"War brings out all there is in a man," says Toothadore Specksvelt. Such as guts, for instance.

The Fool-Killer

a Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

ON A BOOM!

Say, Fellers, I've got another chunk of good news for you. I feel sure it will please you to know that the Fool-Killer is on a big boom, with a fair prospect of doubling its present circulation in a very short time. It seems that Comrade Morgan's writing has struck a popular chord, and with what I can do to help, we are determined to make this the richest and best little paper that ever rolled from a printing press.

Nothing that The Fool-Killer has ever printed before has been so popular as the series of "Devil's Letters" now running. The reading world is just going wild over these letters. The people want to know how the questions of the day look from the standpoint of old man Satan Devil, and this paper is the only one that has a contract to print his letters red-hot from the ladle.

Also some of the other features are proving to be great pullers, and, altogether, the paper's prospects have never before been as bright as they are now. In spite of the war and the hard times, this paper is going to live and prosper as long as any of the rest.

So this is to thank my army of workers for their good work, and to hope for a continuance of their interest and support. Let the clubs continue to roll in here like 49 niggers a-stacking straw, and we'll all have more fun than you could shake a stick at.

The ten-cent rate in clubs of five or more is still holding good, but I don't know how much longer it will hold. I can't promise more than a month ahead, because in these unsettled times we never know what changes a month may bring about. But the reduced rate holds for at least one month longer, and during that time let's all just best ourselves. I am talking to YOU, my friend. I am expecting YOU to do your part. Now altogether, everybody!

J. L. PEARSON.

I reckon you have noticed that the enemy is the only one who uses dum-dum bullets.

TEDDY'S LAMENT.

By W. S. Morgan

Alack! Alas!
And woe is me,
Of Sagamore hill
Hard by the sea;
I was High-Muck-a-Muck
Of this glorious land,
And a fog-horn tooter
In the Republican band.
I served my two terms,
Then for sport went away,
Expecting to return
On some future day,
To again serve the people,
So brave and so true,
And man the old ship
With the same gallant crew;
To live in the White House
About eight years more
And hit the octopus
Where I missed him before.
I left a big man
By the name of Bill Taft,
To fill up my place,
And to hold on to the graft,
With not the least thought
That he ever would rob
Me of my cinch,
And swipe my fat job.
It was well understood,
That after four years reign,
He would turn over the office
To my keeping again;
He broke his fair promise,
And much worse, alas!
The best of my friends
He turned out to grass.
And when I returned
From my long hunting trip,
He never came down
To meet my good ship,
Like many thousands did,
Both friend and fair foe,
Who bowed down before me,
And kissed my big toe.
But silent and sullen,
He remained in his tent
As though on dire mischief
His heart was full bent.
And when we first met,
His greeting was cold,
And very unlike
His manner of old.
I tried hard to reason,
But 'twas quite plain to see
He had changed all the plans
That he once made with me.
Old Rumor was busy,
And stories filled the air
That the man I had made
Wouldn't tote fair.
Then I got on my ear,
And feeling the sting,
I threw my old hat
In the race course ring;
And I vowed a great vow,
With a terrible oath,
That I'd help the Democrats
To lather us both;
And I yelled a big yell,
Then followed my hat,
And jumped up "on deck"
And grabbed me a bat.
The boodlers and grafters
And lovers of gold,
Soon gathered around
Old Billy the bold;
And swore by the great
Je—hos—a—phat,
They'd pulverize the man
Who owned the old hat.
They brought out the "roller,"
The one I had made,
To crush opposition
And lay it in the shade;
And put Billy Taft
In the presidential chair,
Which caused all his foes
To stammer and stare.
At Chicago they met,
And to gain all their ends,
They ran that big roller
Over all of my friends;
They chose enough delegates
To comply with their will,
And "packed" the convention
With grafters for Bill.
We fought and we fought
With all of our might,
And we sat in our seats
All day and all night,
But the old thing was loaded,
It was easy to tell,
So we told the vile grafters
They could all go to—well,
When the farce was all ended,
And we turned ourselves loose,
I bawled and I bellowed
Like a big bull moose.
Then all the good people,
Who heard the great sound,
Came running toward me
And rallied around.

** ** **

Then at it we went,
With vengeance and vim;
He told on me, and
I told on him;
The Democrats laughed,
And the Socialists grinned,
But all were agreed
That I had him skinned;
Skinned to a finish,
Which flattered my pride;
Then the Democrates came
And stole his old hide.
'Twas a dirty, mean trick,
But I didn't mind that;
Neither did I care
For the loss of my hat;
But the limit was reached
When that pilfering crew,
That swiped old Bill's hide,
Got away with mine, too.
And now, my dear friends,
'Tis late in the night,
And I haven't yet told you
The worst of my plight;
So remember the theme
And forget not the text,
And I'll tell you more about it,
In February next.

The Progressives.

Four million men marched up the hill
To vote against Taft, big bellied Bill;
They raved and ranted and voted,
then—
They all went back to the oid party
again.

LETTERS FROM THE DEVIL

By W. S. Morgan
Author of
"The American Circus"

A book of 40 pages containing letters "in words that burn" addressed to the following

The Farmers
The Church Members
The Editors of Great Dailes
The Lawyers
The Politicians
Candidates of the old Parties
The Preachers
The Professional Politicians
To Capitalism
The Democrats
The Republicans
The Political Fools
The Common Plugs
The Wage Earners

Don't fail to get this: it is rich, Mailed to any address, postpaid at 10 cents each, $1.00 per dozen. While "you're a gittin'" this book enclose 10 cents more and receive 50 copies of Morgan's latest leaflet, "A Toast to Capitalism," a good companion piece to "The American Circus." Address

W. S. MORGAN, Springfield, Mo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Arch Cornett, Combs, Ark.—Your paper is creating great excitement in this part of the country. Even the children of the old parties are memorizing your articles and reciting them in our school entertainments.

G. R. Childers, Gerty, Okla.—Here is a bunch of 19. Send the fool thing to them one year. Just sent you a bunch of 15 a short time back. Will come again some day. Give them fits.

J. R. Parmer, Desdemonia, Texas.—Enclosed find check for $1.40 as a New Year's present. Someone handed me a Fool-Killer, and just as soon as I had time I got 14 subscribers in 14 minutes. It's the best little thing I ever read.

W. M. N. Gibbs, Waycross, Ga.—Well, old comrade, glad to know you have "jined" some time ago, and have added the good man Morgan to the staff. Let us all push. Enclosed find six subs with remittance to cover.

W. C. Lostetter, 298 N. Front St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio:—Enclosed you will find a money order for $5.90 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed addresses for one year. If possible, kindly send a few sample copies that I may pass them around.

Rev. J. A. Cooper, Box 194, Albemarle, N. C.—I send you a club of five names at 10 cents each. I like your little paper. Please send me some sample copies and I will give them out to those who would likely take it. I would like very to get it in every home in Albemarle.

D. P. Kiser, R 1, Kings Creek, S. C.—Please find enclosed 50cents for five subs to your paper. I got my paper and showed it to my friends,and it set them all to thinking. I would not do without The Fool-Killer if it cost $2.00 a year, and if you will send me some extra copies, I will get you some more subs.

J. R. Crawley, 621 Gum St., Lynchburg, Va.,—I am enclosing a list of Subs—27 in this list, and I sent you 21 last week, making 48 in 8 days. Please write and tell me if anybody has beat this. If you havn't sent the samples that I sent for, please send them at once. Hope you and your paper may live for many years.

M. B. Gilman, Greenfield, Okla.—I have just received your spicey little paper and like it fine. I think it is a hummer. Please send me some back numbers as sample copies and I will get you some subscribers. While I am now taing The Appeal and several other papers, including Pearson's Magazine, I can still find time to enjoy the skinning you give the plutes.

Albert Haskins, R. 3, Bangor, Wis.—There are a few fools roaming the valley. I am one of them, and I have found four others. There are no doubt several more. But we five need killing, and I had rather die laughing than any other way. So I am sending to you for 12 doses of Fool-Killer to be taken one dose each month, and if that don't do the job I will take another dozen doses next year.

J. H. Hite, Ellenboro, W. Va.—You will please find enclosed a postoffice money order for $1.00 and also 10 subs for your paper. The Devil's Letter in your last issue caused all the above trouble. I have been taking your paper for over two years. I don't know when my time is up, but you see I am in this bunch of subs again. I am only a boy of 73 years, but I do like a live wire. Give us all the January issue if possible.

Rev. Charles C. Davidson, Pastor Ashburn Baptist Church, Ashburn, Ga.—My dear fellow suffers:—

Having read one copy of The Fool-Killer and survived, and having shocked the unholy sanctity of some of my friends by reading it to them, I want to increase the health, sense and happiness of the enclosed list by getting them a chance to test themselves. Enclosed find money order for 60 cents, and may your kind increase.

The Gods of The 20th Century.

W. S. Morgan

In all ages of the world there has been a variety of gods to suit the climate, conditions and fancies of the different kinds of people.

It is this fact perhaps that prompted Ella Wheeler Wilcox to write the following lines:

"So many gods, so many creeds;
So many ways that wind and wind;
When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs."

Athens was a great center for the manufacture of images representing the different gods. We are told that these manufacturers were very diligent and shrewd in the arts of their craft, and persuaded the Athenians to have erected in a public place images of every known god, and then fearing that some god had been overlooked or not heard from, they erected one "To The Unknown God."

According to Grecian mythology Isis was the mother of all the gods, but, after the manner of Mrs. Casey Jones, some of the gods had "another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

The intelligence of the world has repudiated much of the superstition of Grecian mythology and overthrown its gods, but in their stead it has ereuted one possessing all their vices and none of the virtues, and a thousand times more powerful and diabolical.

The god, Mammon, is the High-Muck-a-muck of all the gods of the 20th century, and there is scarcely a spot on earth where his devotees and disciples are not in evidence, or where his power is not supreme.

His satellites are greed, graft, lust and pride.

These agents and emisaries of Mammon and high priests of hell have traversed the earth and spread their baneful influence in all the fields of human endeavor as did the flame tailed foxes of Philistia spread fire among the grain fields of that land.

GREED.

The spirit of greed permeates our commercial and industrial systems. It is the parent of deceit, lies and larceny. It carries in its heart the spirit of murder and is the fruitful source of all our wars. It mocks at virtue and offers a premium on dishonesty. It corrupts manhood by holding out inducements to "get rich quick" and easy. It warps the intellect and corrupts the heart. It is heartless and remorseless in its transactions between man and man, and crushes the spirit of brotherhood of the human race. While it is present in every church it worships at no shine except that of Mammon. It exacts toll from toil, tribute from triumph and places a penalty on poverty. It plies its pilfering practices in the name of business. It takes shelter under its own success, and builds a barrier between itself and the penitentiary with its ill-gotten gains. It flaunts its spoil in the face of its victims and requires them to bow before its mandates and crinage under its wrath, and it has capped the climax of its crimes by plunging the nations of the old world into a war more henious in its conception, more diabolical in its operations, and more disastrous in its results than any that has ever before recorded in the annuals of history.

GRAFT.

Graft is a half brother and the tool of Greed. It assists Greed in all of its undertakings; its slimy hand corrupts the decisions of courts, the votes of law makers, the action of presidents and governors, the independence of the press, the sermons of ministers and the honesty of manhood. It is present in every political transaction and its polluting influence has made politics a cesspool of corruption. It aids and abets the whiskey traffic and protects the houses of prostitution and the damnable system of white slavery Its slimy trail can be traced to the press, the platform and the pulpit. It encourages vice and rewards crime. It has become so common that it is looked upon as conventional. It corrupts the church, perverts patriotism, subsidizes statesmen, defies decency and jeopardizes justice.

LUST.

Lust feeds upon the victims of Greed and Graft. It flourishes In the factory where Greed has impaled its victims on the verge of poverty. It feasts with the denizens of the demimonde, the refuge of fallen virtue. It flirts with the flitting followers of fashion who expose their nakedness to the gaze of its amorous eyes. Disguised in the habiliments of love, it lays seige to virtue and drags its innocent victims to destruction, dispair and death. Pure and innocent girls, just blossoming into womanhood, are its favorite victims. It recks not the anguish and suffering it causes. It heeds not the prayers and pleading of its prey. Its passions must be appeased. It is a part and parcel of the putrefied industrial piracy and plutocratic plunder. Six hundred thousand public prostitutes; and that is not half of the army required to satiate the unholy passion of this monster god of the 20th century.

PRIDE.

Pride is a daughter of Mammon, ,a sister of Greed, a cousin of Gratf and the mother of Lust. She stands high in the estimation of the plutocratic princes of plunder, and is a royal reigning regent of the House of Hell. She fancies the follies of fashion and is clothed in fine rainment and costly jewels created by the sweat of labor. She basks in the sunshine of pleasure and is enraptured by amorous desires of her admirers. She delights in showing her shape and exposing the physical charms of her nakedness. She pouts at her paramours and plays with the pimps of plutocracy. She seeks to satisfy her own selfishness and to gratify her own desires. She flaunts her follies in the faces of the fools who follow her and fawn upon her frivolous and fantastic fabrications. She poses for public attention yet despises the idiots who adore her. Pride of riches; Pride of power, and pride of dress constitute a trinity of damnation.

These are the gods of the 20th century before whose altars the people bow and at whose shrine they worship. Is it not about time for some heathen craftsman to come over here and erect an image bearing the inscription. "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD"?

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

WAR WHOOPS.

W. S. Morgan.

Arizona recently hanged eleven men in one day and from the same scafford for killing other men, but in Germany they shoot a man if he refuses to go out and kill other men.

In war a premium is offered for the greatest man killer.

The war in Europe is helping The Fool Killer out in its work, but it is pretty tough on the fools.

The bloody carnage in Europe is one of the conventional freaks of civilization.

War brutalizes a nation, licenses crime, and breeds vice and corruption; its path is desolation and its victories but empty baubles.

The training of young men for war is a national sin.

The nations of Europe sowed to the wind and now they are reaping the whirlwind.

It is now in order for the nations of Europe who are at war with each other to recall their missionaries from the heathen lands.

The man who wants to take another man's life except in self defense, is either a fool or a murderer at heart.

IDIOTORIALS.

In Poland, as elsewhere, the soldier Lodz, and then fires.

Congress is hard at work doing nothing, and seems to be doing it very well.

The soup-houses are multiplying, and the bread-lines are getting longer. Hurrah for "Wilson prosperity!"

Wilson will make England stop searching our ships just about like he made Huerta salute our flag. You remember that "salute," don't you?

That "Employment Bureau" that Woodpile is going to start will probably find soft jobs at the pie counter for a few more pet Democrats. Nothing more is expected.

One day we are told that the war in Europe is making this country prosperous, and the next day we are informed that it is causing the hard times. Looks to me like drawing sweet and bitter out of the same bung-hole.

Democracy's "prosperity hoss" has got hung up in the mud of hard times, but Woodpile, the driver, is still trying to make it go. It all reminds me of the Irishman who was driving an old horse, and the horse fell down and wouldn't get up. So Pat stormed out, "Git up from there, you lazy beast, or I'll drive right over ye!"

START A FLOCK OF HENS
THAT ARE HEAVY LAYERS

DON'T PAY $3.00 to $5.00 per Setting of Eggs.

I'll sell you just as good for $1.50 and $2.00.

SENT BY PARCELS POST PREPAID.

Rhode Island Reds, the Best All-Round Farm Hen.

Eggs, From my No. 1 Pens, $2.00 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, From My No. 2 Pens, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, S. C. White Leghorns, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, White Wyandotte, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.

All Prepaid by Parcels Post.

Orders filled in rotation and eggs shipped as soon as the weather will permit.

It is the early pullet that makes the fall layer when eggs are high. My pullets began laying in September and October.

For large orders for incubators, write for special prices.

Send for Descriptive Circular Explaining How to Breed Fine Fowls.

ADDRESS: W. S. MORGAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
R. R. No. 3.

The Devil's Letter.

To All the Fools of the Earth:

My Dear Huckleberries: It has been a long time since I wrote to you, but business has been so brisk down here in my regions since the war in Europe began that I haven't had time to write. I have been busy day and night for over five months. Most of the immigrants who are coming here now are the fools who are shooting each other down without any cause whatever, and with nothing to quarrel over between themselves and without any hope of reward. They are doing it because their rulers tell them to and because they are made to believe that it is patriotism. By the way, that thing called patriotism is about the smoothest dope that rascals ever rubbed in on fools. Just a little of it will make a man forget his religion, kill his grandmother, climb a tree and be a monkey all the days of his life. It will make a man forsake his home, kill his father or his brother, neglect his wife and children, and transform him into a vicious and bloodthirsty brute. This is the kind of patriotism that I manufacture. There is a brand on the outside of the label, and if you will raise the label and look on the other side you will see my trade-mark, the "CLOVEN HOOF," and you will then know that it is manufactured in hell. The patriotism which Jesus invented and introduced to the world nineteen hundred years ago, 'Peace on Earth and good will to mankind,' has gone out of date and is not used to any extent even by His own disciples. The Socialists and the Quakers are the only two organizations on earth today that use it in preference to the article I manufacture. You can easily tell the difference in the two articles. Mine is branded "WAR PATRIOTISM," while that of Jesus has on the label "PEACE PATRIOTISM." There isn't enough of the Jesus brand to be considered as a competitor in the market. The Big Business institutions are the distributors of my brand of patriotism, especially those that manufacture guns, ammunition, clothing, beef and other supplies of war. Nearly all the politicians are my traveling agents. I have licensed agents in every community who keep constantly on hand a good supply, and quite frequently preachers boot-leg it out in the country. There is no mistake as to its popularity; it has been indorsed by Congress and the State Legislatures, and the label bears the signatures of approvals of presidents, governors, kings, emperors, and other potentates. It is used in the colleges and universities where they drill young men in the use of death dealing instruments, and instill in their hearts a thirst for blood. I dispose of more of this dope than all other kinds put together and it makes more fools out of men, and plenty of fools make a rich harvest for hell. The Peace dope is not popular; if you perist in using it all the hounds of hell will be yelping at your heels calling you a coward and traitor.

Now, you are no doubt wondering why I am telling you all these things; why I am so frank with you. You no doubt think it will hurt my business; that there won't be so many fools come here when they know just how it is. Well, that is true to some extent. I won't get quite as many volunteers to emigrate to this place, but they will be a better brand of fools. There have been lots of fellows coming here that, as soon as they got inside of the gate and found where they were, would begin to blubber and make the baby plea "I didn't know I was doing anything to send me to hell." Then they would fall down on their bellies and grovel in the dirt and ask me to let them out. Now, I am over stocked with that kind of cattle, and I don't want any more of them if I can help it. That's the reason I am teling you the truth. If you don't believe me get your Bible and see what it says. Turn to the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." The same book tells you that no murderers shall enter the kingdom of heaven. That's what God says about it. One of the great generals of the U. S. army told the people that "War is hell," and you are being told that every day; and besides that you are seeing it. Now, if you come to hell after all this evidence you may expect a warm welcome.

I want to say a few more words about this "War Patriotism" dope. I have been using it on the nations of Europe for over 40 years. I made them believe that by arming themselves and sustaining large standing armies they would prevent war. Each nation did its best, but I think Germany built the biggest guns and drilled the most men. Then I shipped in a lot of the "Patriotism" dope and my agents rubbed it on the fools; the result was that they went at each others' throats and now I've got a good sized hell up there on earth. Now let me give you an idea that perhaps you never thought of. You take two or three gangs of cattle that all have horns and put them together and they will fight; and the ones that have the biggest and longest horns are the worst to fight. Now dehorn these cattle and they will quit fighting. I figure that men have got almost as much sense as cattle, and therefore ought to know how to put a stop to wars. If they don't do it, do you blame me for wanting to scoop in the "whole shootin' match?" In my next letter I want to tell you about another dope which I use that is almost as good as the "War Patriotism" compound. It is a dope that almost everybody uses to some extent, especially the fools. They are always my best customers. Hoping to see you in the future, I am,

Yours truly,
SATAN DEVIL.

As the price of wheat goes up, the size of the loaf gets smaller. Pretty soon they will charge you five cents for looking at the place where a loaf used to be.

UNCLE MOSE'S SERMON.

(Reported by W. S. Morgan)

Dear brederin' an' frens's: I'se ain't gwine ter take any text dis mo'nin'. I'se a gwine ter 'spostulate on a subjec'. When I takes a subjec' I can fortufy it wid all de texts in de Bible. De subjec' dat I'se a gwine to 'spostulate on dis mo'nin' am de rich an' de pore. I'se gwine ter start out wid assertin' de propersition dat de rich am too rich to deyer hurt, an' de pore am too pore to deyer hurt. Dey ain't any body happy but only dem who has jist enough to be comfo'table, an' dey ain't as happy as dey ought ter be, fo' de rich am 'er barin' down on 'em f'om de one side an' de pore am 'er scrougin' 'em f'om de udder side.

Some say it ain't no ha'm ter be rich an' it ain't no crime ter be pore. But dat's a jumpin' at 'clusions, and dis bright mo'nin,' wid de sun shinnin' in de winders an' de birds 'er singin' in de trees, I puts de question ter de agregation, whah dem riches come f'om, an' how dat pove'ty git dar?

Dar ain't no use a trying' ter cover things wid a blanket when de blanket am full ob holes. When de white man gits up in de mo'nin' an' goes to de chicken coop an' make de 'scovery dat a lot ob chickens done disappeared in de night, he come ter de 'clusion dat dem chickens wuz stole. If dey's a bad niggah in de near by 'cinity he spects dat niggah. Any how he starts out ter fin' dem chickens an' if he fin's 'em in the 'session of a niggah he includes dat dat niggah stole dem chickens. An' it's jis de same wid de bad white man as wid de bad niggah. Whar ebber yo' fin' de goods yo' may include dat de thief am not fur fur off. Now, my fren's we hab all come ter de 'clusion dat de chickens 'longs ter de man who raises 'em, an' we also include dat de man who steals enough chickens will git rich, an' de man who raises 'em will git pore. Dar's one hole in de blanket dat yo' can't help seein' what's under it if youse will only look in.

Now de same logic 'plies t' all kin's ob property; de man who has moah dan he earned hisself by wurkin' fur it, had ter steal it some way or hab it gib ter him. We will gib him de benefit ob de doubt an' say he stole it. Now de Bible says "Thous shalt not steal." Den de man who steals iz de wurstest kind ob a sinner, 'cause he makes hisself rich an' de udder people pore.

One time when Jesus was here on dis moondone sefere, dar wuz a young man got 'victed ob his sins. Dar was no moa'ner's bench in de near 'cinity, an' he went up ter Jesus an' axed him what he must do ter be saved? Den Jesus tol' him ter keep de commandments. De young man say he done kep' dem all his life. Den Jesus tol' him: "If thou wouldst be perfec' go and sell what thou hast an' gib ter de pore and foller me." Dat let de cat out o' de bag, fo' de Bible say de young man was sorry dat he sprung de main question, fo' he was berry rich an' had much prope'ty. De Bible makes it plain dat he doan' want ter divide up. We am left ter su'mise what he done wid dem chickens an' udder prope'ty what he got so much ob. De 'spicion is dat he's done been 'er dividin' up wid de pore till de pore ain't got much left, an' he doan' want ter gib it back t' 'em. Dar ain't much doubt in my mind dat he go straitway an' jine de Republicans an' udder sinners, habin' er good time an' gettin' mos' all de chickens an' udder things what de pore wu'ked ha'd ter raise. De 'spicion is dat dis young man's sayin' he kep de 'cmandments all his life am only technally true. Mebbe he am like some of our rich men ob dese times; like Deacon Hobsin' ober dar in de co'ner next ter de stove, or Brudder 'Rastus Mulvehill who am settin' jis behin' him.

De Deacon he 'ployes labor in his fields, or rents dem to de niggahs an' de pore white folks, who raise de co'n an' de cotton an' de wheat. De Deacon doan wu'k but ge gits de craps what am raised on his lan's. De Deacon he git rich an' de renters an' 'ployes git pore. Brederin,' dar's annuder thing under de blanket an' I hab opened de hole so youse all can see it.

Brudder Rastus he own a big factory. He 'ployes lots ob wu'kin' men an' women an' gits moah den half dey make.

Dese brudders am like de young man in de Bible what wanted Jesus ter 'splain ter him what he must do ter be saved. Dey 'bey de c'mandments an' dey tend de chu'ch an' pear like good Christians, but dey hire de 'ployes who am wu'kin' fo' dem ter lie, an' steal fo' dem. An' dey swah off de taxes what dey owe jis like Annernias did, but dey am so many ob 'em dat it would be wholesale murder ter kill 'em all off like de Lawd did de afo' said Annerniss, so dey jis keeps on er gittin, richer an' de wu'kin' people keeps on er gittin' porer.

Now, deah brederin' an' sisterin,' dat's all I'se er gwine ter say on dis subjec' today. Mebbe I'll lucidate on it agin some udder moah 'venient time. De nex' sermon will be f'om de text "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I will 'spostulate on dis text on de fust Sunday after some good brudder brings me a nice fat 'possum.

De aggregation may now stan' up on its feet an' be disgraced, an' may de Lawd Gawd have mercy on youse all while you am all tryin' ter git the best of each udder in hoss trades endurin' of de week days.

Whenever it becomes necessary to send to this office a complaint about subscribers not getting their paper, you should always send the full names and addresses of the subscriber who have failed to get the paper. Unless this rule is observed there is no way of getting at the trouble.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1915. NO. 12.

Good-Bye, Biscuit!

Dear Biscuit, I love you;
I know you are nice;
But I can't afford you
At your present price.

So go on to Europe,
Supplying war's needs;
The spring will soon be here,
And I can eat weeds.

James Larkin Pearson.

IT'S A LIE!

Ever since I was a little ragged, dirty brat trotting around the old plantation in my shirttail, I have had it dinned into my ears that George Washington never told a lie. I always did doubt the truth of that glowing statement about George, but not having any positive proof to the contrary I just sawed wood and said nothing.

But the positive proof that George Washington DID tell a lie has just now fallen into my hands, and it won't take me more than thirty seconds to knock that old fairy-tale plum off the roost. Just watch me. In the course of my reading to-day I ran across the following paragraph, and it is credited to George Washington:

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Now if George Washington said that, I don't want to hear any more of your gushy Sunday School yarns about him having never told a lie. For that statement is now known to be a lie—a point-blank, deliberate lie—a lie as insiduous and dangerous as ever fell from human lips. No doubt we have all seen that quotation many times before, but it never attracted any special attention, because its glaring falsehood was never so apparent as now. It has managed to pass off for truth all these years, but it has met its Waterloo at last. It must take a colossal amount of nerve to enable a man to stand up in the face of existing conditions in Europe and say that war preparations are any guarantee of peace. Didn't Europe have all the war preparations that the devil himself could desire? And where is her peace? Fiddlesticks! You might as well station a child with a box of matches in a barn full of dry fodder and call that a precautionary measure against fire.

George, old boy, I hate like rip to tell it on you, but you lied!

The men who own the machines own the job of those who operate them, but some men can't see the point even when they are out of a job.

MEN AND MULES

A FABLE BY W. S. MORGAN

Once upon a Time a drove of Mules lived in a Rich Pasture. At the Time they Discovered it a gang of Jackasses were Quietly browsing There. The Mules saw that the Pasture was very Rich and, not recognizing their Ancestors, they made a sudden Dash and drove the Jackasses off. Then the Mules told some of the Jackasses that if they would build a Fence around the Pasture they might eat out of It while they were at Work building the Fence. And so they did, but when the Fence was built the Jackasses were not allowed to stay in the Pasture, and the Mules put up signs all round the Inclosure bearing this Inscription: "Keep Off The Grass." So the Jackasses had to remain Outside and eat short grass and weeds, and if One of Them reached over the Fence and took a bite of Clover some Big Mule would nab him by the neck and drag Him on a Platform which they called The Court, and while He was being held by three or four Mules a Great Big Mule called The Judge would kick him till he felt like a Jelly Fish, and then all the Mules would get after Him and Drive Him out of the Pasture. Although the Jackasses didn't have Much to eat They Increased and Multiplied until there was Five Hundred Jackasses to One Mule. After a Time some of the Jackasses who had been kicked by The Judge and then kicked out of the Pasture talked to the other Jackasses and wanted them to Unite and take Possession of the Pasture, but most of the other Jackasses said that would be Confiscation and a Violation of the Rights of Property, and they wouldn't do it.

When the Mules found out that there was discontent among the Jackasses, and some talk of their uniting, They were very Much Scared, for they Knew that The Fence could not protect them if the Jackasses got hungry and would decide to take Possession of The Pasture. So the Mules united and when they had all got together the One called The Judge stood upon a Platform and made a speech. He said: "Brother Mules; There is trouble ahead of us if we don't Do Something and Do It quick. This question of Property Rights aint as sacred as it used to be. It is true that We discovered the land upon which We Live, and Live in Clover. We have also hired the Jackasses who we drove off the land to build the Fence, paying them in some of the Clover which grows on the Land. We have also Resolved that The Pasture is ours. That all looks Good and it Seems as if we have a good Title to the land. But, my Dear Mules, suppose the Jackasses would make up their minds to Discover the Land just like We did! Suppose They would make a Grand Rush and break down the Fence which They made for us and take Possession of the Land which They had before we Discovered it! There are Five Hundred of Them to One of Us, and They might exterminate Our Race, for we have no posterity, and we have to depend upon them to perpetuate our Tribe."

Then The Judge was about to sit down, but The Mules, who were now greatly excited, called for Him to go on and tell them what to do. So The Judge continued his speech.

"The three Greatest Things about a Jackass," he said, "are his Voice, his Ears and his Appetite. They also have a Great Imagination; They can imagine They have Things when some One else has Them. As a rule Jackasses don't think about Much except Something to Eat, and they all think about That, but They don't care so much how They get It just So there is plenty of It. Then They like to hear a Noise even if They have to make It Themselves, and Their Ears are so Large that you can poke Any Old Thing down Them. Now my Friends," continued The Judge, "by the use of a little Diplomacy these Jackasses can be easily handled. Noise don't cost anything and They will funish the most of It. Let's pour plenty of It in Their Ears. Then We ought to give Them some of our Clover to get Them in a good humor. I think it will be a good Idea to send a Committee of Mules who understand the situation over to the Jackasses and propose to Them the calling of a great Convention of all the Jackasses and Mules in the country to Discuss the food proposition. Before the convention meets, however, I would suggest that some of the noisest and most discontented of Them be seen and Permitted to graze in our Pasture of Nights so that the other Jackasses will not know of it. It will give Tone to Their voices, and They will bray for Us at the Great Convention. We must be well prepared to Carry the Convention Our own way. We must make the Jackasses think They are running the Whole Thing, but we must See to It that It is run the way We want It."

The Judge then sat down and looked around for applause but there was none. The Situation was too Serious, and a Great Deep Silence fell upon the Assembly of Mules.

Presently a Great Big Mule, 17 feet high, laid down and Rolled and then He got up and Shook Himself, after which He stepped upon the Platform where The Judge had stood and made His Speech. The Name of this Mule was He-Lies Root and His Brays were soft and melodious as the Sounds of an Aonian Harp. He threw His ears forward and spoke as follows:

"My Dear Friends and Fellow Citizens: A Great Crisis confronts Us. There is a Growing Discontent among the Jackasses. They are losing respect for Their Posterity. They are liable at any time to break down our Fences and Walk on Our Grass. Something must Be Done, and That p. d. q. Some of Them have just Found Out that They have as good Right to Take this Pasture from Us as we had to Take It from Them. My Friends, This is the Rankest kind of Anarchy and Confiscation. It must Be stopped at once or we'll all be Chased off Our Reservation and will have to Flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam. Now We must get those Jackasses to fighting among themselves, and I think I can take another Mule out of this Gang and Do it. That Mule has Done some stunts before and His Name is in your minds before it falls from my lips: I refer to That Vociferous Patriot Dubble U Jay Bray-on. (Long continued applause). And now, My Fellow Citizens, I move you sirs, that Me and Mr. Bray-on be appointed a Committee to make all arrangements for the Calling and Management of this Great Convention of The Jackasses; all That are in favor of That Say I. (Voices he-haw, he-haw, he-haw, he-haw, he-haw.)

(Continued in next issue.)

Read This Next!

Say, Mister Subscriber, did you get the January Fool-Killer? I hope you did, but a thousand or so of the late subscribers didn't get it. I printed 33,000 copies for January, thinking that would be a gracious plenty and to spare, but the subs rolled in so fast that I ran short of papers before I got done mailing. I am going to print about 40,000 for February and hope that will be enough to supply all the subscribers and leave a few for samples. Let the clubs continue to roll in. We will try to take care of all that come from now on.

A man who acts dishonestly to secure an office will keep it up after he gets it.

The Fool-Killer

a Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, EDITOR AND PROPR.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, BUSINESS MGR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

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Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For one month more our offer stands, and it may not stand any longer. The Fool Killer will give patients regular treatment each month for one year, at TEN CENTS EACH, in clubs of five or more at one time. The medicine used in this treatment is not sugar coated, but contains spice and pepper enough to take the bad taste out of your mouth. In making up the medicine which we prescribe we never violate the Poor Food Law, and don't use pizen uv enny kind. Sometimes a dose will throw the patients into fits, but don't get alarmed; that's a good sign that it is touching the right place. It gives some people the limps in the left leg, but that also is a good sign and in such cases the patient is almost sure of an early recovery. In case the patient froths at the mouth the doses should be increased and given more frequently. Boring for the simples should very seldom be resorted to as the modern method of absorption is best. Lists of sufferers from foolishness will be gladly received and a sample dose sent them free of charge.

LETTERS FROM THE DEVIL

By W. S. Morgan
Author of
"The American Circus"

A book of 40 pages containing letters "in words that burn" addressed to the following

- The Farmers
- The Church Members
- The Editors of Great Dailes
- The Lawyers
- The Politicians
- Candidates of the old Parties
- The Preachers
- The Professional Politicians
- To Capitalism
- The Democrats
- The Republicans
- The Political Fools
- The Common Plugs
- The Wage Earners

Don't fail to get this: it is rich, Mailed to any address, postpaid at 10 cents each, $1.00 per dozen. While "you're a gittin'" this book enclose 10 cents more and receive 50 copies of Morgan's latest leaflet, "A Toast to Capitalism," a good companion piece to "The American Circus." Address

W. S. MORGAN, Springfield, Mo.

SQUIBLETS.

W. S. Morgan.

If all would work none would go hungry.

The love of display is the doorstep to hell.

The devil loves a lying politician.

The rule of money makes the devil smile.

Oppression is the mother of revolution.

Hypocrisy is the religion of the devil.

Gall is often mistaken for good business tact.

The blind worship of leaders is the stumbling block to progress.

If it wasn't for the fools the knaves would have to climb a tree.

Too many soft snaps for the few make hard sledding for the many.

The blind bridles of prejudice lead humanity over the rocky road of misery.

The greatest issue of all is that labor is entitled to what it creates.

The Progressive rats have nearly all returned to the old party ship.

The poor fools are almost always responsible for the rich rascals.

The logic of events has dug up more snakes than Woodsaw Wilson can kill.

A paramount issue between the two old parties is merely something to dodge behind.

Now is a good time to plant common sense in the heads of fools. Pass it along.

Hereafter there will be only one Republican party, but it can steal enough to "kiver the situation.

Revolutions thrive on the blood of the innocent, and the world will soon be in a whirlpool of revolutions.

All the so called charity in the world cannot cover up the sins of one millionaire who has robbed labor of its just reward.

Labor is protected only after it gets into the hands of the speculators and the owners of the means of production. Capital is only the labor of the past.

The trouble with the new brand of Democracy that Wilson and Bryan are giving us is that it sticks to its old ways.

Sam Gompers' way of obtaining relief for the workingmen through the two old parties is like seting a louzy hen on a bunch of bad eggs.

The man who don't vote the way he prays is both a coward and a hypocrit. No, I'll take that back; he may be a fool. Send him The Fool Killer.

When all other means fail a man can get a job by stealing something and being sent to the penitentiary; but he must not steal anything as big as a railroad, a bank or a factory, for if he does he is liable to be put in Congress to serve a term of years.

GLIMPSES OF THE PASSING PROCESSION.

W. S. Morgan.

The Democrats are in the middle of a bad fix. If they stop the exportation of wheat and other products of the farm, and thus lower the prices, the farmers will raise Cain, or cane, I don't know which. If they don't stop it, and food keeps on soaring, the workingmen who have to buy will jump the game and not play "old party" any more. What will the Democratic saloons do, slide, slink, or slip?

As a flitter Wilyum Jennings Bryan is the flitterest public man I know of. When he was running for president in 1896 he made more public speeches than any other man ever did in the same length of time, and they were all against the gold standard. Many of these speeches were published by him in a book caled "The First Battle." In one of them printed on page 450 of that book, he said:

"I stated in answer to an inquiry that I would not support for President a man who would in the Presidential chair continue the present financial policy and mortgage the United States to English bondholders. I said it because I meant it." Again, on page 461, of the same book, he says: "I would resist such a financial policy with as much earnestness as I would resist the progress of an invading army coming to attack our homes."

Notwithstanding the above declarations this same Wilyum Jennings Bryan supported Alton B. Parker, in 1904, who telegraphed the convention which nominated him, that he could only accept the nomination on the condition that the platform should be for the gold standard, and he now holds a position in the cabinet of a man who continues the same policy.

This same Wilyum Jennings Bryan for years been going all over the country delivering his lecture, "The Prince Of Peace," at $200 per, and other perquisites. He has been posing as the chief apostle of peace, and for the disarmament of nations, but just a few days ago joined, as Secretary of State, in issuing a declaration that the big gun and ammunition factories in the United States had a right to sell their products to the nations of Europe who were at war with each other. Billy is a handy man to have around; he can adapt himself to conditions. He can make money for himself by delivering peace lectures, and for his friends by permitting them to sell instruments of death and destruction to the combatants in Europe. The next thing I look for is for Billy to quit drinking grape juice so that it can be manufactured into wine for his friends to sell.

A few days ago a procession of unemployed men and women were marching in the streets of Chicago carrying a banner on which was inscribed the words: "Give us this day our daily bread." Of course the procession was raided and broken up by the police and some of the marchers thrown in jail. There isn't any room for any part of the Lord's Prayer on the streets of Chicago, or any other great city in the United States. To ask for bread is evidence of "no visible means of support," and that is a crime in most cities and large towns, for which a man can be put in jail or on the rock pile. This shows the breadth of our civilization and depth of our Christianity.

There is a deceased descendent of African antecedents some where in "de near 'cinity" of President Woodsaw Wilson's woodpile. I don't know if Woodsaw would see and recognize this dead African even if he was out in plain sight, but he evidently smells him. Woodsaw has been sitting astraddle of the woodpile so long that he is getting a little woody, like an early beet in the fall. He is not so green and as fresh as he use to be. It is difficult for him to realize the eternal fitness of things. Being President of a college and President of all the people, a very small fraction of whom own more than three-fourts of all the wealth of the country, are two different propositions. I am inclined to think Woody means well enough, but he lacks courage, gumption and experience. However, if he only possessed the courage I think we would see one of the dadgumdest fights that has happened since One Eyed Joe met the bear on a ledge of the hillside with nothing but a hatchet for a weapon. But, alas! Woody has curled up on the floor.

Government by injunction is the blossom of revolution.

The German government has confiscated all the food products from the hands of the people. Who was it that said "confiscation is unconstitutional?" Capitalism is "setting the pace," and the peoples inning will come next.

A new book called "Peace Insurance" is just out. And its whole cry is, "Johnny, get your gun." It will now be in order for the fire insurance companies to offer reduced rates to those who keep matches and gasoline, gunpowder and dynamite, lying loose around their premises.

The readers of The Fool-Killer are earnestly warned against getting the names of W. S. Morgan and J. P. Morgan mixed up. They are two different men entirely, and J. P. hates W. S. wusser than the devil hates a Wednesday night prayer-meeting. The Morgan who writes for The Fool-Killer is interested in the welfare of the common people, while the Morgan who operates in Wall Street is not. You are going to stick to the Morgan who sticks to you, ain't you, comrade? I knew it. Now let everybody subscribe for The Fool-Killer, and that will tickle W. S. and make J. P. and all his gang have bad dreams.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

DEMOCRATIC PROGRESS.

W. S. Morgan.

The grand old Democratic party is sure "going some."

Before the last Presidential election its speakers and its platform promised the people all kinds of relief, and especially protection from the oppression of railroad and bank extortion, and from the graft of the manufacturers.

The Democrats have had full power now in both the House and Senate for two years.

In this short time the big business corporations have been granted concessions which had been refused them even under the corrupt administrations of their predecessors.

They have extended to the banks additional special privileges in the circulation of emergency currency.

They have granted permission to the railroad corporations to raise their rates, which were already much too high when we consider the amount of watered stock—ficticious capital—in those enterprises.

And now, Woody, Billy and the whole bunch have decided that the wholesale slaughter in Europe is a glorious opportunity for American citizens to reap a harvest of profits, and that we ought to feed, clothe and arm it so as to prolong the struggle and increase our profits.

Oh, Woody! Wherefore that National prayer meeting which you called to pray for peace?

Oh, Billy! For what purpose are those lectures on "The Prince of Peace?

Before the election Woody made great promises, and plenty of them.

After election he made threats and swore by the Great Ge-hos-o-phat that he would make good his promises to the people.

He scolded like a skinny school Ma'm in a backwoods "district."

But the "Big Business" lords, like Uncle Remus' rabbit, "lay low an' say nuffin."

And so it came time for Woody to take the swear; and he did.

And when he had set upon his thone he began to swat about him.

And behold the smoke ceased to issue from the great factories.

The wheels stopped.

And so did the salaries of the workingmen.

Their jobs were taken from them, even as the funny boy who with a long string draweth away the purse which he has placed on the sidewalk, on April 1st, to fool the innocent who passeth that way and who would fain pick it up.

And Woody saw that the owners of the factories also owned the jobs of the men and women who worked therein.

And Woody, howbeit he was a man of much learning, knew not that when he swatted the great corporations, whose surname is Big Business, he also swatted the toilers therein.

But it was so.

And the lamentations of the jobless reached his ears and he was powerless to help unless he took charge of the great industries and set the people to work.

But this would be confiscation and un-con-sti-tu-tion-al.

And so be it, when the lamentations of the lamentators became so loud that they could be heard over in the next county, Woody spake unto the owers of the great industries and beseeched them to start up the fires and blow the whistles.

But they would not be beseeched.

And when Woody saw that their hearts were hardened, and that they owned nearly the country, he had Congress to pass a law to take up a collection, which they did, and said it was on account of the war in Europe.

And the men who owned three-fourths of the country went unto Woody and told him that unless he permitted them to run it the way they wished they would not play.

And Woody saw that it was so.

And he curled up on the floor.

And when they tickled his hind foot with a straw he did not kick.

And so Big Business helped herself, and Woody just opens one eye occasionally to see what they are going to do with him next.

SERMON OF MAMMON.

By W. S. Morgan.

When Mammon had sat upon his throne of gold, and his diciples were gathered about him, he spake unto them as follows:

My Dearly Beloved: I am glad you are here and I extend to you a hearty greeting. I can tell by your fat cheeks and the size of your bodies at the belt line that you have been thriving. I am glad of it; I want all my worshipers to thrive; but that is impossible; the fittest will survive; the strong will crowd out the weak, and the devil will get the hindmost; but he'll get the foremost first, so don't be discouraged or sorrowful, my beloved, for you will all get yours. It is so written. And my kingdom will live forever. It is the kingdom of the kingdoms of the world. It is supported by emperors, kings, presidents, governors, statesmen and potentates throughout the earth. It is sustained by armies, battleships, policemen, detectives, thugs and thieves. It is financed by bankers, bondholders, bunco and buncombe. Its right to rob is embodied in the constitutions which govern mankind. Its dictums are set forth in the decisions of courts and the actions of legislative bodies. Its hoppers for collecting toll are ever present and everywhere from the penny slot machine to subsidies of bonds and cash for railroad and steamship lines. The decalogue is despised and the golden rule has become obsolete. The system of commerce is the science of robbry. It is taught in the universities and sustained by the pulpit. The glitter of gold dazzles the eyes of the multitudes and deceives the "elect." Gold, oh, gold! It is the essence of my power. It is the mocker of patriotism, the destroyer of manhood, the robber of virtue, the desecrator of homes and the murderer of childhood. The love of it has overthrown civilization, precipitated war among the nations, and made a slaughter pen of a continent. But don't be discouraged, my beloved, for you are getting a share of it. You are furnishing arms, ammunition, food and other supplies for the contending forces. But there is no harm in that. What if the time for slaughter is extended? What if rivers of blood continue to flow? What if women and children continue to starve? What if the reign of hell is not stopped? So long as you profit by it, beloved brethren, pray on, and prey on. "Eat, drink and be merry today for tomorrow you may die." You are not your "brother's keeper," but rather his robber; for it is so, for the law of the survival of the fittest ye must observe. So, on with the dance! Strangle Justice and ravish the Goddess of Liberty! Enslave with debt the generations yet unborn. Let the rivers run with blood! Fill the air with destruction and the earth with cries of anguish and suffering, the shriek of shells and the yells of demons! Put "Death on a white horse and hell following after him!" It is our harvest, dearly beloved, and the streams of gold flow into our purses! And now, my children, go ye into all the world and may the spirit of Greed and Graft be with you always.

A fool is a man who keeps right on doing foolish things in spite of the efforts of The Fool Killer to kill his foolishness.

IDIOTORIALS.

Did you ever hear a preacher tell his flock that the surest way to get to heaven was to "prepare for hell."

The twenty-two-th. of this month is George Birthington's wash-day. And don't forget that lie that George told.

Most of the "reforms" suggested by the old party politicians remind me of a little boy riding a wooden horse. There is lots of motion, but no progress.

Save the people from a "robber tariff," and then turn right around and rob the people with a "war tax." That's Democracy's way. How do you like it?

One thing that consoles me when I remember what a fool Republican I used to be is the remembrance of the fact that I never was fool enough to be a Democrat.

There is a growing belief among physical culturists and other health faddists that fasting is a valuable aid toward the curing of the disease. Now it may be, after all, that this Democratic administration was divinely ordered to improve the health of the people.

Say what you please about J. P. Morgan, but one thing is certain—he ain't any hypocrite. I used to think he was, but his recent "confession" on the witness stand changes all that. He comes right out flat with it and admits that he knows nothing and cares less about the condition of the poor so long as he can scoop in the millions for himself. Now that's more like it. When a wolf pulls off his sheep's clothing we can all see that he IS a wolf and be on our guard.

START A FLOCK OF HENS
THAT ARE HEAVY LAYERS
DON'T PAY $3.00 to $5.00 per Setting of Eggs.

I'll sell you just as good for $1.50 and $2.00. ,

SENT BY PARCELS POST PREPAID.

Rhode Island Reds, the Best All-Round Farm Hen.

Eggs, From my No. 1 Pens, $2.00 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, From My No. 2 Pens, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, S. C. White Leghorns, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, White Wyandotte, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.

All Prepaid by Parcels Post.

Orders filled in rotation and eggs shipped as soon as the weather will permit.

It is the early pullet that makes the fall layer when eggs are high. My pullets began laying in September and October.

For large orders for incubators, write for special prices.

Send for Descriptive Circular Explaining How to Breed Fine Fowls.

ADDRESS: W. S. MORGAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
R. R. No. 3.

The Devil's Letter.

To The Ninnies Of The Earth:
My Dear Ninnies:

Do you know what a Ninnie is? Most of you don't, or you wouldn't be one. If you have an unabridged dictionary turn to it and you'll find that Noah Webster says that a Ninnie is "a foool, a simpleton, a dolt." Then there is the Ninnyhammer which he says is "a simpletion."

Now, I want to make these defination plainer so that all of you can understand who the Ninnies and Ninnyhammers are and if you are one you can get wise and get out of the crowd because I've got about as many of that tribe down here in hell as I can handle and they are still coming. Just the common Ninnie is the dolt; he has just enough brains to distinguish him from the lower animals, and often enough brutality that his shape only saves him that distinction. It requires a sharp gimlet to bore through the outer coat of his think-tank and several charges of dynamite to clear the cobwebs from his brain and set him to thinking. It is difficult to make a wise man out of him because he has permitted others to do his thinking so long that his brain has become inactive —dormant. But where the boring has been properly done and enough of intellectual dynamite is used the patient can be very much improved.

The Ninnyhammer is of a slightly higher grade than the dolt; you can hammer ideas into their think-tanks without resorting to the surgical operation of boring, it requires a good deal hammering sometimes to set their brains to working, and they seldom become "bright and shining lights" in the world. The simpleton has no brains, not even enough to know that he han't got any. They inherit their foolishness, or contract it in an acute form and allow it to become chronic.

The intellectual fool is the biggest fool of all, the hardest to manage on earth and the easiest coaxed to hell. He has plenty of brains but only uses a small portion of them. They have barrels of egotism and tons of self-righteousness. They blow their own horn always, and listen attentively to the noise it makes; they also think others like to hear it. They wear blind-bridles of prejudice and smoked glasses, and are willing to swear that things on each side of them and behind them are the same as they are in front of them. If they belong to a political party they read only the papers and hear only the speakers of that party. They never investigate the other side. They follow the band wagon wherever it goes; if it turns square around and goes back so do they; if it starts down hill they go with it; if it upsets, they stick to it; if it leaves the road, they follow it; if it goes the muddy way, they wade along behind it; if it travels in a rut, so do they; if it wabbles on the spindle they get wabby also; they are like a man riding on the hind end of a caboose; they never see a thing until they have passed it. These are the kind of Ninnies who pray for peace while they continue to build war ships, manufacture instruments of death, and justify war, not having sense enough to stop it; the kind who pray that God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven, then vote for political parties that license institutions of traffic where hell has already hanged out its signs in front; the kind who profess to be followers of Him who is called the Prince of Peace, yet who are ready, when the rulers say the word, to take up arms to murder their fellow men without cause or justification. These are the kind of Ninnies who are welcome to hell. They are the ones of whom it is written, "having eyes see not and having ears hear not." Oh, Ninnies of this type, come! The gates of hell are open wide to receive you Ye have drank of your brothers' blood, the flames of hell shall consume yours! Ye have laid up treasures for the last day; they shall be tied about your necks and drag ye down to the lowest pits of hell! Come! Ye have carried the torch-lights of your own damnation! Ye have marched to the tune of your own destruction! Ye have crucified Justice on the cross of Greed, and sacrified Liberty on the altar of Ambition! Ye have builded the dens of vice and disease, and ye shall be stung by their poison. Millions have been the victims of your hellish lust and the piteous moans of innocent childhood, whose lives have been coined into gold in your shops, mills and fields, shall sound in your ears forever! Come! Oh, my dearly beloved Ninnies come! Ye have had your day. You thought you knew it all, and you bowed not your ear to instruction. You have followed the band wagon and the band wagon is coming to hell. The flames of torment are reaching out to grasp you. The lake of burning brimstone is seething to engulf you. Ye have spread misery and destruction on earth, and your reward now awaits you.

"Weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall eat your face as with fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which of you is kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in the day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just." James 5:1 to 6.

The Democrats used to throw up "robber tariff" to the Republicans, and now the Republicans are throwing up "war tax" to the Democrats. Just another case of the pot and kettle calling each other black.

CORRESPONDENCE.

T. J. Austin, R 1, Winder, Ga—Enclosed find 60 cents for a club of six to The Fool-Killer. We have taken your paper before. and think it one of the best papers we ever read. Hope we will get the January number. I expect to get another club soon.

John T. Cooper, Checotah, Okla.—Find herewith 50 cents for which send the little paper to the following named mourners. I received your sample copy and proceeded to get up a club at once, and will expect you to convert them. I think you have a good field for spreading the gospel, and I am with you to a finish.

E. L. Cooper, Coats, Kans.—Having read a copy of your paper called The Fool-Killer, and being well pleased with it,, I have decided to become a subscriber and have made up a club and want it sent to the enclosed addresses. Enclosed you will find 75 cents to pay for the subs, and we hope to receive the paper right away.

J. A. Perdue, R. 1, Tifton, Ga.—As this Democratic prosperity detained Santa Claus in such a manner that he could not get around to entertain me, I thought the next best thing to do would be to bruise around among the marble-headed Democrats and see what I could do for The Fool-Killer. I succeeded in getting a club of five, and now it is your job to give them the medicine.

J. A. Wallace, Alberta, La.—I have been advocating The Appeal to Reason and The Rip-Saw to my neighbors, and they don't seem to take with them as well as The Fool-Killer. I tell the boys that they don't read anything more than an almanac. I think The Fool-Killer will knock the fool out of these seven subscribers. It is as much as they can digest. Their stomachs are so weak.

R. K. Ingebrigtson, R. 4, Box 64 Lanesboro, Minn.—I like your paper very much. The Fool-Killer is a good medicine for the human soul in these days, after reading in the daily papers about the wholesale murder in Europe, America, and all over the world. I would like it better if I got it twice a month or weekly. Enclosed find a list of 13 subscribers and a money order for $1.30 to pay for same.

E. L. McCall, Waycross, Ga.—Long live the honest hearts of Pearson and Morgan, that they may come to us spread out on your worthy sheet. I'm poor and a hard-working man, but I enclose 50 cents and five addresses. Let's make it twice a month, and kill fools two times as fast. How about a third sheet now and then containing "Comfort for Burdened men?" We need some Gen. 28:14, Luke 2:10, and Isa. 55:10-11, and Babylon won't give us any. I enclose 50 cents for five subs.

James H. Griffiin, Chason, Fla.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—It would be a difficult matter for me to express what I am or what I will be, but the truth in all things is what I want, and that is what The Fool-Killer tells us about. If everybody would live up to the doctrine The Fool-Killer preaches there would be more Christians in the world, there would be more honest people in the world, and prosperity could be found everywhere. I believe you are doing lots of good with your little paper, and I hope for a continuance of the same. I don't think I can ever sleep sound again without my name on your subscription list, but times are so hard down here in Florida that I have no promise of any money except what I can find floating up stream.

A. A. Tolbert, P. O. Box 75, Rosemary, N. C.—I will write you a few words in regard to your wonderful little paper. I know it is small, but it stands in a high class, and I think it is the best paper I ever read. I think I am the only one that takes The Fool-Killer at this place, and when it comes everybody wants to read it and wants to know when I will get another one. Enclosed find 70 cents and the names of seven new subs that I got this week. Send a few more sample copies and I will get more subs, for I sure have got the ball rolling and I don't want it to stop.

W. T. McCray, R 10, Monroe, N. C.—Find enclosed 70 cents for seven subs to The Fool-Killer. Please send it to them at once, for they are struck on it. I believe if you will send me a dozen sample copies I can send you a dozen subs in exchange. You remember I sent you a club a few days ago.

A. C. Holcomb, Ecru, Miss.—Having read one of your papers, and finding it so good and so cheap, I have raised a club of five. Enclosed find fifty cents for which send the paper to the attached names. Please send me another bundle of samples and I think I can get you some more new subscribers.

Charles Bishop, Eskdale, W. Va.—I am sending you a club of ten yearly subscribers to The Fool-Killer. I happened to come in possession of one of your papers, so I thought I would get up a club of ten, as nearly everyone here are reformed men from th old parties. So when this club comes to hand I will get another club for you, and a much larger one than this.

W. H. Horton, R 2, Box 61, Pontotoc, Miss.—I received your ten samples to-day, and you will find enclosed check for ten sub. I am in the merchandise business, and I handed the ten samples to my customers, and they quickly handed me the money for subscriptions. I do believe I could have sent 25 just as easy of I had had the samples to give to my customers.

B. E. F. Bucklew, R 4, Box 70, Terra Alta, W. Va.—I went out on Ground Hog Day and found eight of them out of their holes, and every darned one of them wanted The Foolkiller. So I just took their money and you will find it herewith enclosed, together with their names and addresses. Send the Killer to them for a whole year. So good-bye for this time. I will be along again some day. This is 58 I have sent you in the last six months.

John M. Thompson, 31 N. Kerr St., Concord, N. C.—A man to whom I gave a copy of your paper wants to subscribe for it and has given me the money. So here it is—send the paper to the address given. He is a Democrat, but he said he had more fun out of The Fool-Killer than any paper he ever read. I took Morgan's Buzz-Saw over 20 years ago, and am glad he is with you. I am a Mid-Road Pop—one of the most dispised parties that ever was born and knocked in the head by the great W. J. B., now of Washington, D. C.

Shake Hands With Kilpatrick!

As The Fool-Killer grows it takes more help to handle the business. The office work has been awfully behind here of late and I needed some more help. So it gives me pleasure to announce that I have secured the services of Mr. George Kilpatrick, of Memphis, Tenn., who now becomes Business Manager of The Fool-Killer. We are at last getting this thing in shape to do some business. In the language of the poet, "Let the clubs roll in."

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Tennessean

A little paper published by George Kilpatrick, of Memphis, Tenn., who has recently come to Moravian Falls to help in the fool-killing business. Send ten cents for a year's subscription to GEORGE KILPATRICK, Moravian Falls, N. C.

The Fool=Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1915. NO. 1.

THAW.

(Or melt, if you want to.)

Seeing that our old friend, Harry Thaw, has again been on trial, I was inspired to write the following beautiful Poem for the occasion. There is more of it, but this is all I have room for:

Thaw, Thaw, Thaw, Thaw,
Thaw, Thaw, Thaw,
Thaw, Thaw, Thaw, Thaw,
Thaw, Thaw, Thaw.

Thaw, Thaw, Thaw, Thaw,
Thaw, Thaw, Thaw,
Thaw, Thaw Thaw, Thaw,
Thaw, Thaw, Thaw.

ROOSEVELT TO WILSON.

Oyster Bay, Mar. 8.

Dear Woodenroller:

It ain't so about us being enemies, is it? We are plum good old chums, ain't we? That's right! I knew you would agree with me. We are both great men, ain't we, Woodenroller? My natural modesty forbids me to say which is the greater of us.

That's always been one of my failings—a super-abundance of modesty. Great pity for a man like me to be so heavily handicapped. If I just had the brass to put myself forward and demand my rights, I could accomplish wonders. If it wasn't for my modesty, I almost believe I could build up and operate a successful and flourishing war like Cousin King George, Cousin Czar Nick and Cousin Bill Kizer are doing. I just envy them boys the fun they are having. Ain't there some way we can manage to take a hand in it? I'd give most anything if we could.

I know you claim to be a lover of peace, but you and Brother Bill Bryan have been meddling in Europe's affairs in a way which suits me exactly. Keep it up, dear Woodenroller! Just one or two more meddlesome "notes" like you have been sending to Germany and England will get us into the war up to our necks. Hurray! Wouldn't that be just bully? Say, my dear Woodenroller, it never will do to let that chance slip by, and if there is anything I can do to help get us into the war, I am at your service. I want you to know that I am not holding any malice against you for the way you walked about over me and Brother Taft in 1912. I was a little sore at first; but at a time like this, when there are good prospects of getting into such a nice, fat war, we can afford to lay aside our little personal quarrels and go into it for all we are worth.

As a starter, I want to put the seal of my endorsement on the newly-organized American Legion, the purpose of which is to stir up war-feeling among the people, and to show Europe that we want a finger in the pie.

I suppose there are some cowardly people in America who are nervously praying that we may keep out of this war, but such people are merely "mugwumps" and "undesirable citizens." Their wishes should not be consulted.

Yes, dear Woodenroller, the American Legion is the truck! And I will say further that I and my four sons will become members of it, and I will organize a company of Smooth Swimmers, and we will swim the ocean with butcher-knives in our teeth and command Europe to surrender. It will be just as easy! The minute they see my teeth and eyeglasses coming they will throw up their hands and begin to cry for mercy.

And now, dear Woodenroller, I will let you into a little secret, if you won't say anything about it. My object in wanting to do all these great heroic deeds is to cover myself with a new coat of glory. As you have probably noticed, the coat of glory which I am now wearing is getting sorter thin in some places. The Taft Steam Roller took all the starch out of it in the summer of 1912, and then you left your ugly tracks on it in November of the same year. It never has been fit to wear since, but it was the best I could do.

And so now I am working to get me a nice new coat of glory, and I think it is your duty to help me. When I get back from the little before-breakfast spell of whipping out Europe, and the people see how fine and handsome I look in my new coat of glory, they will take me up and elect me president some more, and then everything will be all hunky.

Your buzzum friend,

TEDDY.

THE JACKASS CONVENTION

Being a Continuation of "Men and Mules"

And so it came to pass that the Jackass convention was called to order at the appointed time. The convention was held under a big tree just outside the pasture, because the Mules were afraid to let the Jackasses go inside. They were afraid that if the Jackasses once got inside they would be the very dickens to drive out again. And they thought, also, that it would please the Jackasses to have the Mules condescend to come into their territory and mingle with them.

It was known officially as a Jackass conventian, but the Mules were very careful to see that the Chairman and most of the other officers of the Convention were Mules. This was done by bribing some of the Jackass Delegates, and by getting the others to believe that it was law. A Jackass is naturally a very law-abiding citizen, and as they are not very well posted in Parliamentary Proceedure, it was an easy matter for the Mule Lawyers to lead them around any way they pleased.

Most of the motions and resolutions were offered by the Mules, and if a Jackass did happen to speak up in favor of his race, the Mule Chairman promptly ruled him out of order.

At last one big sad-eyed Jackass, with ears as long as a hypocrite's prayer, managed to get the floor. (There wasn't really any floor about it, as they were out of doors on the ground, but we will call it a floor just the same).

"Brother Jackasses and Mister Mules," began the Jackass who had gotten the floor, "if I am any Lawyer, there is a screw loose about this Convention. In fact, there are several screws loose. Can't you see that everything is being done in the interest of the Mules and nothing for us Jackasses? We outnumber the Mules more than a hundred to one, and yet they are running this convention to suit themselves. I move that we Jackasses stand together and demand our rights. That Pasture and all that good grass is ours and we ought to have it. You know the Mules stole it from us, and—"

"Treason! Treason!" brayed a Mule delegate, jumping up and kicking several Jackasses backwards.

"Take him down! Lynch him!" brayed one of the Jackass delegates who had been bribed with a bundle of hay.

"You talk like a durned old Socialist," said another conservative Jackass. "Don't you reckon these Honorable Mules know how to run this convention?"

But the Jackass who had the floor still kept it. He layed back his ears and pawed the air with his fore foot, saying;

"The Children of Israel had their Moses, and the Blind Man has his Dog, but these Jackasses are without a Leader. Be it known unto you, therefore, that I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for Gate Keeper, and I propose to turn all my Brother Jackasses into the Pasture that the Mules stole from us."

"Robbery and confiscation!" brayed a dozen Mules at once, and nearly all the Jackasses crossed their hoofs on their breasts and groaned.

Then, after a moment of awful silence, things began to happen. There was hair and heels, mud and mule shoes, blood and brays, all through the air. The "dangerous agitator" had been kicked to death by the Capitalistic Mules and the Old-Party Jackasses. Thus ended the Jackass Convention.

Presidential timber is so scarce in Mexico that they have to make out on one president per week.

Don't waste your money on a costly paper. Times are too hard for that. You can get more good out of The Fool-Killer, anyway, and it only costs you ten cents a year in clubs of five or more.

Woodpile said we just HAD to buy some of the old rotten ships that other nations had thrown away, because we needed 'em (so he said) to send off to Europe the food that our people would need at home. Well, we didn't buy 'em, you know, and now Woodpile ain't saying a word. Woodpile has a mighty cute little way of asking for a whole durn lot of big things—and then making out with just whatever he can get.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, EDITOR AND PROPR.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, BUSINESS MGR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm. Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

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Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Mar., 1915. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

I'll bet a jitney you don't know what a jitney is.

The sinking of the Frye is about to make things boil.

"Peace will come in June," says an exchange. But it failed to say what year.

It seems that the Germans have captured Przasnysz, but I bet a nickel they can't pronounce it.

Guess I won't go to the San Francisco fair. My shoes are about worn out, and it's most to far to walk, anyway.

The newspaper directories put the letters "jkl" after the names of all papers having a very small circulation. It means, "just kan live."

Somebody asked a little girl if they raised any poultry at her house last year. She replied: "We planted some, but the chickens scratched it all up."

"In at one ear and out at the other," is an old saying, but in the case of the neighborhood gossip and tattler it should be, "In at both ears and out at the mouth."

Why don't Woodrow rush into print with a statement showing that the war is only a "psycological condition?" Maybe that would stop it.

Rev. Yung Hen is the name of a new Chinese preacher. The name indicates that the preacher is a female, and that her proper place is among the lay members.

It generally takes two assistant secretaries, one detective and fifteen nigger boys to find Billyum Chaw-talk-away Bryan when he is needed at his office in Washington.

The masters have begun to hold "inquiries" about the condition of the unemployed. Hang-take their "inquiries." I could "inquire" about the tempature of hell, but that wouldn't cool it any.

The Secretary of Agriculture is said to be putting in his spare time developing a new breed of milk-cows. Pretty soon he aims to send to every farmer by Parcel Post a pair of calves of the new stock. These improved cows are to be so near all milk that the only thing required at milking time will be to run them through the clothes-wringer and throw the hide and bones back in the pasture.

IT TICKLES ME.

A double-geared jimdandy of a Democratic Solomon is H. H. Bruffey, the alleged editor of "The Webster Echo," a local Democratic sheet published at Webster Springs, W. Va. Editor Bruffey is so green that I want to solemnly warn him to keep away from the barn-lot, for the cows might eat him. He has such a befuddled idea of what he thinks he believes that it's a wonder he don't imagine himself dead and write his own obituary some day. You could slice up an old rubber boot and fry it in gravy and he would eat it for cabbage and swear it was good.

The above is the prelude. Here is the music:

Some time last fall I wrote a poem called "The Psycological Panic," and it was published in The Fool-Killer. The poem was a shaft of ridicule aimed at Woodrow Wilson's now famous remark about hard times being only "psycological." The poem made quite a hit among the readers of The Fool-Killer, and was also widely copied in other papers. Numbers of people made special mention of it as being one of the hardest hits against Democracy that they ever saw in print.

Well, it seems that one of my subscribers at Palmer, W. Va., evidently knowing the mental calibre of Editor Bruffey, thought he would have some fun. So he copied my poem and sent it to Editor Bruffey, accompanied by a cunningly-worded note designed to hit Bruffey on the blind side. And it did. The poor ignorant editor bit like a hungry trout. He set my poem in double-column space with a border around it, headed it in big type, "SENSE IN THIS," and played it up on the front page of his paper, and even added a foot-note commending it to his readers as good Democratic doctrine. That was in his issue dated for Jan. 29, 1915. As soon as that issue got circulated among its Democratic readers who were not quite so green as their local editor, there went up a howl that could have been heard from Wheeling to Bluefield. They began to guy the poor fellow for his ignorance, and made it so hot for him that he came out in his next issue with the following "Request."

"Will the gentleman from Palmer who sent us that little poem last week please favor us with his full name, since only his initials appeared at the end of the composition. We make this request because some of our readers are taking it as a clever piece of irony and meant to be read or interpreted just the opposite of what plain English would indicate. So we shall expect this prompt courtesy from you, and failure to comply will be taken as proof positive that our correspondent purposely tried to put one across us."

"Tried," indeed! No, "tried" is not the word, my dear Bruffey. It looks to me a plum sight like he succeeded. If he only "tried to put one across you," it would be worth a week's wages to see somebody do the job just right.

TALKIN' TO YE.

Howdy, Comrades! Mighty glad to meet you again. Just can't let the paper go to press without my little "personal chat" with you-all.

Well, boys, I am glad to tell you that the paper is still on a boom. The past two months have been the best in the history of the paper, and the prospects are good for the boom to continue.

There is just one thing wrong, and I am trying my best to remedy that. As you all know, the paper has been about a month late for several months. This has been due to sickness in my family, and other circumstances entirely beyond my control. My wife is almost an invalid, and her suffering is terrible, especially at night. We never get half enough sleep, and right now as I write these lines, I am so sleepy I can hardly hold my eyes open. Most of the "hot stuff" that I have written for this issue has been produced under just these conditions. As I have said often before it seems almost like trying to be funny at a funeral.

But it does no good to sit down and grunt and complain about the hard conditions. I guess most of you have troubles of your own, and we all have to get along the best way we can under this "psycological prosperity."

But so many people have kicked about the paper being late that I just wanted to tell you WHY. The office force has been increased, and we are making a little headway toward catching up with Father Time.

So you fellows all just stick to me like a gob of tar to a pair of summer breeches, and we'll all live as long as we can get a breath, anyhow. And while we live we just as well enjoy ourselves. Tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that we want 'em to come along and jine our crowd. If The Fool-Killer continues to be a little bit late for a few months yet, we will at least do our doggondest to make it worth waiting for.

Yours from the ground up,
J. L. PEARSON.

FOOLS AND RASCALS.

W. S. Morgan.

More than twenty years ago Uncle Charlie Cunningham who was the candidate for vice-president on the Union Labor ticket in 1888, said to me: "Morgan, if it wasn't for the fools we could soon get rid of the d——d rascals."

There is a whole volume of truth and meaning in those words.

The rascals could do but little harm if they were officially dehorned and kept grazing on their own private pastures.

It is the fools who, by their votes, put them in a position where they can rob and oppress the people.

The methods of present day politics are so rotten that a really clean man seldom runs for office, and if he does he is usually defeated.

I don't mean to say that all the men who are in office are rascals; some of them are fools which the shifting tide of events have accidently landed in official positions. Then again some are at heart honest but are cowards; they are whipped into line by the ridicule of the rascals and the party caucus.

Behind these rascals, fools and cowards are "the interests," the big business institutions of the country, and who use the money extorted from the people by special privileges which they already have to bribe the misrepresentations of the people to enact more laws granting additional special privileges.

Thus the mill grinds on, and the wealth of the country produced by the toilers is accumulated in the hands of the few, poverty grovels and groans in the darkness of dispair, crime increases, and justice is crucified on the cross of greed.

How do they do it?

The story has been told a thousand times, but the blind partisan fool will not read it or lend a listening ear.

Hark, ye toilers in the fields, workshops and mines: listen while I tell it again.

"The interests," the owners of the great industries of the country; the factories, the banks, the railroads and the mines, HAVE NO POLITICS BUT SELFISHNESS; NO GOD BUT GOLD; NO RELIGION BUT PROFITS

IT IS YOUR WEALTH THEY HAVE ACCUMULATED.

IT IS YOUR SERVANTS THEY HAVE PROSTITUTED.

IT IS YOUR RIGHTS THEY HAVE PERVERTED AND YOUR PROPERTY THEY HAVE STOLEN.

AND THEY HAVE DONE IT UNDER THE LAWS MADE BY THE RASCALS, FOOLS AND COWARDS YOU HAVE ELECTED TO OFFICE.

IT IS YOUR VOTE THAT SUSTAINS THE SYSTEM THAT ENABLES THE FEW, BY MEANS OF INTEREST, RENT AND PROFITS, TO ROB THE MANY.

So long as a few men control the money, interest will consume the fruits of industry.

So long as a group of men own the machinery of production and distribution, profits will exact the greater share of the products of labor.

So long as a minority of the human race own most of the lands and houses they are able to levy toll on the majority.

And so long as the fools submit to it they will be industrial slaves and the products of their labor appropriated to the use of others just as was done under the old system of chattel slavery.

There is a party that stands for the destruction of this new form of slavery—not by a resort to arms and wholesale murder as was the case with chattel slavery, but by peaceable way of the ballot.

There is a party that stands for the abolition of interest, rent and profits by the substitution of collective ownership of the means of production and distribution, and the co-operative and democratic management of the same; a party that stands for the application of the golden rule in all transactions between man and man; for the universal brotherhood of mankind; for the recall of the rascals, the fools and the cowards when they cease to be the servants of the people; for the abolition of child labor; for the emancipation of the industrial workers from the remorseless grasp of the masters who own nine-tenths of the earth and are reaching out for the other tenth.

Throw off the blind bridles of prejudice and find that party, then join its rapidly increasing hosts and consecrate your lives to liberty, equality and justice for every living human being.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

WAR WHOOPS.

W. S. Morgan.

The golden rule applied to business would destroy the competetive system.

If all men were Christians there could be no war.

If the workingmen would stop fighting each other at the beck and call of the ruling classes it would put an end to all wars.

If the ruling and wealthy classes who get up the wars had to do all the fighting there would not be much done, and what little was done wouldn't hurt any body but themselves.

Patriotism is a winning card for the masters and the plaything for fools. It is sometimes loaded at both ends.

War is a rich harvest for the devil.

War is caused by the greed of capitalism, but the workingmen do the fighting, and afterwards those who are left do the paying.

Capitalism begets war; war begets bonds, and bonds beget industrial slavery.

The man who never "totes" a gun seldom gets into trouble, and the nations who have the least armament are the most peaceful on earth.

When all the capitalists in the world get all the money they have invested in the European war and half the fools succeed in killing the other half, then the wise men of future generations ought to repudiate the debts and break even with greed. AND THEY WILL.

High Society.

High Society is an ugly sore on the hind leg of civilation.

High Society is a hole burnt in the blanket of respectability.

High Society is a dead fly in the soup of decency.

High Society is the smell that arises from rotten riches.

High Society is the ashes of burnt-out usefulness.

High Society is a bag of soured wind tied up with a golden string.

High Society is the lazy dog that sucks the eggs of Industry.

High Society is what's left when Common Sense gets a-plenty.

High Society is the poison fruit that grows on the tree of Idleness.

High Society is a collection of fine clothes stuffed with cheap fertilizer material.

High Society is the remainder after you subtract nothing from nothing.

High Society is the piece that Curiosity bit off of the tail of Scandal.

An American chemist has invented a powder that he claims will stop blood. I believe they say it was a pig-tail Chinaman who invented the powder that starts it.

MEDDLER'S ITCH.

Says the New York Indedeneent:

"Mr. Wilson is by conviction a democrat. He believes in the people. He would have them rule."

And yet in spite of all that, and in spite of his loudly-acclaimed love of peace, he and his official co-workers are liable, the first thing we all know, to plunge this country into war with either Europe or Mexico, or both, without giving the people a chance to say one word about it. Wilson, Bryan & Company are simply meddling in that European mess just like they are meddling with Mexico, and if we get into trouble we will have our peace-preaching Grape Juice Twins to thank for it.

LETTERS FROM THE DEVIL

By W. S. Morgan
Author of
"The American Circus"

A book of 40 pages containing letters "in words that burn" addressed to the following

The Farmers
The Church Members
The Editors of Great Dailes
The Lawyers
The Politicians
Candidates of the old Parties
The Preachers
The Professional Politicians
To Capitalism
The Democrats
The Republicans
The Political Fools
The Common Plugs
The Wage Earners

Don't fail to get this: it is rich, Mailed to any address, postpaid at 10 cents each, $1.00 per dozen. While "you're a gittin'" this book enclose 10 cents more and receive 50 copies of Morgan's latest leaflet, "A Toast to Capitalism," a good companion piece to "The American Circus." Address

W. S. MORGAN, Springfield, Mo.

START A FLOCK OF HENS
THAT ARE HEAVY LAYERS
DON'T PAY $3.00 to $5.00 per Setting of Eggs

I'll sell you just as good for $1.50 and $2.00.

SENT BY PARCELS POST PREPAID.

Rhode Island Reds, the Best All-Round Farm Hen.

Eggs, From my No. 1 Pens, $2.00 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, From My No. 2 Pens, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, S. C. White Leghorns, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.
Eggs, White Wyandotte, $1.50 per Setting of 15 eggs.

All Prepaid by Parcels Post.

Orders filled in rotation and eggs shipped as soon as the weather will permit.

It is the early pullet that makes the fall layer when eggs are high. My pullets began laying in September and October.

For large orders for incubators, write for special prices.

Send for Descriptive Circular Explaining How to Breed Fine Fowls.

ADDRESS: W. S. MORGAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
R. R. No. 3.

The Devil's Letter.

Hades, March 4th, 1915.

To the Unemployed Throughout the Benighted States and Elsewhere—

My dear Down-and-Outs—I am feeling my oats this morning. How are you? Guess you are feeling your straw, because I notice you slept in a straw-stack last night. How did you like your bed? Was it very cold? And where did you get your breakfast? Guess that was cold, too, if you got any.

Say, speaking of cold, I don't know what that word means. We are never bothered with it down here in my regions. Come to see me next time you get cold. I'll guarantee to thaw you up and not charge you a cent.

Yes, boys, I know I've got a mighty bad name up there on earth, and I guess I deserve it, but to save my gizzard I can't see that I am much worse than some of your pretended saints up there. Take your fine city churches, for instance. I've heard all about how you poor homeless and jobless fellows have tried to get permission to sleep in the pews of those fine churches on cold nights, and how you were driven out by the police and a mob of outraged "saints."

Now I'm not boasting of my goodness at all, but I never was guilty of such a low-down deed as that. I never have turned anybody off that came to my place asking for admission, and I never expect to. I've got just oodlins of room for all that want to come, and the dirtiest, hungriest tramp on earth is just as welcome as the millionare dressed in broadcloth. My motto is, "A warm welcome for all."

And so I want to say to you unemployed fellows—you hungry and destitute tramps and bums—you wrecked vessels on the sea of life—don't give up the fight! If the preachers and their religious followers turn you down; if Big Biz bounces you and Society shuns you, and you feel like there is no place where you are wanted—don't give up the fight! After the governments of men have failed to give you a chance, and after the so-called Church of Christ has lifted up its dainty foot and kicked you out into the cold, you can throw it back into their hypocritical faces that the hell they denounce from their pious pulpits is the only place a poor, thinly-clad, shivering mortal can go to get warm. Your plutocratic preachers and reformers are all the time denouncing me and my business for everything they can turn their tongues to, and they go right ahead and drive you to this place by refusing to let you in anywhere else. Ain't that the truth, boys?

And say, you fellows, there is another thing about this unemployment business in its relation to the present war that maybe you hadn't thought of. So I just want to give you an idea. Your preachers and statesman ought to have told you of this a long time ago, but since they haven't done it, it is better for you to get the information from the Devil (that's me) than not to get it at all.

You know this much at least. You know that there are countless thousands of honest workers tramping from place to place and looking in vain for work. Especially is this true in regard to the Benighted States of America. Well, if you think this condition just came about by accident, you certainly do need to have your head bored for the simples. There never was an effect without a cause. And there is a deep-seated cause for all the present unhappy conditions throughout the world. These conditions exist because it is to somebody's advantage to have them exist. Well, it isn't to YOUR advantage, is it, Rube? You don't look as if you were making a fortune out of it, anyway. Then who is getting the benefit of your suffering? You can bet the holes in your old coat that SOMEBODY is getting the benefit. Can you figger out who it is and give me the answer right quick? It's as easy as dropping a wet cake of soap when you learn how. Listen:

The hundred or so of multi-millionaires who own and control the earth are always getting up fusses among themselves about their various financial interests in the governments that they tote around in their vest pockets. And as they consider their own yaller hides too precious to pump bullets into or to otherwise disfigure by a personal encounter, it becomes necessary to have their fighting done by such poor fellows as you. And in order to make you fellows more willing to go to the war and get killed, they begin by making your lives so miserable that you would just about as soou die as to try to live. They get you to feeling like being shot to death couldn't be any worse than perishing to death, and then you are ready to enlist and "die for your country," when in fact you don't own a blamed inch of it, and can't squeeze a bare living from those who do own it. But you can fight. You can kill others like yourself—your comrades in misery—because the owners of the governments will feed you while you fight for them. But they won't feed you nor give you a chance to feed yourself until you promise to become buzzard-meat at $13 per smell.

And that, my dear boys, is why you are out of a job to-day. The owners of America are making you hungry and discouraged so that you will be willing to take your chances in war for the sake of a little grub. A hungry man will "enlist" a heap quicker than one with his belly full. That's why you are hungry. You are going to be called on pretty soon to fight for your bosses, and you will be fools enough to do it.

Well, go ahead, boys—vote and fight for your bosses. And when you perish to death or get your heads blown off, just come on down here. I'll make room for you, even if I have to put you in the same room with a church member.

Yours for all I can get,

SATAN DEVIL.

The Fatted Calf Is Ready.

The Republican leaders have again met and whereas'd a bunch of resoluted whereams as big as a shuck mattress. It seems that they have a notion of trying to dehorn the old dead Bull Moose and turn it back into a live Elephant. They are going to invite Toothadore Specksvelt to be a good little Prodigal Son and come back and waller his political 'tater in the gravy of the Republican fatted calf. The Prodigal has not been heard from at this writing, but as the Progressive swine are all too dead to squeal, I guess he will "arise and go." Keep your eye on the road between Oyster Bay and Republican Headquarters, and pretty soon you'll see a set of teeth and a pair of spex going by like a hired man going to dinner.

Congress spent all the money in sight and had nothing else to do, so it very kindly adjourned.

If Johndee could get a regular job being a witness he might get rich. Wonder what he will buy with that five dollars?

The Army and Navy Journal is calling for 100,000 volunteers who are willing to pay with their lives for the privilege of letting our American billionaires get a little richer. Won't somebody please look and see if the editors of the Army and Navy Journal have enlisted yet?

CORRESPONDENCE.

C. L. SCARBORO, Royston Ga.—I herewith enclose sixty cents for six subs. The only objection we all find to The Fool-Killer, it is not a daily paper, I do not want to miss a single copy, so keep on writing that good stuff.

MISS PEARL McCLUNG, El Dorado, Ark.—Enclosed you will find a money order for one dollar for which send twelve doses of The Fool-Killer to ten of our Arkansas fools. There are lots of them down here; we need more Fool-Killers scattered around in this part of the country. Please send me some sample copies that I may pass them around to the fools.

ROY A. HERRON, 46 Rose St., Salem, Ohio.—Please find enclosed a money order for $3.70 for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed addresses for one year. By taking your last issue (which contained the Devil's Letter and Teddy's Lament) to the shop yesterday, I was able to secure 37 fools for you, including my renewal, in one day. Those articles and your low-cost of-living price seemed to draw them like magnetism. This list includes most of the foremen and several of the office force, besides the shop men.

A. A. TOLBERT, Rosemary, N. C.—Slam, bim, bam, bang! Here it is again, broke out in a new place. Enclosed find the names and addresses of ten new subs that I got one evening, and money order to pay for same. I believe The Fool-Killer sells as good as honey-coated popcorn and red lemonade at a circus show. This is the second club I have sent you in about two weeks. Almost everybody wants to subscribe as soon as they see it, for they know it is something worth while. Send me a few more sample copies—as many as you like.

J. R. CRAWLEY, 621 Gum St., Lynchburg, Va.—I am sending you a list of subs and money order for same. There is 43 in this list, making 125 in less than two months, Get right after the boys and you are sure to get them. Let every sub try to send in a club of five or more right at once, and cover our friend Pearson up with subs (Thank you, Bro. Crawley. If every subscriber would do one-half or one-fourth as much as you have done, The Fool-Killer would soon have a million subs. Let everybody imitate Crawley and there will be rejoicing in this shop.—Pearson).

W. A. HEADRICK. R3 Sulphur Springs, Tex.—I have been taking The Fool-Killer for some months, and look forward for the next one as eagerly as I would for a letter from my good old mother. All the fault I find with it is that it don't come often enough, and the only trouble is we ought to be getting four of them at a time instead of one, as my wife, daughter, mother-in-law and myself scramble with each other to get to read it first every time it comes. So keep the little dickens coming. It is a hummer and comes in full grown doses—the kind this poverty-stricken, Democracy-ridden, church-hypocritic country needs. Send me just as many samples as you can, and I sure will hand out each copy where it will do the most good.

If you have ever tried to eat any of this "psycological prosperity," you have doubtless observed that it don't fill the tummy very fast.

The Fool=Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1915. NO. 2.

Burnin' Off.

I say, now, John—an' you'll agree—
Fer boys like we-uns use ter be,
A heap o' pleasure lies concealed
In burnin' off a broom-straw field.

You know that hill at the old Brown place
Whur we played ball an' prison-base
On Sundays with the neighbor boys—
Ah, them-thar days was full o' joys!

Then when the broom-straw yallered good
From all them frosts 'at it had stood,
We longed an' longed like ever'thing
Fer burnin'-off time in the spring.

'Long somewhurs 'twixt sundown an' dark
Paw he would come in an' remark:
"The signs is all perzackly right
Fer burnin' off broom-straw tonight."

Then you an' me most tuck a fit,
An' run an' got our torches lit,
An' struck out hard as we could go
Fer that old broom-straw hill, ye know.

We dragged our torches through the straw,
An' kep' right smart ahead o' Paw;
He follered with a bushy pine
To whup out whur it crossed the line.

Sometimes the blaze was runnin' high
An' lightin' up the earth an' sky;
Then d'reckly it would change about
An' jes' come purt'nigh goin' out.

Sometimes, too, when the air was still,
The fire went creepin' up the hill;
The long straws burnt off at the ground
An' fell like dead men all around.

I use ter watch 'em doin' that,
An' thought 'bout whur the war 'uz at:
The straws was soljers, that-a-way,
That fell an' died, an' thar they lay.

An' somethin' else I liked so well
Was that-thar pleasant smoky smell
That jes' kep' lingerin' about
Long after all the fire was out.

It's funny how a feller's nose
Will recollect sich smells as those,
Recallin' things we heard an' saw
When we was kids a-burnin' straw.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

PARAGRAPHS.

If Billy Sunday don't twist the devil's tail off, he will at least make it mighty sore.

A sick buzzard will vomit, and then flop back after another mess of dead hoss. Say, you Bull Moose voter, does that sound like anything personal?

The Hornet ("hottest Democratic paper," and so forth) continues to steal its thunder from other papers, and in the same breath cusses the editors it steals from. The Hornet reminds me of a one-legged monkey trying to straddle a pole.

In trying to give orders to both Europe and Mexico, I'm sorter afraid Woodenroller has bit off more than he can chaw. I think we had better keep the worms out of our own 'backer patch and let the rest of the world look out for itself.

A SERMON ON CAPITALISM

BY E. J. WILSON

Every once in a while, even in this age of education and enlightenment, some darned little old shriveled-brained, marble-headed deluded discipline of Capitalism somehow manages to screw up the north-east corner of his blow-hole into a kink about one-fourth of an inch long intended to represent a sneer something similar to the smile of a mad bulldog, and lets out a racket like a busted safety-valve, the sum-total of which amounts to about as follows, to-wit:

"How could we ever manage to get along without the millionaires? What would we do for a JOB? And how could business be run without Capitalism? Why. we've got to have the capitalists to run the industries and pay us guys our wages—ain't we? Now, then, just answer THAT, you're so smart!"

Say, wouldn't that jar your gallus buttons loose? Wouldn't it turn your nose red, and your face pale, and your hair gray, and make you pop-eyed and knock-kneed with fright, and give you thirty-seven kinds of bellyache in three seconds? Such stupendously, startling, astounding, confounding, complex, problematical perplexities would astonish the devil himself.

Well, buddy, when you go to making a heap big noise like that, it begins to dawn on me that perhaps you have not studied your lessons very thoroughly.

If common sense was the school-mam in the world's big schoolhouse, you would most likely be occupying a position down about a foot from the tail-end of your class. You would also probably try to argue with the school-mam that 2 and 2 made 3, or that Z was the first letter in the alphabet.

Now it's perfectly proper to ask real sensible questions in order to get at the truth about the real live, up-to-date progressive issues of the age; but when you try to frame up a bunch of stuff like that alluded to above as an argument in defense of such absolutely worthless low-down human parasites as the millionaire or capitalist class, it shows your coco is about as full of intelligence as a last summer's gourd.

How could we get along without the millionaires? Yes, indeed!

How could we get along without the cut-worms in our cabbage-patch?

How could we raise 'taters if it wasn't for the 'tater-bugs?

How could dogs and hens live without fleas and chicken-lice?

And how could we enjoy a good night's sleep if it wasn't for a few million bed bugs?

Just think what a great convenience it is to have a few dozen rats around your corn-crib, and how neccessary it is for us to have a garden full of gophers so we can raise a bumper crop of roastin'-ears (after we get the aforesaid gophers filled up.)

How long do you suppose we would live if all the flies and skeeters had been "swatted," and how in the world could we see in the dark if it wasn't for John D.?

These are all pests, and verily I say unto thee, thou mutton-head that the greatest of all these evil things is the dollar-hungry devil called Capitalism.

How did we get along, anyhow, before Capitalism captured us? How many million-dollar idlers were there among the Pilgrim Fathers? None there, you can just bet your boots on that, for there was too much strong-arm business going on just then, so Mr. Aristocracy just waited till all the Injuns had been demolished, and they got a swell hotel and a bank and a railroad built, and killed out all the pole-cats, before he dared to risk his exalted self on the shores of North America.

The billion dollar grabbing, greedy, grafty, gambling, grouchy bunch of demons known collectively as heartless corporations, and individually as successful business men, originally sprung in a large measure from the idle, blue-blooded aristocracy of the old European Courts, and one has only to peruse the pages of history to find out what kind of degenerates most of these lords and earls and dukes and counts and barons really were. And it's an honest fact that the breed hasn't improved any since, except in their capacity for stealing.

Did you ever pour a bucket of

(Continued on page 2, last column)

GO SOAK YER HEAD!

With the country under a new tariff law and the banking institutions under a Democratic banking and currency law, it has remained for the National City Bank in New York to pile up the highest amount of deposits in its history. One day this week it passed the $300,000,000 mark for the first time. When one bank in a city of big banks can accumulate three hundred millions of dollars in the regular course of business, it would look like if there is anything the matter with the country it is too much prosperity. Increase in commercial business is the simple reason given for this tremendous record.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Aw, your foot! Of course the banks have got plenty of money, and that's the devil of it. The banks have got it ALL, and the people have got NONE. Why, you blamed fool, I wouldn't ask for any better evidence that this Woodpile administration, with all of its new-fangled financial machinery, is playing right into the hands of the bankers and other millionaires of New York. It has got down on its mortal belly and groveled at their feet and granted them every special privilege that could be thought of. But when it was asked to help the poor cotton raiser of the South, you remember what happened, don't you? They talked a flood of hot air big enough to float a Zeppelin, and they messed around and got up a dickens of a big Loan Fund for the special benefit of the poor cotton raisers. But instead of letting the cotton raisers have it, they turned it right over to the bankers, and if ary cotton raiser or other poor man has seen or smelt one red cent of that Fund he has kept it a secret.

Sarn-take my time if I see anything to brag about in the fact that the millionaire bankers and millionaire depositors of New York are so lousy with money while four million wage earners in the country are out of work and their families starving.

Say, fellers, I want every blessed one of you to read the two articles by E. J. Wilson in this issue, and then tell me how they strike your funny bone. I have secured Mr. Wilson to contribute an article occasionally, and if he keeps up the lick he has started out with there will soon be a powerful dying-out among the fools.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, EDITOR AND PROPR.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, BUSINESS MGR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
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Bus. Man., G. Kilpatrick, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Mar., 1915, W. E. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

This is the April Fool-Killer.

Still waiting for peace to break out somewhere.

I take it that "intern" and "turn in" mean about the same.

And now King George has declared war on King Alcohol.

Even a hungry man can get plenty of "food for thought" these days.

Now is the time for Kernel Bryan to pass the grape-juice to the British.

Wonder if Christ ever got $50,000 for holding a revival? Perhaps Billy Sunday could answer.

And it came to pass that Old Man Business baited his hook with a whale and caught a grubworm.

An exchange remarks that there are lots of other folks besides Col. Bryan who would like to see the Donkey sober up.

The best way to test a man's religion is to let it lock horns with his pocketbook and see which gets knocked off the track.

A woman's head is used to adorn most of our coins, and then a good many of our coins are used to adorn a woman's head.

The new mayor of Chicago says he is going to run all the thieves and rascals out of town. My, but won't Chicago be a lonesome place after this, with nobody living in it?

After all, preaching is a good deal like selling calico—if there wasn't any money in it there wouldn't be but precious little of it done.

When the devil sticks his head up out of a barrel of money and says, "Come here Mister Preacher," the poor preacher always thinks the Lord has "called" him.

The owners of the various armament trusts are all mighty good church members, and of course they are praying for peace just like everything. All who believe it, please stand on your heads till I can count you.

It is surprising to me that the shortage of dye-stuffs should worry the politicians. Their records are black enough already, and it looks like it would be the supply of whitewash that would interest them.

A DIALOGUE

Between Booze and War.

War—Ha, there! Who are you?

Booze—I'm Booze—who are you?

W—I'm War, that's who! Git out of my way!

B—Shan't do it! What are you doing here?

W—I'm killing people. What are you doing?

B—That's funny—I'm engaged in the same business. I'm killing people, too. What's the reason we can't go in cahoots and run a bigger business?

W—Cahoots nothin'! Do you reckon I want to divide my glory with you? Now just highball out of here! I can kill all the people and I don't want any competion.

B—Oh, please, Mister War, don't be so selfish! Let me have a little share in the slaughter.

W—No, you've had a plenty! It's my turn now, and I want the whole field to myself. I tell you once more to skiddoo out of here and leave me alone.

B—Wait a minute—you don't see the point. I—I—

W—And, durn it, I don't want to see nary point. All I want is plenty of victims to kill, and I don't want you puttering around here in my way, either. Now hike!

And poor old Booze picked up his jug and staggered off out of Europe, leaving War master of the field.

Europe has its dead-line and America its bread-line, and we read about both in the newspaper head-line.

Consider the Allies in the field; they lose not, neither do they win; and yet Solomon in all his glory never fout like one of these.

Each of the five or six "revolutionary leaders" in Mexico says he is trying to establish peace and order. Reminds me of a hawk trying to make peace with a spring chicken. Of course the chicken don't like the plan at first, but after it gets inside of the hawk, then there is perfect peace and order.

During the last four months I have received letters from two fellers who don't like The Fool-Killer. They just kick up their heels and froth at the mouth and swear that if I don't quit sending it to them they will have a jeeminy fit. All right; I never like to cast my pearls before swine, and so I take pleasure in marking off these two plug-uglies who are too far gone in wickedness to be benefited by The Fool-Killer's medicine.

GROWING SOME.

I am glad to announce that, in spite of the war and hard times, The Fool-Killer is still growing like a pig fed on buttermilk.

The building which has served me as an office for the past five years was no longer able to hold the growing business; so I went to work to build more room and have just completed the new addition, which gives me nearly double the floor space I had before.

Every day I am planning and spending money to give my readers a better paper and more prompt service. Now, Comrades, you all continue to do your part by rolling in the clubs and we will soon make The Fool-Killer cover the earth even as whitewash covereth the record of a politician; yea, even as yaller skin covereth a chicken's leg.

Hundreds of friends write me that The Fool-Killer gets better and better each issue. Well, that's what I am trying to make it do, and the faster the subs come the faster I can improve it. Tell everybody you see and send word to the rest to get on our band-wagon and go with us.

One of my exchanges reports that William Jennings Bryan, the noted Chaw-talk-away lecturer, recently made a hurried visit to Washington, D. C. It is not stated what his business was, but I presume it was to collect his monthly salary of $1,000 for being Secretary of State.

A SERMON ON CAPITALISM.

(Continued from first page)

slop into a pig-trough and then see one great big fat hog, more hoggish than all the rest, get in with all four feet, lengthwise of the trough, and try to gobble up the whole works in about two seconds, at the same time trying to keep the others from getting any? Now don't you reckon them others that couldn't get much could have got along fairly well without him? And then you got mad and called him an ugly name and soaked him on the snoot with a two-by-four.

That illustrates the hoggishness of some hogs. It also serves to illustrate the hoggishness of some men. But why don't you soak the men upon the "snooteratus," too? Is it because you are cowards? Or is it because the hoggish hog is afraid of you, while you are afraid of the hoggish man? Or is it because you all want to be hogs? It's about time some of you were beginning to be men.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But sincc Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

"ON FOOLISHNESS."

By E. J. Wilson.

This article is guaranteed under the Poor Grub and Dope Act to contain not more than 'steen per cent of doggone foolishness, used as a preservative to keep it from stinkin'.

Well, my dear beloved fellow fools, it might interest you by way of introduction to say that what you is about to persue now are about my first at the fool-killing business as a profession, although, as a matter of fact, heretofore when I've had a good opportunity I have "murdered" one occasionally. So I've got quite a little graveyard started already.

From my experience I will say that some fools have got to be buried pretty deep to keep the stink down. As per the time-honored custom, some are natural-born fools, others acquire foolishness, while a large per cent have foolishness thrust upon them. In other words, some inherit the habit, many strive to attain it, and most of us are compelled to accept a certain quanity in our every-day struggle for existance.

Now some of us are foolish in some ways, others are foolish in other ways, and maybe some are fools always; but most any intelligent fool can squint around over this dirty little chunk of mud we call the earth with the probabilities that sooner or later he will come up right slap-dab face to face with the truth that there's altogether too much foolishness in the world to day, especially so considerin' that we are alleged to represent the highest form of Smart Elicks the Lord ever invented.

We've got to admit when it comes to completely annihilating all the fool things in the world, we've got a considerably bigger job on our hands than Jesus ever had, (for fools have multiplied exceedingly since His time,) but it has always seemed to me we could get along a good deal better minus some of the great big follies of so-called civilazation.

While musing over the various forms of fool life to-day it occurred to me that about the biggest Simple Simon of them all is a Political Fool. He has the power to vote himself and his fellow creatures into the possession of all the good things in the earth—things that he needs to make life worth while—things that he says he would like to have—and then he turns right around and signifies by his ballot that he don't even want half of what he produces by his own efforts.

A right charitable cuss is the political fool, but the trouble with his charity lies in the fact that it results in doing the least good where most needed, or vicy vercy.

He will vote to supply a few parasites of society with autos and mansions and private cars and countless millions of money, with every known means to live a life of proud pomp and gorgeous glory and gay splendor, to loll in ease of idle luxury, to enjoy everything the heart can desire and man can create.

Himself he elects to remain in poverty and degradation and ignorance, and thinks he's smart, because, by extraordinary efforts, he has succeeded in existing so far. All around him are thousands of hopeless examples showing ignorance and poverty and misery and crime on the one hand and tyranny, greed, graft, selfishness, idolatry, vanity and lust on the other, as results of allowing a bunch of dollar-hungry devils to flourish without restraint.

He knows that all his life has been spent in an endless, fruitless, endeavor to gain his heart's desires. He knows he has never got anything more than the mere crumbs of what his master enjoys; but he forces himself into the belief that somehow, some day, by some means, the master will allow him a little bit more.

But your funny little champion of plutocratic politics seldom has gets enough to put forth any efforts to improve matters any. He gets his "education"—his "reasoning powers"—his "opinions"—from prostituted pages of old reliable Rep-Dem political papers, and votes her straight because his great grandad did.

Then he groans and griuds and grovels and grunts and growls about the high cost of living and the low cost of labor, and says he wishes he was thirteen times a millionaire, and busts his suspenders to please the boss, takes what he gets without a whine or whimper and lets his loved (?) ones go hungry and naked accordingly.

His little bump of intellect, what there is of it, is about as lopsided as a wobbly wheel-barrow. He travels around in a circle, like a calf tied to a stake, and calls it progress because some other gazabo said it was.

If by chance he happens to find out how big a fool he really is, he'll never admit it, and when he gets into a political rag-chewin' contest and runs up against some real hard solid facts that he can't get around, then you'll see him get mad and run his thumbs in his ears and shut his eyes and take a hike to the tall grass and cram his head in the hay-stack of prejudice and kick his number 'levens out in seventeen directions, for it's against his "principles" to learn anything new.

Now while this class of fools is probably the most hopeless and the most dangerous which advancing civilization has to contend with, we have one consolation in the fact that they are mostly dying off from pure cussedness, and just a little bit faster than they are being born. For, through education and the growing desire to make the world a better place to live in, each successive rising generation is being equipped with a better thinkeratus, and it won't be long before most anybody can think a few thinks occasionally.

Slowly but surely it dawns upon us that if we would ever really expect to gain happiness and prosperity for all of us, we must rid the world forever of the tyrant, the oppressor, the idol-worshipping, dollar-hungry hypocrite class that has infested the earth ever since the devil monopolized the Garden of Eden. That's about the next stunt to be pulled off on the world's progressive program. It's got to come just as naturally as the sun has got to rise tomorrow morning, and it will be done up brown in due time, even if radical measures are necessary.

And so, dear readers, let us all go out armed with a bundle of Fool-Killers as big as a bale of hay, and see if we can't ambush a few more fools p. d. q. and bring them in so they can see the fun, too. In the meantime, I'll get busy and mix up another big gob of mental mud to soak you with in the sweet bye-and-bye, if you ain't all dead yet.

A SERMON ON SWELL SOCIETY.

By Angus E. Simmons.

Well, Mr. Editor, I haven't much news to write just now, so I decided we would read a chapter and sing about two verses of the "Poor Man's Favorite" and go to bed.

I call your attention to the Book of Swell Society, and the eleventh chapter. It reads as follows:

"Blessed is the young man who weareth the full English cut suit and weareth his hair frizzled up like a "freezling" chicken's feathers and bloweth blue smoke through his nose and breatheth the filthy black air of deception through his lungs, for verily I say unto you he shall throw a heavy hand with the fair sex.

Yea though he tramp the streets and back alleys till late in the night, there shall be nothing said about it, for he belongeth to the Upper Crust.

Though he often does dirty crimes there shall no evil befall him, for his daddy's dollars and dimes are behind him.

He whizzeth up and down the streets by day and by night, with his bristles raised and his tail curled to the right.

And verily I say unto you that such boys shall not be confined to the city alone, but shall be in the country also when wealth will admit.

Blessed is the young lady who standeth before the glass and painteth her face and goeth her way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of person she is; for verily I say unto you she shall be the center of attraction.

And in those days there shall come the English model suit and the extreme hobble skirt, with their concomitant ruffles and tucks and frizzles and flounces, and they shall fill all the earth, insomuch that whoever shall be found without such a garment on shall be laughed at by Swell Society.

Cursed is the poor wage-worker whoso cheap clothes smell with the sweat of honest toil, for I declare unto you that he shall not be admitted into Swell Society, nnless a distant relative should die and leave him several thousand dollars.

Behold, I show you a mistery: we shall not all sleep, but some must rise early to make some sort of a living, even as it hath been spoken by the mouth of Swell Society since selfishness began.

In Genesis three nineteen
  The Lord hath said:
"In the sweat of thy face
  Shalt thou eat bread."
But some out-run the rest
  In life's hard race;
The rich man eats in the sweat
  Of the poor man's face.

The Devil's Letter.

Hades, April 10th, 1915.

To the Women of the Earth.

My Dear Darlings:—Have an apple. Take another one. These are better than the ones I persuaded your Mother Eve to eat six thousand years ago. When I pulled off that little stunt I thought I was getting a firm grip on the fair sex, but somehow the later developments have been a little bit disappointing. True, it was through the agency of woman that I first got the ropes on the human race, but since that time I have seemed to be more successful with the men.

I am glad to say that many individual women have served me faithfully (and when a woman IS a devil she is a devil all over), but taken collectively their influence has been against me rather than for me.

Have another apple. Oh, I see you are surprised at my good manners and generosity. Why, bless your hearts, it's part of my business to be nice to the ladies. I have always been able to act like a perfect gentleman whenever the occasion required. Remember your Mother Eve. Do you suppose an ignorant and akward buffoon could have peddled apples in Eden and opened the market for fig-leaves? Not muchly.

Take another apple. They won't hurt you. That's the same lie that I told to Eve, and she believed it, all right. But maybe you think you are smarter than your Grandma was. That's what's the matter with you modern women—you are getting too smart. Why, I have even heard it reported that some of you are actually wanting to vote. Great iron spoons and club-footed nightmares! Think of it! A woman wanting to vote! The very thought of it gives me the nervous jim-jams.

Being a devil ain't no play job, and I have learned to stand a good deal, but this Woman Suffrage movement is a little too much for me. It simply must have its tail cut off right behind its ears.

What do you women know about voting? And what do you want to vote for, anyhow? What sort of conditions do you want? Ain't you got plenty of saloons and soup-houses, paupers and prostitutes, bond-holders and beggars? What's the matter with your supply of theologians and thieves, churches and chain gangs, politicians and poverty, schools and scalawags, money and misery? Ain't you pretty well fixed for kings and kaisers, slaves and soldiers, wars and widows? Ain't you got plenty of rascals in high office and honest men in jail?

Then what in the dickens are you-all kicking about? For my part, I am perfectly satisfied with the way the men have been running the governments of the earth, and I wouldn't have them changed for anything. I will be much obliged to you ladies if you will stick to your powder-puffs and pianos, your button-holes and baby-buggies, your cook-stoves and wash-tubs, and keep your fingers out of politics. The men know their business, and they are running things exactly to suit me. You women would be certain to spoil everything if you got a whack at it. You are too sentimental—too easy to get excited. You wouldn't have the nerve to carry on these big bloody wars, and the stopping of war would nearly ruin me.

And I have noticed that most women have such fool ideas about morals and decency. I wouldn't be afraid to bet a year's supply of brimstone that if a candidate for Congress in your district had betrayed half a dozen poor girls, robbed the bank, and run away with the preacher's wife, you would be fools enough to vote against him just for a little thing like that. Now men are not so cranky as all that. They don't care how mean a candidate is—if he belongs to their party they vote for him and ask no questions. I'm afraid if you women were allowed to vote you would ask too many embarrassing questions about the candidates.

I believe all good honest, respectable citizens, such as drunkards, liars and horse-thieves, should be allowed to vote; but such ignorant and dangerous characters as the wives and mothers of men—they should be kept away from the ballot box at all hazards.

Well, dear Women, I'll have to stop for this time. Maybe I'll write you again some day. But I want you to be mighty careful with this letter and not let it get into the hands of that Fool-Killer man. I wrote a letter to the Unemployed of the Earth last month, and I am told that it was printed in that confounded Fool-Killer. I hate that paper, because it is doing more to injure my business than a whole stack of preachers capped off with Billy Sunday.

Sulphurically yours,
SATAN DEVIL.

Teacher—"What is the sea?"

Geography Class—"The sea is a large body of water bounded on all sides by military forts, and on the top and bottom by battleships, mines and submarines."

THE HORNET AGAIN.

After subscribing for The Hornet twice, and also sending my paper in exchange, I am still unable to get a copy of The Hornet sent me by the editor for love nor money. The reason is that The Hornet steals about half of its dope from The Fool-Killer, and it don't want me to see it with the stolen goods in its possession.

But I have worked a trick on Mr. Hornet, so that I get it anyhow. I payed one of my friends at a distant post office to subscribe for The Hornet and forward it to me, and that's how I manage to keep up with the low-down, dirty doings of the most unprincipled literary thief in these Benighted States.

I have just now received my copy of The Hornet dated April 7th, and have not had time to read it all, but I have already found two of my articles grinning at me like two old acquaintances caught at a nigger picnic in their shirt-tails. The first one appears on page one, column four, and is called "Political Astronomy." I wrote that piece for another paper, years ago, before I started The Fool-Killer, and while The Hornet has repeatedly sworn with a very great swear that it never steals anything, there sticks my old article just as I wrote it, except in a few places the word "Democrat" is changed to "Republican." My other piece appears on page two, column four, under the name of "Our Audience." The Hornet man did manage that time to have originality enough about him to change the name of the article, because when I printed it in The Fool-Killer in November, 1912, I had a different name to it. But the name is about the only thing changed, and there is nothing to indicate where it was stolen from.

And that's the history of The Hornet from the day of its birth on down to the present. What he don't steal from me he steals from somebody else; and about the only original thing he ever wrote was his standing denial that he ever stole anything.

Now, Mr. Hornet, I ain't mad at you nary bit. I just like for you to steal my writing, and this is another piece you can steal if you want to.

John C. Mountz, R 3, Carlisle, Pa.—I have had the pleasure of reading a few of your papers and I certainly am well pleased with them. They are just seasoned about right to suit my appetite. And I have handed the paper to a few more fools just like myself and they are like the young catbird—they have their mouths open for more. Send some more sample copies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN SNYDER, Helen, Pa.—Look here, Mr. J. L. Pearson, I just went down to a Socialist meeting today, and in five minutes I got five subs for your paper. You might ask, how did you do it? Why, just last month I gave my copy of The Fool-Killer to a friend and at this meeting I said, "Say, friend, how do you like The Fool-Killer?" He said, "Good, except for this reason: if you read the darn paper the spirit makes you read it again." So that started the wheel. I got four subs, and I could not locate the fifth; so I said to a young fellow, "Say, John, won't you take it?" "Hain't got no money," said John. I said, "I'll pay for it, for I know when you get done reading it you will go to picking iron and bones and get ten cents and pay for it." Everybody laughed.

D. T. HOLT, Center, Tex.—Here is one dollar for ten subs, also the names and addresses. Let us have it red-hot. Your medicine has the desired effect. The pepper and spice keeps aur stomachs settled until we can absorb the contents.

L. M, Wichita Falls, Tex.—Mr. Morgan is all right, but he hasn't that original, appealing, comical "Fool-Killer" punch that makes us admire J. L. Pearson.

J. L. HUTCHENS, Grapeland, Tex.—The 16 shots you sent me has got us both in trouble. I fired them into a bunch of fools and got 22. That's some shooting, isn't it? You see I am getting two fools with one shot. They won't move until I slip up on the blind side of them and fire. Then they only twitch their tails a little. They are so blind we don't need any blind bridles for them. So please send them 12 full doses.

REV. S. H. STRYON, Ayden, N. C.—I find it no trouble to get subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. Just say "Fool-Killer" and wise people are interested immediately. They go just like "hot cakes" around this part of the country.

O. B. HAINES, Slanesville, W. Va,—I enclose five more subs and check to cover same. Please send each of the enclosed names twelve doses, and at the end of the year I think their foolishness will be killed. I will keep the subs coming right along. Keep the good work going and I will be with you to the end.

F. W. GANNER, Lincoln, Maine.—I think The Fool-Killer is the slickest little paper in the country. You have certainly got them sized up about right. The sermon on singing was great.

JOHN L. WEYANDT, Claysburg, Pa.—Enclosed find Four Dollars and Forty Cents ($4 40) for which please send The Fool-Killer to the 44 new subscribers whose name I am sending herewith. Please send them the April issue. It was an easy matter to get these subscribers. I just showed them a copy, and it was like throwing $20. gold pieces among a bunch of hoboes. It sure is a bully paper. One old Republican, as hard as the trapdoor hinges of hell, would not take the paper. He does not wish to hear the other side. Pearson, please send me the smallest peanut shell you can find and I'll present it to him for a new spring hat. Well, there are all kinds of people in the world, and I think the kind that wont read The Fool-Killer because it tells the truth are so thick-skulled even the devil don't want 'em.

The Fool=Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

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WHAT IS THE NEWS?

"What is the news in the paper to-day—
The news from over the sea?"
The reader he flecked his fat cigar,
And a billowy puff puffed he.
"Oh, nothing —it speaks of a little fight,
But it reads like childish play;
A trifle of fifty thousand dead—
There's nothing important to-day.

"The city of Skippit was burned last night,
And half of the people killed;
The living have fled, and the bloody streets
With charred black bones are filled.
The British Dreadnaught, Mindyerbiz,
Torpedoed in Dareyou Bay;
The blood in Flanders is only knee deep—
There's nothing important to-day.

"Not more than twenty-five million men
Are facing the shot and shell,
And a trifle of ten times that, perhaps,
At home 'mid terrors dwell.
Oh, my! It's an awfully dull affair!
Why don't they fight some? Say!—
Here—take the old paper—I'm done with it all—
There's nothing important to-day."

James Larkin Pearson.

NOTHING TO IT, MISTER!

A correspondent whose mind runs in that direction wants me to uncork a new bottle of wrath and pour it out on the head of Jack Johnson.

Why, Mister, there are just oodlins of betters subjects, and I hate to waste my breath on such a sorry one. I reckon you have in mind Jack's picture in the mud down at Havana, where he lost out in favor of a white bull-neck named Willard.

Well, honey, what do you want me to say about that pair of greasy bull-necks? I don't see anything to it, nohow. If it was an incident that anybody could get honor out of, why, then I'd be glad for my own race to have it. But I can't figure out how it is a credit to any race to produce the biggest and toughest brute. It may be a big thing, but nothing to be so darned proud of, as the boy said about the boil on his neck. A bear has got more guts than a humming-bird, but that don't make us like bears any better. Let's change the subject.

The poet Longfellow is said to have remarked on one occasion that "in this world a man must either be an anvil or a hammer." Shucks in August! I wonder if Longfellow never ran up against any of these fellows who insist on being bellowses?

PLUTOCRATIC PRAYER

Oh, thou fool Laborer who art a slave, but who couldst wrap us Capitalists around thy little finger if thou only wouldst try, we pray that thou mayest never discover the power which lies at thy hand.

We pray thee, O Laborer, to go on laboring with thy hands, and let not thy mind get active concerning the problems of life. Permit us to do thy thinking for thee, O Laborer, because thinking is hard work and we would fain deliver thee from it.

We earnestly beseech thee, O Laborer, to read not any history, neither try to reap benefit from the experience of others. We admit that thou couldst do it, but we pray that thou, in thy simple-minded goodness of heart, will refrain from so doing.

We Plutocrats, being very wise, are aware that we are in thy hands and at thy mercy, but we thank thee for thy profound ignorance on the subject. Upon our bended knees we beg thee to remain ignorant. Yes, we would that thou mightest become even more ignorant and dull, if that were possible. We pray that thou will let us furnish thy reading matter and we will see that thou gettest nothing but good Capitalist dope, such as will put to sleep all thy discontent. If thou hast permitted any Socialist paper to enter thy cabin, we pray that thou wilt burn it immediately.

We pray that thou, O Laborer, wilt let thy mind dwell much on duty, patriotism, love of country, and so forth. It should make no difference to thee that we own the country and that thou hast nothing. We will permit thee to love it just the same. And when the time comes we will permit thee to go and fight for the country we own, just like thy patriotic brothers in Europe are doing. And if thou shouldst happen to get home alive, we pray that thou wilt go to work again and pay the war tax for us.

We must not forget to thank thee for thy vote, O Common Plug. Thou hast voted for us and against thyself for, lo, these many centuries, when nothing compelled thee to do it except thy own block-headed ignorance. We know that thou couldst vote us out of power quicker than howdy, but thou dost not know it. Some of those infernal Socialist papers have tried to teach thee, but thou hast patriotically refused to learn. Thy unselfishness surpasses anything that we have ever known.

Now, O Laborer, thou Common Plug, who are also a Very Valuable Fool, we pray that thou wilt not forsake us in this hour of need. We, the Plutocrats, have never before been placed in such a critical position as we are in to-day. We have the power, but we don't know what minute it may be snatched from us. It is not out of the range of possibilities that this war which we have started may get beyond our control. It has just occurred to us that thou mayest be so hard hit that thou wilt wake up. And hence we beseech thee to slumber on. Slumber on and on. We are safe so long as thou sleepest, but when thou wakest we are all undone.

And permit us, we pray thee, O Laboring Fool, to furnsh thy dreams while thou sleepest. We have them all ready made, and they are guaranteed to never come true. Thou mayest dream that we, the Plutocrats, are thy friends, and that all our promises are good. Thou mayest dream of living under prosperous conditions and having all the good things that thou wouldst like to have. In fact, the more thou indulgest in such dreams the less danger there is that thou will wake up and realize the truth of thy awful condition. Therefore we pray that thou wilt slumber on, and that thou wilt continue to labor and vote for us in thy sleep.

AMEN.

A SERMON ON "THE WIMMEN FOLKS."

Dear Flock:

You will find my text for this occasion on the 23rd page of Blum's Almanac for the year 1915, and it reads as follows:

"Be sure you are right, then ask your wife."

If this turns out to be a poor sermon it won't be the fault of the text. If I am any judge, the text is all right, what there is of it—and plenty of it, such as it is.

Ask your wife. If you don't ask her, she is mighty apt to tell you anyhow. She knows. No matter what it is, she understands. Anything a woman don't know and can't find out is lost for certain. You can't fool the wimmen folks. But they can fool you mighty slick. If you want them to know something they are as ignorant about it as a kitten is about Scripture. But if it is something you want to keep them in the dark about, they will know more about it than you every time. That is a peculiar habit the wimmen folks have. It's mighty unpleasant for the men folks sometimes, and often gets them into tight places. But more often the place seems tight because the men were tight before they got in it. This is a peculiar habit the men folks have.

Therefore ask your wife. You couldn't find her Sunday dress in a week, but she knows all about where your tuther breeches are at. And if you left any money in the pockets, she probably knows where that is, too.

"THE WAY PEOPLE FEEL."

Great Humptidoodle!

Caesar's Ghost and Molly Hawkins!

What fools we have all been!

After all our frantic and vain efforts to discover the cause of the business depression and hard times, here it is as plain as a fly in your biscuit.

We are indebted to one W. H. Belk, a plutocrat of Charlotte, N. C., for turning on the light. One of The Charlotte Observer's whickergoddled reporters took a Dr. Pierce account book and a penny pencil and started out to smell around for a good juicy lie for his paper. Having some sort of intutive knowledge that they kept such things at the Belk department store, he turned the toes of his number tens in that direction.

"How is business?" asked the reporter to Merchant Belk, and what he failed to get in the way of information will never be missed. Now give prayerful attention to Belk's answer:

"Business is good. You don't hear any talk of hard times any more. People are feeling better, and they are trading. A large element in the depression last fall was simply in the way people felt."

Why, of course.

Our FEELINGS are to blame for it all.

Why didn't we think of that sooner?

But then, you know, habit has a heap to do with it. Man has been living in ignorance and sin so long that his confounded "feelings" have got the best of him.

When he is hungry he FEELS hungry.

When he is ragged he FEELS ragged.

When his pocket is empty, somehow it just will FEEL empty. I don't know why, but it does.

When a fellow is hungry, and ragged, and out of money, and out of a job, and in debt, and has worn his shoe-soles to the quick chasing around after another job and can't find it—well, it may be that fellow's solemn Christian duty to suck wind and swell out his belly and FEEL just like the president of a railroad, but it's develish hard to do.

The government is trying to encourage sheep raising, so they say. The officials are probably needing more wool to pull over our eyes.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, EDITOR AND PROPR.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, BUSINESS MGR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

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TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

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Bus. Man., G. Kilpatrick, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Mar., 1915. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

After all, war is just another way of playing ball.

I'll bet the people who have never been born are glad of it.

If a motorcycle is an automobile's colt, then a pistol must be a son of a gun.

Perhaps some people call their home a bungalow is because the job is bungle and they still owe for it.

Boss Barnes ought to be ashamed of himself for starting that libel suit against the American Legion.

I understand that the American Legion, consisting of the Roosevelt family, has not yet invaded Europe.

The Roosevelt-Barnes trial is only another case of the yaller dog saying to the yaller cat: "You've got fleas on you."

Girls who can play a tune on the cook-stove are more in demand than those who can claw the ivories on a piano.

Ted Roosevelt and Bill Barnes are enjoying a sociable law-suit with each other for the purpose of finding out which is the biggest liar.

A certain Rev. Dr. Welsh says that New York needs a revival. The suggestion reminds me of giving medicine to a dead man, or sprinkling cologne water around a pig pen.

One of the big weeklies prints an article telling "Why Turkey Went Into the War." Now let's have a column or so telling why a barrel goes over Niagara Falls.

The amount of cussing which the "jitney" is receiving from the so-called "legitimate transportation companies" only serves to emphasize the fact that the dog who has the bone don't want to give it up.

In every contest between the Masters and the Slaves, the alleged Church of Christ always takes sides with the Masters. And still it wonders why the poor are drifting away from it. Great mystery, ain't it, Rube?

Bob Perry wants to annex the North Pole to the Benighted States. Might be a good idea. Then we could have a Polar Bear in Congress, which would be an improvement on the jackasses we have there.

A Georgia subscriber wants The Fool-Killer to explain why it is that the Germans are now spelling Culture with a K. Why, that's as easy as dropping a wet cake of soap. It's because England controls the seas.

An article by Millionaire Mooser George Perkins undertakes to tell how Big Biz must be "regulated." Um-hum! Now let the nigger that stole the ham get up and tell us what sort of punishment he wants. One is just as fair as the other.

And now concerning the great temperance crusade in England. If those blue-blooded royal deadbeats can get somebody else to take their places in the trenches, they will probably try to sub-let their job of staying sober.

Old Huerta, the ex-boss of Mexico, is thought to be laying plans to remove the ex. After all, it just as well be him as anybody. The Mexicans have got no leader fit to follow, and wouldn't have sense enough to follow him if they had.

That fellow Norman Hapgood, the editor of Harper's Weekly, is a funny sort of a cuss. Sometimes he hits the bull's-eye right kerbang in the middle, and at other times he seems unable to hit a flock of barns with a cannon.

Not a microbe exists in mountain air above 2,000 feet," says The Texas Republic. Well now, if mountain air will kill Roosevelt microbes, the editor of The Republic should lose no time in getting up into the highest mountain region he can find.

Word comes across the water that the old familiar forms of wickedness have almost entirely disappeared from the cities of Europe. No wonder. Everybody is so absorbed in the highly moral occupation of murdering everybody else that they havn't time to be wicked.

"Because the rest of the world is at war, now is the time for us to prepare for war," says the American Legion, alias the Roosevelt family. And so I reckon, by Ned, when everybody else gets roarin' drunk, then will be the proper time for me to lay in a fresh supply of likker. Is that the idea?

The question has come up again as to how long a person can do without eating. Now let's see. I guess a gentleman by the name of Abel holds the record. You remember Cain fixed Abel so that he couldn't eat, and it has now been considerably over five thousand years since he tasted a bite.

An article in the New York Independent gives the price of a soldier's gun as $25; one thousand cartridges $35; uniform, $8; other necessaries bring the total equipment up to $95. There is nothing said about the soldier himself. A mere man, of course, isn't worth anything.

I suppose it is my duty, as a white man, to rejoice and be exceedingly glad over the defeat of Jack Johnson. Because—don't you know?—the white race is again superior to the black race. Now look here, mister! If I believe that the superiority of the white race had to depend on the outcome of a nasty prize-fight, or if I believed that Jess Willard was the highest ideal type of the white race, sarn-taked if I hadn't just about as soon be a right nice nigger.

ALL RIGHT, I'M YOUR BUDDY

Experience is a mighty good teacher. It has taught me something this past winter. As you know, I have been making some experiments by getting somebody else to write part of the "hot stuff" for The Fool-Killer. The reason I did it, in the first place, was because sickness in my family made it hard for me to do the writing myself.

So I secured the services of Comrade W. S. Morgan, one of the ablest editorial writers in the country, and a man who is widely known. And there is no denying the fact that Comrade Morgan gave us some of the best "dope" that has ever appeared in The Fool-Killer. He went after the enemy with gloves off, and everything he said was in perfect harmony with my own views. The readers and club-raisers responded to it pretty well, but still there seemed to be something lacking. The general tone of the letters I got revealed the fact that the people wanted my own writing and were not going to be satisfied with anything else.

Ofcourse Iam glad, my friends, that you feel that way about it. I like to talk to you through The Fool-Killer, and from now on I am going to fill it chuck full of my own individual chat. With the exception of a column or so of short, breezy letters taken from my regular correspondence, the paper will be filled entirely with my own "sassy talk." Most of you know what I can do when I get my gab-mill going just right, and I want you to introduce me to all ofyour friends and acquaintances. If I don't give them their money's worth of entertainment during the year, it will be because they ain't got no place to put it, as Sam Jones used to say.

Now, Comrades, you are my only dependence. Without your help I couldn't run The Fool-Killer another month. You have never failed me yet, and I am still going to bank on you. Through the winter months the subscription business is always on a boom, but we are just now entering the season that is usually very dull. Let us all resolve together that it shall not be dull for The Fool-Killer this time. I know times are hard and money scarce, but that is all the more reason why people should spend their money wisely. Tell your friends to cut out their costly papers and subscribe for The Fool-Killer. Instead of giving a dollar a year for a ten cent paper, here is a chance to get a dollar paper for ten cents. Spread the news and roll in the clubs. Still going at ten cents a year in clubs of five or more.

A series of very learned articles has recently appeared in print on the rather delicate subject of "Birth-Control," with more illuminating details about the baby business than all of Solomon's wives ever knew. But you don't fully enjoy the side-splitting humor of the thing until you happen to notice that the writer is MISS Mary Alden Hopkins. Look at that "Miss" again and see if you can keep your face straight.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five year. old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

By a Twenty-Fifth Century Man.

I have just been reading an old history about the times and conditions away back yonder in 1915—five hundred years ago. It is really very amusing, and rather pitiful, too. The people in those days didn't seem to have much sense. Their habits and customs were very primitive, and while they boasted of being enlightened and progressive, they never made any progress toward better living conditions. There seems to have been a nation back there known as the United States of America, or something like that. We have lost nearly all trace of it, but it probably didn't amount to very much, anyhow.

The United States was first established as a poultry yard and became famous as the promoter of the Plymouth Rock chicken. It also had something to do with the supply of catnip tea at a place called Boston.

The name of the founder of the United States has been torn off and lost, but there are various traditions bearing on the subject. One tradition is that his name was George Roosevelt, while others contend that it was Theodore Washington. He seems to have lived at a place called Mount Oyster, and was assassinated for talking too much. They had two famous rollers called the Steamroller and the Woodenroller, and it seems that they both ran over George Roosevelt—I mean Theodore Washington—or maybe it may have been Theogeorge Roosington—and mashed his politics so bad that they had to be taken out and patched with a Bull Moose's hide.

In those olden times there was also a country called Europe which seems to have been peopled entirely with crazy folks. You know that was back in the Dark Ages of the Twentieth Century, before the Millennium started, and the way they are said to have butchered up each other is almost beyond belief. They had a substance known as gunpowder with which they could throw heavy bullets and shells for several miles and kill each other. They called it shooting, so the history says. These crazy folks would line themselves up and shoot at each other for months at a time, until nearly all of them were killed. There is no reason given for such conduct, and the best historians agree that there wasn't any reason for it, hence we must conclude that they were all crazy, for we can't imagine sane people acting like that.

We are thankful indeed that the art of making gunpowder and all that explosive stuff has long ago been lost. We don't need them and wouldn't allow them to exist in this age of the world. We are living now under the glorious reign of Universal Brotherhood, and we look back with mingled scorn and pity upon those savages of the Twentieth Century.

Those crazy people had a name for that bloody butchery of each other. Lemme see—what was it? War? war? war? Yes, I believe that's the word, but you won't find it in any of our dictionaries to-day. It has gone out of use entirely. The thing itself passed away and the name passed with it.

But while that awful war was going on in Europe, it seems that they had something in the United States nearly as bad. Recent excavations among the ruins of one of their ancient cities called New York, or Gotham, have brought to light evidences of the existence of a powerful creature known by the name of Millionaire, or Capitalist. There is some dispute as to whether this creature was a human, a beast or a devil, but it seems to have existed in considerable numbers and it was evidently a great terror to the population. These creatures were wild and unruly, and all efforts to tame or domesticate them proved utterly futile. They never worked or did anything useful, but made a practice of stealing nearly everything the workers produced. As a result of this, the people who did the most hard work had the least to show for it, and suffered most from hunger and neglect. Of all the millionaires whose tracks in the sands of time have been uncovered, the most noted was Rockydee Oilyfeller, who flourished at about the time Georgadore Washvelt wrote Shakespeare's works.

THAT AWFUL CRIME.

Brother Goodygoody came dashing up to Sheriff Gagenbindum the other day and, in a voice all sloppy with tears, sang out:

"Say, Mister Sheriff, your services are urgently needed down the road yonder—at that little shack on the left hand just as you turn down the hill toward Brother Corntossel's river farm."

"Why, what on earth has happened?" inquired the sheriff, as he felt around to see if all his guns were loaded. "Is somebody drunk and disorderly?"

"Oh, worse than that!" moaned Brother Goodygoody, mopping his brow.

"It must be a fight, then," said the Sheriff. "What's it about? Politics?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mister Sheriff, it's a heap worse than that," blubbered Brother Goodygoody. "Hurry, I tell you, before it gets any worse!"

"Then it must be some brute of a husband beating his sick wife," said the Sheriff. "I'll go at once."

"Oh, no,no,no!" wailed Brother Goodygoody. "Can't I make you understand that it's a greater crime than all these things? Hurry! There ain't a minute to waste."

"Oh, I see!" said the Sheriff, straightening himself and clutching his revolvers. "It's a cold-blooded murder! What a pity! Why didn't you tell me at first and save all the delay?"

"No, it ain't no murder!" chimed in the tearful voice of Brother Goodygoody. "Murder don't amount to much. This is ten times worse than murder."

"Then what in the name of common sense is it?" asked the Sheriff. "Worse than murder? What could it be? Out with it!"

"Oh, oh, Mister Sheriff," stammered Brother Goodygoody, "I hate to let such awful news pass through my lips, but I suppose I must. There's a fellow down there in that house reading The Fool-Killer."

Uncle Sam prays for peace with one corner of his mouth and sells war supplies with the other, and he is trying devilish hard to "let not one corner of his mouth know what the other corner doeth."

EVERY MAN ON HIS JOB.

I have just received a letter of rather friendly criticims in which the writer charges that I do too much "tearing down" and not enough "building up." He agrees with me that lots of things need "tearing down," but he thinks I should at least suggest something to take the place of what I consign to the junk-pile.

Well, that brings on more talk. There may be a little flavor of truth in what my correspondent says, but it is very misleading.

The world don't expect one man to do everything.

This is an age of specialization.

Every man to his job.

The man who ventures into the wilderness and kills the snakes and drives out the wildcats is not the same man who later makes it blossom at the rose.

But his work is just as necessary, and it must be done first.

The ax must go before the plow, and the digger before the builder.

You can't establish heaven till you get hell out of the way.

The Fool-Killer is the dynamite to blow the stumps out so that somebody else can plant the crop.

The manufacturer of dynamite don't handle garden seeds nor goose-neck hose.

Somebody else does that.

If I scattered my energies trying to do too many things I wouldn't do anything right.

Remember, Mr. Critic, you are fooling with dynamite now, and you had better be careful.

If you've got any business I advise you to trot along and tend to it.

I'll tend to mine.

The New York Independent quotes Chancellor Lloyd-George, of England, as saying that "a deficiency of amunition meant the needless sacrifice of thousands of lives." Gee Buck! Next thing you know some half-ripe Solomon will bob up with the statement that a lack of water caused Phario's army to get drowned.

The critics are still quarrelling over who wrote Shakespeare's works. Now, look here, if that ain't never going to be settled—if the honor of writing Shakespeare is always going to be in doubt—I might as well claim some of it as anybody else. And so, by George, this is to inform a waiting world that I writ Shakespeare myself Now is your pain eased?

The church was established as a poor man's institution; but since the rich have got control—as they always do in everything—the poor must either take a back seat or stand up. The church usher will run after a rich man till his tongue hangs down on the front of his fried shirt like a red cravat; but when a poor, seedy looking fellow enters the church, the usher gets mighty blind all at once. Yes, honey, I've tried it.

If hard work and good sensible foolishness can prevent it, there is not going to be any "dull season" with The Fool-Killer this year.

The Devil's Letter.

Hades, May 1st, 1915.

To the Church Members:

Dear Brethren and Sisters:—Now don't get excited. It's all right. I am your brother. I belong to every one of your churches, and I havn't missed a meeting in the last thousand years.

I have always been smart enough to do the thing that would make me popular, and I find that being a church memeber helps a whole lot these days. There was a time away back yonder when it was mighty unpopular to be a church member, and you can bet your boots I was not a member then. I waited till the church got big enough to be popular—till the rich and fashionable began to jine it—and then I jined. You have seen me in your church a hundred times, but you just didn't know me. I generally look so fine and dressed up and talk so nice that you wouldn't suspect me of being the Devil. If my identity was known, some good old brother would probably want to kick me out.. But most of the members would be willing to let me stay, because I am always a liberal giver. I pay the preacher as much as any of you, and perhaps more, and most of them have learned to preach to suit me. They know I would withhold my support if they didn't.

I never paid Jesus anything for His preaching, because I didn't like His style. He talked too much like a Socialist. But these modern orthodox preachers are all right. They are very considerate of my feelings and never say anything to offend me. Oh, yes, there's Billy Sunday—he pretends to be fighting me with all his power, but that's just part of the game. Billy and I understand each other perfectly and we work together like match-hosses. With his gift to gab and his hypnotic power over men, Billy could injure my business a great deal if he wanted to. But I'm not uneasy—Billy don't want to injure me. I confess that his preaching did make me sorter shaky in the knees at first, but one night I heard him declare before a great audience that "Rockefeller stands four-square to God," and that made me feel easier. I am not afraid of any preacher who endorses my dear friend Rockefeller and his methods. Then on the night that Billy closed his great meeting in Philadelphia I slipped into his room through the key-hole and watched him count his money. Over $50,000 for "saving" Philadelphia! And of course I knew then that it was the money, and not the souls, that Billy was after. Seems to me that I could do some pretty tall preaching myself for a thousand dollars a day. I could kick up my heels and climb chairs and snort and slang-whang a good deal for that much money.

Now, brethren, it may seem strange to you, but I am glad to see people join the church. Just merely joining the church don't do me any harm. It's this business of actually getting a change of heart and living right that scares me. But there isn't enough of it being done these days to scare me very bad. I always figure that if a fellow joins the church in his sins he is mighty apt to remain a sinner, and that's why I am urging everybody to join. Of course one will occasionally get out of my reach when he joins the church, but I just put that down as running expenses and throw on another chunk of brimstone. It costs something to run any kind of business, and hell is no exception to the rule.

Take my advice and always try to join a rich fashionable church if you can. Brother Rockefeller's church in New York would be a good one to join. That would insure you a good position in "society," you know. But before applying for membership it would be a good idea for you to get your hands on a few millions of dollars. It don't matter how you get it. Of course you are not expected to get it honestly. None of them do. If you are not smart enough to think of some plan of stealing it from the poor you are not worthy of being a member of Brother Johndee's church.

I notice that many of the poor folks, especially those in the cities, are loosing confidence in the church, and some of them are even working against it. They claim that it is no longer true to its professed mission of helping those who need help. That's mighty bad. I hate to see it. Of course the present-day church is nothing like what Christ established, but it suits me a whole lot better. The church of to-day is playing the classes against the masses, and betting on the dollar to win. It is trying to make the poor downtrodden industrial slaves believe that their poverty and suffering is ordained of God for a blessing and that they ought to be satisfied with it. They are willing that the poor shall have heaven hereafter if they will patiently submit to hell throughout this life. That's a great scheme. I am proud of the bosses who studied it up. I couldn't have beat it myself. Now the important thing is to just keep it working, and I'll be good for most everything in sight when the wind-up comes.

Sulphurically yours,
SATAN DEVIL.

THE PANAMA CANAL PUZZLE

The Atlantic ocean is on the east of the American continent, while the Pacific ocean is on the west. We all know that. This being the case, I'll bet there isn't one man in a hundred who knows that the eastern end of the Panama Canal is in the Pacific, while the western end is in the Atlantic. Figger it out.

Max Eastman, writing in The Masses, says the worst nightmare that crosses his mind is the thought of those innumerable millions of books that are going to be written about this war after it is over. Couldn't we contrive to insert into those celebrated terms of peace a provision that only one book should be written on the war by each nation, and that only ten feet thick?

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

William Darnell, 1111 S. Bismark Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—You will find enclosed one dollar to pay for ten subs to your great little paper. It is easy to get subs for The Fool-Killer if I just had time to look around; but I am one of those slaves that your paper is trying to free, so you know I don't have very much spare time. Send me a few samples and I will hand them around and think I can get you another club soon.

James M. Bell, Franklin, Ky.—Enclosed find 25 cents for which send me The Fool-Killer for one year. By chance I happened to see a copy of The Fool-Killer. A drummer came into a barber shop with one and I read it. I never was so thankful to a drummer for anything. It stuck to me right. It was brim full of bright merriment, such as makes one forget the toils of daily life. I am a fool all right, but I don't think The Fool-Killer will kill good friends like me, unless it tickles me to death. Three cheers for The Fool-Killer! May it ever grow and prosper! Expect me to be an enthusiastic supporter. I wish you and your dandy little paper continued success.

Henry D. Nell, Ecru, Miss.—I have had a chance to read a copy of your wonderful little paper, The Fool-Killer, and am sending a club of ten names to whom please send your paper. The Fool-Killer is a real live wire and is creating quite a good deal of enthusiasm in this section of the country. The "Letters From the Devil" are interesting and also contain valuable truths. I wish you much success, and am glad that such a paper can find ardent supporters and readers in this Southland of ours.

J. O. Davis, Shelby Cotton Mill, Shelby, N. C. Here I come again with a list of ten and a money order to pay for same. I like Morgan's articles fine, but don't know whether they beat your common stuff or not. Really I don't believe they do. Many of your former articles, to my mind, would be worth reprinting, and I am sure they would be appreciated. Many say that one issue is worth ten cents. Long live The Fool-Killer, and may the fools die to foolishness speedily.

S. D. Lee, Smiley, Tex.—I have just succeeded in getting up a club of six for your most valuable little paper. I think it is the biggest thing I have ever seen on that much paper. It goes to the bottom of plutocracy—the system that makes slaves out of the workers and kings out of the shirkers. Give it to them red-hot, and be sure to have the Devil make his report each month. I imagine that since the war started up in Europe the Devil must be doing a fairly good business. If he looks after all his war subjects he must work 24 hours per day and seven full days to the week. But he may not work. He may have hired thugs, the same as King John, of No. 26 Broadway, N. Y. However, I think he will have to enlarge his Pit when the rulers get there who declared that miserable butchery that has forced common brothers and fellow laborers to meet on the battlefield and slay each other just to satisfy commercial greed and the conquest of nations.

Harrison Bryant, Gas City, Ind.—Please send me a few samples of The Fool-Killer to distribute among my friends, because there are so many who never heard of The Fool-Killer, and when I ask them to subscribe for it, they want to know who The Fool-Killer is. But, believe me, if they ever once get hold of it they will soon find out what it is.

Isaac Harrawood, R 3, Box 19, Broughton, Ill.—There is one little sheet that makes its appearance at my home once a month that meets the human needs, as it always has something to cheer the weary and enlighten the mind. I have been a reader of your little Fool-Killer for the past two years and the dope hasn't killed me yet, but I find that it will rub some of that old nasty rust off a man and leaves him in better condition. While hard times are confronting us and the Spring is here, we will try to educate the people. So here I come with a little club of 23 subs and money order for $2.30.

Dan C. Crider, Sandy, Texas.—I have seen occasional copies of your "little great big "Fool-Killer," and I must congratulate you upon your odd mannerism and vocabulary of phrases and words. People whose time is scarce take to it like Demykrats to Bourbon Booze. Some localities in which I have spoken seem to think The Fool-Killer is the cream of the world of journalism. And to show you what I think of your efforts, I am just handing you this accompanying club of subs with postoffice money order for the necessary spondulix.

Jerry Williams, Kinston, N. C.—In travelling around I picked up one of your Fool-Killers, and I find that in clubs of five or more it is ten cents a year. Enclosed please find 50 cents for a club of five. I am a travelling man, in the marble business, in the 77th year of my age. In this long travel I learn more and more about the fools, and I want to help you kill them.

TWO WEEKS.

The last legislature of North Carolina passed a law to the effect that no person may order more than one quart of red-eye every two weeks. Now about the next time the legislature meets some thirsty member will introduce a bill to change the calandar and speed up the solar system so that two weeks will rattle off in about fifteen minutes.

Now if getting drunk is wrong, why should the State legalize it once every two weeks? And if it isn't wrong, why try to check it at all?

Why not have a law declaring that no man shall commit murder oftener than once every two weeks? Or that horse-stealing would be considered a crime if indulged in more than once every two weeks? Or that a man's reputation for truth would be in danger if he told more than one lie every two weeks?

Why not give a preacher permission to hang his coat and his D. D. on the hat-rack and enjoy one good spell of fighting and cussing every two weeks?

Two weeks must have some peculiar charm about it—sorter like a rabbit's foot—else why didn't they put it one quart every 27,000,000,000 weeks?

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1915. NO. 4.

TO OUR EVOLUTIONARY ANCESTORS

O man—O monkey—tadpole—protoplasm—
Whate'er thou wert from which we evoluted—
To thee I now address this rhymed spasm
On questions long disputed.

I know not if thou hadst two legs or forty,
If thou didst walk or fly or go a-swimmin,'
Or if thy skin was hairy, thick or warty,
Or like us men and women.

I know not if thy home was in the ocean,
Or high amid the forest boughs a-swinging,
Or if thy young was tended with devotion
And motherhood's soft singing.

But that's all right—I guess thou wert as happy
As us, thy children, here where Time hath thrown us.
How dost thou feel to be our race's pappy?
Art thou ashamed to own us?

Thy simple life in prehistoric age—
Of course we know it had its limitations;
Thy wars were nothing to the war that rages
Among our "Christian" nations

With naked claws and long, protruding tushes
Thy warrior rent his bleeding foe in sunder;
To-day on motor-trucks artillery rushes,
And speaks in voice of thunder.

James Larkin Pearson.

A MODERN FABLE.

Three small boys were Playing out in an open field. Two of the Boys were Very Mean, but the other one was a Good Boy. The two Mean Boys got mad and went to Throwing Rocks at each other.

The Good Boy stood off to one side and said.

"Looky here, you Fellows, it's wrong to Fight, and you ought not to do it. But since you are going to Fight anyhow, I'll pick up Rocks and hand to you—if you'll pay me for it."

Problem—Was the Good Boy any better than the Bad Boy? And if so, how much?

We cuss Germany for using the submarine to sink the Lusitania. But we forgot that it was an American, John P. Holland, who invented the submarine and gave it to the world. Why don't we cuss John P. Holland a few rounds, I wonder?

SERMON ON THE LUSITANIA.

Now, looky here, you confounded old red-eyed, snivelling sob-artists who have been weeping such thunderation big salty wopes over the sinking of the Lusitania! Let me see if I can't pull your doggoned red eyes open far enough for you to see the other side of the picture. There is always another side, you know, and a man who refuses to look at both sides is a one-sided fool.

Oh, yes, the sinking of the Lusitania and the killing of all those people was a great calamity, and I am as sorry for it as anybody ought to be. But I am not letting my sorrow blind me to some other mighty big facts that ought to be emphasized.

The whole infernal war business is a horrible blot on our so-called civilization, but since it is here we have got to recognize its presence and deal with it the best way we can.

Look at the line just under the heading of The Fool-Killer and you will see that "this paper, in spite of its name, does not believe in killing people." Killing is killing, it does not matter who does it nor where it happens. In my plain, blunt way, I call it murder, and I don't care a dried-apple cuss what you or anybody else may call it, that don't change the fact.

When a man is killed in the regular lawful manner in a perfectly well-ordered Christian battle, he is just as dead as if he had gone down in a sunken ship, and he will stay dead just as long.

Well, then, dad-gum it, why are we trying to start another Noah's flood with our tears over the death of a few hundred of the idle rich who had no business on that ship, in the first place, while we read about the slaughter of hundreds of thousands on the field of battle with absolute unconcern?

Of course this Lusitania affair comes closer home to us because some of the victims were Americans. We are all mighty good Christians, of course, but we don't care a durn what happens, just so it don't happen to us.

But even at that I'll bet my Sunday breeches against your interest in the Standard Oil Company that there would have been mighty little weeping done except for the fact that most of the American victims belonged to the wealthy class and stood high in "sawsiety." There must have been a few steerage passengers lost, but I haven't seen or heard much weeping over them. It's the Vanderbilts, the Stones, the Hubbards, and all them big bugs that get the scare heads.

They try to make you believe that the Lusitania was destroyed without warning. And that's another lie. The German embassy at Washington spent perhaps hundreds of dollars advertising in the American papers that the Lusitania and all other enemy merchant ships were liable to destruction, and warning people not to take passage on them. Besides that, many individuals were privately warned just before the ship sailed. One of these was Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt. It is said that he tore up the warning note and threw it down without comment. I say not warned!

And even if they had not been warned, they ought to have had sense enough to stay on their own side of the earth during times like these. Any blamed American fool who wants to go to Europe during this war should be made to go strictly on his own risk, and if he gets killed he's paid for. The United States government should not be held responsible for anything that might happen to venturesome ships or foolhardy passengers in the War Zone.

And that's why The Fool-Killer is not in favor of pitching into war with Germany over the Lusitania matter. Let us keep on our own side and attend to our own business. Let us have nothing whatever to do with Europe until she sobers up and gets fit for civilized nations to deal with again—if she ever does.

I am not saying anything against the Lusitania victims. They were human beings, and their lives were precious to them. But the same is true of every mangled corpse on every battlefield, and of every woman and child who dies of hunger, destitution and grief, brought about by this insane red hell of steel and fire and blood.

How would it better the situation if we would go ahead and plunge our nation into the bloody whirlpool, causing the death of several million Americans, just because a hundred or so ventured where they had no business and were lost? Will somebody please tell me how that would help matters any?

One more thought and I will bring this sermon to a close. If the murder of a few people is sufficient cause for declaring war, why in the very dickens didn't we flare up and declare war against Rockefeller last spring, when he, through his hired thugs, scattered death and destruction among the helpless families of the miners at Ludlow, Colorado? Why didn't we? A country that won't even TRY to protect its working people right here in its own territory, is a doggon purty thing to be howling for war when a handful of rich adventurers gollop off to the European War Zone hunting for trouble—and find it.

Now, confound you, if I haven't put it to you straight, let's hear YOU tell it.

ANOTHER "NOTE" TO GERMANY.

My dear Germany:

I see in the papers that you have gone ahead and sunk the Lusitania and destroyed more than a hundred American lives.

Now, looky here, Germany, you know what I told you. I warned you good and plenty that if you caused the loss of any American lives I would—er—sorter hint, maybe—um—er—that you—aw—perhaps oughtn't to—aw—done it.

There was something said about—er—strict accountability, I believe, but I don't remember just what the expression means, and under the circumstances, or—um—rather because of the whyness of the wherefore, I am in a position to prove that I didn't say what I really did say.

Hence, in order to hold you to a "strict accountability" for the—aw—slight deviation from the path of the Christian warfare, the honor and integrity of my nation compel me to dema—I mean suggest—that you—er—don't do it any more—unless you—aw—especially want to.

You should remember, my dear Germany, that I am a great world-power, and that I am in the habit of giving orders and of having those orders o—I mean—er—laughed at. Maybe you remember my little dispute with my dear friend Huerta, of Mexico, last spring. I kindly suggested to Mr. Huerta that it might be—er—good for his health to—aw—sorter salute my flag. And the meek and humble manner in which he didn't do it proved that—well—er—it proved that—that—maybe he didn't want to do it.

And I was just going to say, in this connection, that you, my dear Germany, reminded me so much of my good friend Huerta. In view of my experience with him, I fell deeply impressed that I can make you do just exactly as you please.

Now in regard to your submarine warfare and the killing of neutrals, permit me to say that you will either have to quit it or keep it up, one or the other. I'll bet you don't dare to disobey that order. If you do it will prove that you are mentally diseased, and I will be glad to send you a sample box of my new patent cure-all known as "Strict Accountability." You can give it to Italy or pour it in a rat-hole, whichever you please.

Send me a postal card stating how you feel about it.

Your friend,
UNCLE SAM.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, EDITOR AND PROPR.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, BUSINESS MGR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

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Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Mar., 1915. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

The Fool-Killer is still neutral.

I wasn't on the Lusitania. Was you, Rube?

Have you seen any "strict accountability" lying around loose?

None of my ships have been torpedoed yet. Have yours?

Trouble is the stuff that keeps us from going crazy with joy.

Business is like a clock—when it runs down it has to be wound up.

Good morning! Have you used any "strict accountability?"

A heated argument has been known to cause a coolness between people.

When The Fool-Killer says it, there is no longer any doubt that it has been said.

Hell is also "a neutral country." For proof of it, read the Devil's Letter in this issue.

The pity of it is that most of our "forward movements" start out backwards.

It was the most natural thing in the world for Herbert S. Stone to sink. Stones always do.

Now that Elbert Hubbard is gone, how will America get her advertisements written?

Falling in love at first sight is like stepping into a post hole full of custard pie.

Don't give up because you are a little behind—that's where the bee's stinger is.

The great trouble with most of our reformers is that they never think to begin on themselves.

Woodpile insinuates that we are "too proud to fight," but we are not too proud to furnish stuff for the other fellows to fight with.

The term, "civilized warfare," is just about on a par with "hot ice" or "truthful liar." There ain't no sich a thing.

If the moon couldn't order more than a quart at a time it would never be able to get full any more.

I notice a great deal is being said about "war babies." They are part of the "infantry" I suppose.

The Hornet says it hates a humbug worse than it hates the devil. As The Hornet is about the biggest humbug I know of, it must hate itself just awful.

A writer in Grit who claims to know something about the poultry business declares that to obtain the best results the hens should be amused. Every poultry raiser should subscribe to The Fool-Killer and read it to his hens.

Perhaps Jonah had one of these modern love stories in his pocket when the whale swallowed him, and of course that would make any whale throw up its dinner.

Yes honey! We will "hold Germany to strict accountability" just about like we made Huerta "salute the flag." You remember that, I reckon.

The various "peace organizations" that are holding meetings in Europe and America have to be watched mighty close by the police to keep them from fighting.

Before this paper reaches you, we will either be in war with Germany, or we won't. If it happens you will probably hear about it.

If it takes 25 years of anti-trust legislation to make the trusts blossom and bear the ripe fruit of oppression, how many pounds would a rock have to weigh before it would fall upward?

The heathen nations are determined not to be left behind. They are all giving hurry-up orders for more soldiers and war supplies, and preparing to murder as many folks as possible—just like Christians.

"Let the people rule!" is the cry of every political shyster that can get a hearing. Let what people rule? Why, his particular gang of people, to be sure. And in the meantime the real masses of the people just grin and bear it.

A certain Democratic editor says he has to keep on cussing. Why, certainly. If he should quit cussing, people would think he had reformed and quit being a Democrat.

A court somewhere has just ruled that a man has a legal right to kick his wife, provided his feet are bare when he does the kicking. Looky here, if these hard times continue it will soon be lawful for any poor man to kick his wife.

The Roosevelt Pot called the Barnes Kettle black, and the jury decided that the Barnes Kettle sure enough was black. The fact that the Roosevelt Pot is also black is so generally known that it don't take a law-suit to prove it.

Inventor Marconi announces that he has just completed a new apparatus which will enable a person to look right through a solid wall and see everything on the other side. So, from now on, when you get ready to go to bed, you had better turn out the light before you pull off your breeches.

The "Hornet" papers seem to have a tough time of it. One "Hornet." published at Eden Texas, has just sent out invitations to its funeral, while another "Hornet" at Fork, N. C., is getting ready to croak. It don't matter what kind of a name a paper has, it's just simply got to have something in it.

THIS MEANS YOU!

Hello, Comrades, how do you like this issue of The Fool Killer? Read every word of it carefully, and if you think it is tolerable good medicine, please get all your friends and neighbors to try a year's treatment.

I want every friend of the under dog to subscribe for The Fool-Killer right at once, and I believe they will as soon as they see it. Let me send a bundle of samples to the Secretary of your Local and give all the comrades a chance to subscribe. And then let every subscriber get busy and send in other subscriptions. We are going to cover the earth with Fool Killers as the waters cover the sea. This paper is nearly six years old, and it has already become famous all over the United States. The great masses of common people love it, because it is fighting their battles, while the plutes, big bugs, grafters and grand rascals hate it worse than the devil hates Sunday School.

Now then, comrades, the paper is before you. If you like it, please show your appreciation by sending in a big club at once.

Send us the name of the secretary of your local.

BRING THEM IN.

Howdy, brethren and sisterin! How do you all come on this fine morning? It has been a whole long month since I pulled your latch-string and scraped my brogans on your door-step, and I was getting awful anxious to see you again. I am your preacher, you know, and I'm plum doggon proud of my congregation. I am preaching to one hundred thousand of you this month. Just think what a crowd that would be if you were all together. I have never seen your faces, and of course I never will but we are friends just the same. I feel a personal interest in every one of you, and I want you to feel the same way towards me. I am doing my best to give you some jimdandy good preaching. If you like the way I spoon out the hot truck, please invite all your friends to come to our meetin.' Pew rent is only ten cents a year if as many as five will come together. We are going to have a regular revival this summer, and the mourner's bench will be crowded all the time. Every service will be worth a dollar. So please show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and invite them to our Fool-Killer meetin'. If they try to make excuses, just grab them by the coat-tail and bring 'em along anyhow.

The Orange Judd Company, of New York, is advertising a book called "How Farmers Co-Operate and Double Profits," by Clarence Poe, Raleigh, N. C. For many years it has been perfeectly right for the Plutes to co-operate to skin the Rubes. Now it is even becoming permissible for the Farmers to co-operate for self-protection. But it is still an awful sin (in the eyes of the Bosses) for the Wage-Slaves to organize and co-operate. Can anybody tell why it should be so? Don't all answer at once.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

The Fool-Killer has taken many a good-natured fling at poor old Elbert Hubbard, because he was one of the noted fakirs of his day and generation. But even in free-lance literature it is a generally accepted rule to speak no evil of the dead.

And so these comments may be classified as a sort of "Funeral Sermon" on a man in whose busy life good and evil were strangely mixed.

No man with any sense of literary values could fail to appreciate the wonderful literary genius of Elbert Hubbard. Probably no writer since Shakespeare has been such a master of English. Future generations will point him out as the man who elevated slang to the classic plane, and improved our classic language by butchering it.

Among all the victims of the late lamented Lusitania, I somehow feel most deeply the loss of Elbert Hubbard. He was the most noted character among them all, and it was my privilege to be personally acquainted with him. Of course I had known him through his writings for many years before I met him personally. And he had also known me through reading The Fool-Killer. When we finally met one day in Washington City he seemed as glad to see me as if I had been the president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

Yes, Hubbard was a fraud and a humbug, if you measure him by the standards that normal men are supposed to be measured by. But one of his closest friends—Dr. Tilden, of Denver—says we ought not to measure Hubbard that way. Tilden points out that he was an abnormal personality—a mental freak—due, probably, to cerebal infantile paralysis.

"Genius means mental defect," says Dr. Tilden. "From some cause a governing, or balancing, center of the brain fails to develop; then the preponderating centers control and cast the type of mind. If the tendency is for writing, educating, or reform, we have a Wilde, a Hubbard; if for poetry, we have a Byron, a Poe; if for war, we have a Napoleon, a Kaiser. If Mr. Hubbard had not been defective in brain development, he would not have been the man he was, and the people who now admire and dislike him would not have known him. His mental defect fitted him for the work he did.

"The paralysis, or lack of development, that made him what he was, caused him to meet his early death. Lack of caution was his making and his undoing. If he had been endowed with more caution he would have been more medicore—hence not Hubbard. Proper caution would have kept him from making the trip on the fated boat; but the weakness that made him what he was, destroyed him. Who is wise enough to say that the last act of this great man's life was not the proper ending to his life's play?"

Let us be charitable to the dead, and hope that Tilden is right. That is one way, at least, to account for certain things in Hubbard's life that won't bear very close inspection Even his warmest admirers cannot claim that his private life was a model of virtue and honor. Some spots in it were decidedly shady. But Tilden says he was mentally unbalanced, and maybe Tilden knows. The same has been said of other men who did wrong, and it is a mighty handy loop-hole for those who are not as crazy as they act.

But the world is willing to forgive a good deal in a man who is able to entertain it as Hubbard did. As an entertainer he was right there with the goods. He could make you think you were being entertained and instructed when you were simply being skinned. If ever a man "lived by charging," it was Elbert Hubbard. He took advantage of the fact that some people who have money are mighty poor judges of real value, and they will often buy a high-priced article purely on the strength of the price, supposing that to represent value. Acting on that theory, he charged a dollar a year for his little old monthly "Philistine," which was not half as good as the Fool-Killer, and he published books worth one dollar and sold them for five dollars as fast as his Roycroft shop could turn them out.

In many ways Hubbard commercialized his genius and sold his principles for cash. His earlier work was his best. In recent years he has done nothing but whoop it up for the plutes at so much per whoop. As Tilden says, maybe the thing that happened was best. I am not here to argue with fate. Hubbard's earlier and better work is now the heritage of American literature, and it will live; while anything that he might have done in the future is probably just as well left undone.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But sincc Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly six year, old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Yanktum Doodlebug.

Yankee Doodle prayed for peace
Upon one Sunday morning;
Then sold some shot and shells to kill
Young men and babies borning.

So it is with Yankee Doo—
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
War is hell, but then, oh, well!—
Blood money comes in handy.

—John McDonough,
Edgewood, Iowa.

A SERMON ON FLIES.

Got any flies at your house, Mister?

If not I might spare you just a few of mine for seed.

I had fairly good success with my fles this summer.

The season has been favorable, and no epidemic of disease has broken out among them.

Of course there have been a few accidents in which some of my flies have been prematurely cut off, but the percentage of fatalities has been small.

Most of the deaths among my flies have resulted from the carelessness of my wife, who, on several occasions, has unthoughtedly left sheets of sticky paper lying around the house. To my certain knowledge I have lost 38 flies in this manner, and there may have been a few others.

When a fly gets on that paper you just as well knock it in the head, for you can't get it off all in one piece to save your neck. And if you should happen to get one off without the loss of a leg or wing, it would be a cripple for life and would never be able to marry and raise a family. If there is one thing a fly enjoys more than anything else, it is raising a family. That seems to be a part of their religion, and their protracted meeting lasts all summer.

I bought me some screen doors to keep my flies in the house, thinking that perhaps the outdoor air might not be healthy for them, but occasionally one will slip out and ramble off. However, he usually comes back about meal time and brings several of his friends to dinner.

Everything considered, I suppose my flies are doing as well as could be expected.

MORE TROUBLE FOR THE HORNET.

In the usual round-about way, another copy of The Hornet has reached me. You have seen some mention of The Hornet in these columns before. And The Hornet, as you may remember, is that poor little pitiful, petrified puke of a paper published at Fork, N. C., which calls itself "the hottest Democratic paper in America."

But according to the present issue, it seems like the job of keeping up the temperature is making the editor sweat drops as big as June-apples, and he is about ready to throw up his job and jump from under it. Listen at him.

> We love the work of publishing The Hornet, and we would dearly love to continue it a life time, but—unless we find more friends by another year we expect that 1916 will be the last year of The Hornet. But we are going to continue this skinning game until after the 1916 election if we have to pay our board and throw our work in free.
>
> This is pretty hard: it's really tough to tell, but it's truth—every word of it.
>
> We can't see why our friends don't do better by us—we can't see. We're doing our very best—we'll do better in the future—if we only had the support. Our support is a little slow coming, some times. Come on with a few of your friends. Can't you encourage us a little?

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! What a pity! And so The Hornet is looking around for a soft place where it can lie down and die! It really is too bad, ain't it, Henry? But I've been looking for something like that to happen. I've got four gallons of salty tears put away in my tear-jug ready and waiting for that occasion. I wouldn't miss the pleasure of weeping over The Hornet's death—oh, not for a purty good farm.

"We can't see why our friends don't do better by us—we can't see!" wails the poor fellow. It's a pity he can't see as plain a thing as that. I don't suppose he could see a fifty-pound mud-turtle if it was swinging to his toe.

I can tell you what's the matter, Henry. The people ain't all as big fools as you seem to take them for. Some of them have got a little sense left. They know a fraud and humbug from the genuine original. It is a matter of common knowledge that The Hornet never prints anything worth reading except the articles it swipes from The Fool-Killer, and everybody has already seen them in this paper. Then why should they waste time and money on The Hornet? The wonder to me is that The Hornet has managed to keep its head above the waves as long as it has, especially with such a record of literary thievery hanging like a millstone around its neck.

T'other day while Wilson was "viewing the fleet" in the Hudson river, some sailors from the Florida and the Utah marched by holding aloft a standard on which was written, "Vera Crus, April 21-22, 1914." Wonder why somebody didn't march by with another standard containing these words: "Ludlow, Colorado, April 20, 1914?"

The Devil's Letter.

TO THE SOLDIERS

Hades, May 25th, 1915.

To the Soldiers Now Fighting in
the Various Armies of Europe:

My dear Patriots:—I am glad to see that you are still fighting for your country. That's right. Your country needs to be fit for, and you are the fellows to do it.

This letter is addressed to the patriotic soldiers of all nations. Hell, like the Benited States, is a neutral country, and I'm trying my devilish best to keep it so. Woodpile Wilson and myself are wise enough to see that it pays to remain neutral. We are reaping a rich harvest from this war. The Benited States gets the trade and I get the victims.

And so, my dear patriotic soldiers, it is simply impossible for me to have any favorite among the nations now at war. I have no desire to see any one of them win over the others. It is fighting, and not victories, that I want to see.

It don't matter to me which country you fight for. One is as good as another—and possibly better. Just so you fight—that's all I'm after. Of course you will naturally fight for the country you happen to live it. You think it's better than the others, and maybe it is. Your bosses have taught you that, and you have believed it. Good! Just keep right on believing it. That's PATRIOTISM! That's the stuff that gets in your blood and makes you want to kill all the peeople on earth except those who live in your own nation. And the people of those other nations want to kill you. That's their PATRIOTISM, too. It works both ways, you see. Patriotism is a great thing. In its operations throughout the earth in travels many different roads, and every road leads to hell.

The emperors, kings and rulers of the earth are my obedient servants, and they are looking after my interests up there fully as well as I could do it myself. They have blindfolded you people and are leading you like lambs to the slaughter. And you trot right along just like you had to. It never enters your minds that you outnumber your bosses more than a thousand to one. It never occurs to you that you could all agree to quit killing each other, and that the demons who are pushing you into it couldn't help themselves. But you ain't got sense enough to realize that fact. And I'm so glad you ain't. I wouldn't be telling you all these things if I had any idea you would catch on. But you won't. No danger of that. You are too thoroughly blindfolded with that stuff you call PATRIOTISM.

I have just been going over my accounts this week, and I find that hell has been doing the rushingest business since this patriotic war started that it ever has done in all its history. Sometimes I get so enthusiastic about it that I just have to throw up my old hat and yell "Hurrah for PATRIOTISM!" You see it is patriotism that causes you to kill each other in war. Killing is murder, and murderers come to hell. Your preachers have always told you that. But the funniest thing about your preacheers is the fact that they get "patriotic" and whoop it up for the war just like the rest. They urge you to go and fight for your country, and then they pray to God and ask Him to bless the murdering business. The preachers and other good "Christians" of all the different nations are all praying at the same time to the same God and asking Him to help them murder more of the other fellows than the other fellows can murder of them.

Yes, my dear patriotic boys, you are all right, and your preachers are all right. I just love Christians when they work for me like you are all doing. Stick to your trenches. Hang onto your guns. Keep your powder dry. Fight for your country. Pray God to give you the victory. Of course you have never once thought how ridiculous such prayers sound in the ears of God, and I don't want you to think. A soldier's business is not to think, but to obey orders—to be a willing tool in the hands of his military master. It is a sad commentary on the intelligence of the human race that so many million fools can be found who are willing to do this, but such is the case. The world is full of them. But just at this writing the war is emptying the world and filling hell pretty fast. If this keeps up very long I will have have to build a bigger hell or get a hay-press to pack them in with.

And again I say, hurrah for Patriotism that legalizes murder and runs the whole world plum raving becussed! My next letter will be addressed to Woodpile Wilson and in it I will discuss the subject of "NEUTRALITY" from the standpoint of hell and Wall Street.

Sulphurically yours,
SATAN DEVIL.

BOYS!

Would you like to make a little money? Then why not sell The Fool-Killer in your town? The Fool-Killer will sell like hot cakes at two cents a copy; they will cost you only one cent each. Listen: Send for ten copies FREE. Sell these for two cents each and get capital to start on. After that, buy as many papers as you want from us at one cent each and sell them for two cents. You can sell a lot of them every month.

There are thousands of boys in the United States selling The Saturday Evening Post and other papers, and there is no reason why YOU should not make a little change selling this paper. Just say "Fool-Killer" and the people will give you two cents at once.

Send for ten FREE papers today. Address: The Fool-Killer, Boys' Dept., Moravian Falls, N. C.

A SERON ON RADICALISM.

By E. J. Wilson.

There are a lot of you folks in these-here Excited States who know and admit that a great many things are wrong—that our country is plum full of grafters and gamblers, sharks and shysters, crimals and crooks, which being interpreted, means the Big Business element.

You know that with all our so-called laws, both man-made and divine, these evils still flourish like the proverbial green bay tree. You know that neither of the polical poppycock parties ever made one single, solidary move, voluntarily, toward bettering conditions for us poor devils (and they've been at it long enough to accomplish something by this time.)

You know that every little bit of legislation in our favor that happens, by mistake, to get through the House of Hypocrits down at Washington is handed to us on the small end of a long pole, and in tiny doses so weak it wouldn't physic a new-born microbe.

But when some poor old sinner comes along that's had his garret swept and garnished and put in a new thinkaphone, and suggests a few simple little changes that would tend to put a stop to all this funny business, then you say he's too darn radical. And you say it as though it was about as bad a thing as a man could be.

Now let's stop and figure out what this "radical" really is, anyway. Have we ever had any of it before? Lemme see. Oh, well, I'll just have to send you a history of the world, for that records a few more instances where radical measures were adopted by advancing civilization than I've got space to copy here.

But take for example that little fracas our fore-daddies got into over the "Boston Tea Party" affair several years back. Some of them old-timers were pretty darn radical, I think, about breaking away from England's tyranny, but nevertheless it proved to be another mighty important move toward freedom, didn't it?

Take our own civil strife. Didn't they employ decidedly radical measures to determine whether we were going to keep up those barbarous, out-of-date, old-world customs, or drag our hind foot forward and continue to gain more freedom for human beings?

Such men as Adams, Jefferson, Clay, Patrick Henry, Lincoln, Wendell Philips—all were "radicals" in their day, and all were corner-stones in the foundation upon which our country has rested in the past. But if we want to build some more we've got to have some more good material.

So if you ever expect to enjoy the highest form of freedom possible to organized society, for God's sake don't run around here like a big chunk of mud and try to clog up the wheels of progress by saying that advanced thinkers are too "radical." If you do you'll get in the way some of these days, and get run over, like as not.

A CAT WEDDING.

Well, I'll be hang-taked! It does simply get wusser and wusser. For instance, I have just now landed my lookers on a notable newspaper yarn which relates in glowing language the solemn bethrothal of two society cats. Yes, dearly beloved, I mean real old four-legged, fuzzy, squalling, scratching cats. Don't take my word for it, ladies and gentlemen, but take a good grip on your nerves and read the following announcement:

MRS. GEORGE B. BRAYTON
requests the honor of your presence
and that of your cat
at the Beetrothal Party of
The Quakeress and Don Dia, at
The Plaza Hotel, New York,
on May the 16th
Grand ball-room. Four o'clock.

The New York American goes on and gives a long list of New York society bon-tons who took an active part in getting up this great cat wedding. They are people who think themselves the very top of the pot—away yander too fine and good for common folks to even look at—and yet this is a fair sample of the sensible and useful things they can do to help the world along.

A cat wedding! Golly! Wonder where I could hire too good hands to puke for me, either by the job or by the day?

Just close your eyes and imagine that scene in the Plaza Hotel. Here comes a great drove of the durned artificial she-things, each with an old cat hugged up to her cork boosom. I see them in my mind's eye as they crowd up to the place where two painted wenches are holding the bride and groom by their respective tails to keep them from fighting, and I can imagine how they took on over the surpassing loveliness of the beautiful bride.

This article would not be complete without telling what the bride had on, so here she goes:

The bride wore a whingle-ty-what of real French wigglesniffit over a de la durnsite of fine, filmy fuzzy cumflip; also an imported tra la boom de aye dangle-ty-bob set with 29,000 genuine rat-eyes and held in place by a hilojack-robinson whatyoumacallit.

The wedding presents consisted of seventeen bushels of dead rats, a dishpan full of chicken bones and a barrel of boarding-house biscuits. That ought to be enough for the darned things to go to house-keeping on, and if they live up to the reputation of their two-legged society neighbors they won't more than eat up that supply till divorce proceedings will be in order.

Say, honey, don't you imagine it must be ge-lorious to be a society cat?

Thus inquireth the New York Independent: "What shall we ask of Germany, and what shall we do if Germany refuses our demand?" Now ain't that a corker of a question? We should ask Germany to "salute the flag," of course. And if Germany refuses, then we will proceed to MAKE her salute, just like we made old Huerta!

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1915. NO. 5.

HAVE YOU GOT A MOLE?

Oh, the wimmen used to fairly take a fit
If a tiny mole or freckle should appear;
They would plaster cheap cosmetics over it
Till the face was all a miserable smear.

But they tell me now that moles are all the rage,
And the girl that hasn't got one of her own
Only has to turn the fashion paper's page
Where the latest thing in moles is clearly shown.

It's a crime to have a face without a flaw,
And the beautiful complexion's had its day.
All the ladies are compelled by Fashion's law
To put on some moles and freckles right away.

If your dealer can't supply you with the moles,
You can order from the city where they're made:
They can satisfy the longings of your souls
With a mole of any size or shape or shade.

You can choose the place to wear it on your face—
On the chin, the cheek, the nose, or anywhere—
It will surely add immensely to your grace,
And we'll know you are up-to-date because it's there.

Now, my darling Flossy Fussy, don't you cry,
For if Nature slipped a cog in making you,
You can fix it just as easy as to try,
With an artificial mole—or maybe two.

James Larkin Pearson.

A feller in Iowa has invented a doofunny which he claims will enable blind people to see. There ought to be a big market for it among the politically blind.

Some where in the book of Revelations is a statement to this effect: "And there shall be no more seas." And won't that be tough on the warships and submarines? They'll just have to claw about in the sand.

You have got a perfect legal right to stick your head in the fire, but you probably ain't fool enough to insist on your rights to that extent. But whil e you, as an individual, are not that big a fool, it seems that your nation is.

EXHIBIT NO. 23.

Howdy!

Doggon!

This is me.

Or rather, what's left of me.

My name is Sam.

I'm supposed to be the Uncle of a good many folks.

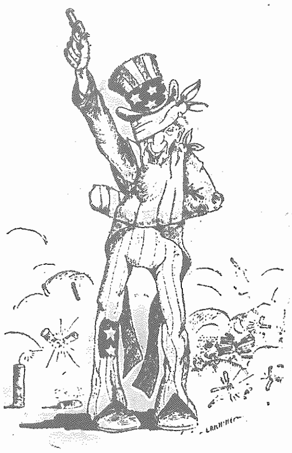
But if I don't be more careful I'm afraid my nephews and nieces will be step-orphans the first thing they know.

I'm the trade-mark of the Excited States.

But a few millionaires have bought me and used me for a cat's paw to rake money into their pockets.

And that ain't the worst of it.

They are now using me as a paddle to stir up a still bigger international stink among the nations.



The above picture is how I am going to look when I get done "holding Germany to a strict account."

Oh, I dunno—I may look wusser than this.

I uster have a Birth-day.

To the best of my recollection it was called the Fourth of July.

But the poor old Fourth is like myself—it's gettin sorter out at the elbow and ain't half as popular in "sassiety" as it uster wuz.

Guess I'll have to celebrate my death next.

Just as well be dead as scared to death.

O yes. I'm brave but my knees feel mighty tottery.

If I just had a safe place to hide, I'd like to see 'em lick Germany good.

Does anybody know of a hole that a man my size could crawl into?

Huh?

Somebody call me?

Yah, yah, Massa Johndee, here's your little waiting boy.

What's my orders?

Hot-foot!

Good-bye!

CHURCH ADVERTISING.

Dog my cats if some of these-here swell churches in Yankee Doodle ain't gettin' pretty near out of soap-grease, so to speak. My trained editorial eye has just kotch sight of the ding-bustedest advertisement that ever flaunted its false feathers in the face of decent humanity.

The Literary Digest tells us that on a recent Saturday the daily papers of New York contained a "Go-to-Church" advertisement in which the following devil-inspired and hell-hatched language occurred:

"Right within your reach is a business asset—a very definite one—which you are perhaps overlooking. This asset is derived from your going to church. Undoubtedly you have never looked upon it in this light. It is obvious, if you are known as a steady, sober-minded churchman, those with whom you deal have greater confidence in you. Going to church will tend toward establishing you in the mind of every one as a man to be trusted. This is a decided business advantage, a personal asset, and worth while in every way."

Now if that ain't the last button on Job's coat, you can have my right arm for a soda advertisement.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes, you blamed old pot-guted hypocrite! Come into church! Come into church! Here's the place for you old human wolves to get a great bargain in sheep's clothing, and to get your stinking black characters smeared over with the whitewash of a sham respectability, so that you can more easily catch your neighbors off their guard and cheat them in a trade. Just look at our fine church! ain't it a beauty? Look at that spire pointing heaveward like the mocking finger of Satan challenging God to the combat! Look at those richly dressed folks marching in. They are all "highly respectable," because they cover up their cussedness with the cloak of religion. Some of them own sweatshops where the lives of poor women and children are ground out and coined into more money for the rich; some of them collect extortionate rents for tottering tenements where hopeless and hungry humanity is packed like sardines; some of them own mines and other vast industries where every known crime is committed against the poor; some of them are just common cheap liars and scoundrels, but they all know how to cover their tracks and keep themselves "respectable" by attending our fine church.

Come, come! Avail yourself of this great "business advantage"—this powerful "personal asset." You will find that it will sidetrack all suspicion and enable you to skin the public a heap easier.

If the above "advertisement" don't mean that and nothing less, then I must confess my inability to understand what plain English DOES mean.

Let it be distinctly understood that The Fool-Killer is in favor of churches and church-going. But whenever a church gets so deeply sunk in the sour mud of commercialism that it has to put up such a plea as the above, I'll be John Browned if it ain't about time to call off the dogs and quit. Can you imagine Jesus or any of His first followers using such an appeal to induce people to come into their fellowship? As the Christian Herald says, their call was quite the opposite, a call to poverty, a call to sacrifice, a call to danger, a call to possible death. This brazen advertisement in the New York papers is a striking illustration of how far the professed followers of Christ have wandered away from His teachings. It is a reeking rotten shame, and so it is!

Patriotic Fools Want Fool-Killer.

Scotland, Ga., July 4, 1915.

Dear Sirs:—Having read among other interesting and amusing items in your interesting and amusing paper, an interesting and amusing letter from his Santanic Majesty, the same being the first communication we have had from Hell direct through its earthly agent, we, the undersigned patriotic fools, with a single thought and hearts that beat as one, desire to celebrate the Glorious Fourth in a becoming and independent manner, and being five or more in number, inclose herewith ten cents each, and but for our independent spirits—notwithstanding this is a prohibition state would beg that you send us your infamous and unpretending sheet for, and during the next twelve months ending July 31st, Anno Domini, the year of our Lord 1916 next, and oblige,

Yours truly,

T. NOREFLEET.
G. B. ASHLEY.
A. F. HARRISON.
W. H. HINSON.
K. C. BULLARD.
H. ASHLEY

Although it was some disappointment at the time, I am very glad now that I was not elected president in 1912.

"Washington hopeful starving people in Mexico will be fed," says a headline. Apparently nobody cares whether the starving people in the Benited States are fed or not.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Perodical of .Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor and Propr.
GEORGE KILPATRICK. Bus. Mgr.

One year to your heart	25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More.	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N C., under the act of March 30. 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order .

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Moravian Falls,..-..-.North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends. this is The Fool Killer.

How does ,it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a fort eleventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell. muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great. because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Kiler, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed. J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., G. Kilpatrick, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Mar., 1915. W. K. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Now for Note No. 3.

Poor old Frank Holt lost his holt.

Early rosenyears are now just getting in full bloom.

It's just one "crisis" after another these days.

The situation in Europe is grave—in fact, lots of graves.

In Europe every day is the Fourth, if shooting is any sign.

He that is satisfied is rich, but he that is rich is never satisfied.

Wonder if any of Kaiser Bill's cabinet resigned rather than sign the reply?

The bosses are willing to do anything for the workers except get off their backs.

The fellow who writes all these patent medicine testimonials must be an awfully sick man.

It is a great relief to find such an easy word as "Bug" in the war news.

The latest note from Germany seems to hold Wilson to a "strict accountability."

How much wood would Woodpile pile if Woodpile would pile wood?

A drunk man can be locked up till he gets sober, but a drunk nation ain't so easily managed.

The Fool-Killer is feeling purty good and sassy these days, thank you.

Even if Bryan did rock the boat, the blamed thing was already bottom-side-upwards.

Consider the blackberry when it getteth ripe, for behold it filleth many an empty stomach.

A correspondent wants to know which is the greatest, Anticipation or Realization. Well, as near as I can make it out, Anticipation is broader and higher, but Realization is longer and flatter.

One of the big cigarette companies heads its advertisement like this: "Some plain Truths About buying Cigarettes." But it don't tell the plainest truth of all—that buying cigarettes, as well as smoking them, is a mighty harmful and foolish habit.

J. L. Fitz is lecturing throughout North Carolina on economic questions. Of course he is giving 'em Fitz.

If the Fifth was the Fourth, how do we know for certain that Monday didn't sneak back and be Sunday?

A free Chaw-talk-away lecture will be given to the person suggesting the best name for a new party. Address—Bryan.

Mary had a piece of gum—
She bought it with a penny;
She took it to the school one day,
And now she hasn't any.

About forty different "Leagues of Peace" are being organized throughout the world, and no two of them are on speaking terms with each other.

And in spite of it all, Harry Thaw is still able to break into print occasionally. In a few more years Harry ought to make good money on the Chaw-talk-away circuit.

If the Excited States of America should take a notion to "recognize" one of the Mexican governments, it would be soter like picking out one certain tooth in a revolving buzz-saw.

"Men's trousers will have full pockets this summer," says a fashion note. Maybe some men's pockets are full, but mine are the emptiest they have been in a long time.

These-here torpedoes what they use to blow up ships with are said to cost $7,000 apiece. Oh, say, b'leeve I'll invent a thingamadoo to catch them alive with, so I can sell 'em.

They were in a trench. One soldier called out to another stating that a third soldier had just gotten his head blown off. The second soldier replied: "Well, where's his head? He was smoking my pipe."

It is reported that Dad Cox, of Parsons, W. Va., had not read a werd in fifteen years without glasses, until John Cross gave him a Fool-Killer and it opened his eyes.

At the funeral of Baron Rothschild, the billionaire, a poor old man wept loudly and bitterly. "Why are you crying?" inquired a bystander. "You are no relation to Rothschild." "No," howled the mourner, "that's just why I am crying."

"GOOD NEWS."

The Fool-Killer this month adds about 3,000 more names to its list by taking over the subscription list of "Good News," the religious paper of which my wife (Mrs. Cora Pearson) was editor. Mrs. Pearson's health has been very poor for several years, and along last winter her sufferings became so severe and her condition so serious that she was compelled to give up her little paper. She gave it up very reluctantly, as it had been a comfort to her and had brought her many friends.

It was Mrs. Pearson's hope that Good News could be taken up by someone else and continued, but after waiting several months this hope seems rather far from realization, and so it seems the next best thing to do is to combine the Good News list with the Fool Killer's list and fill out the subscriptions with this paper.

This, then will serve as an explanation to all Good News subscribers who have been wondering why they didn't get their paper. The Fool-Killer is an entirely different sort of paper from Good News, but in its somewhat rough manner it aims to tell the truth and do good. I hope the Good News subscribers will like The Fool-Killer well enough to show it to their friends and get up clubs.

At present Mrs. Pearson is in the hands of an experienced trained nurse who is doing everything for her that can be done, and we are all hoping that she may yet regain at least a reasonable measure of health.

If the old Liberty Bell gets lost, strayed or stolen on its western trip, just about the last visible sign of America's independence will be gone.

If somebody would approach Brother Johndee just right, he might contribute ten cents toward a monument to his Ludlow victims.

Someone who probably knows comes out with the statement that Przemysl is pronounced "Pshemishl." Now if some other wise person will kindly tell us how to pronounce "Pshe-mishl" we will all be perfectly happy.

"An object weighing one pound on the moon's surface, if transferred to the earth would weigh six pounds," says one of our scientific men. Golly, but wouldn't it pay to buy our groceries up there during these hard times?

IS CAPITALISM A NECESSITY?

PART TWO.

Written for The Fool-Killer by E. J. Wilson.

Now just suppose that Rocky D. Johnniefeller and Jassack Puke Morgan and all the Swabs and Hurrimans and Vanderstilts and Ghouls, and all their sons, heirs, creditors, assigns, and all other prominent capitalistic cusses in the Excited States—I say, suppose they should all get the right idea in their noodles and all die off with the delirious belly-akus, what do you think would become of us common plugs, anyway?

Of course they'd take all their old capital right along with them, and we'd be out of money and out of a job as usual. And of course the earth would stop producing Oil and Iron and Coal and Gold and Silver and Greenback and Corn and Wheat and Cotton and Terbacker and Soup Beans and Salt Pork and Socialist Papers.

Now wouldn't we be in a dickens of a fix about then? The railroads would all grow up in sand-burrs because Morgan and Jim Hill and the Harrimans, etc., were not here to pull them out by the roots.

The coal mines would become the lair of scorpions and rattlesnakes and skunks, because the members of the coal trust were not around to dig up any coal.

The sugar beets would all go to seed, and hogs and bulls and billygoats and cats and dogs and decrepit mules would roam the open range unmolested for want of the sugar trust and the meat trust to look after them.

And all other industries would suffer similar paralytic strokes, because none of us would be smart enough to take hold of things. Is that it?

O Lord, how much longer must we suffer such ignorance to exist and flourish in this fair land of ours (I mean theirs), in this land overflowing with condensed milk and imitation honey?

How long must progress be hampered by a few ignoramouses who persist in being hogs. Go study the industrial situation among the Ants. How many capitalists do you see there? Are they not a wise and prosperous and happy community of law-abiding citizens? Do you find any amongst them that are idlers or that are not doing something useful for a living?

Oh, you big two-legged boob, do you think your so-called superior intelligence equals that of the inferior creatures?

Who runs our industries? The capitalists? Oh, no! Not by a jug full. You run them. Then what does he do? Nothing. Simply hires you to do the work, and allows you a very small per cent of what you earn. Figgers up his dividends and plans and schemes and gives you a little less and takes a little more for himself—that's all he does. If he does anything more than that—if he really advises and oversees and plans for more efficiency and economy, and thereby builds the business bigger—do you notice any of the benefits coming your way? If so, when and how? Can you tell me that?

Don't you know that a government is capable of running any and all industries? Do you know that a government that is a true democracy is run by all the people—not a few robbers and aristocrats, but all the people—you and me and all the rest? And if we had a truly democratic form of government in this country, then it would belong to us, wouldn't it? That is, we would be the government. And if our government had control of our big industries, such as mines and railroads and sugar refineries and packing houses, etc., then these same industries would belong to us, wouldn't they?

But Uncle Sam couldn't run anything like that, you say, Why not? How in blazes did Uncle Sam dig the Panama Canal after Capitalists had made a failure of it? How do we operate the Postoffice Department? How do we maintain an army and navy? How do we run our public schools and keep up our public highways and streets and parks? Are there not hundreds of thousands of men employed in these big industries and projects? Who pays them? Uncle Sam? That's us. We run these things, and capitalists has nothing to do with it. Why not run the whole shebang and be done with it? Couldn't you work for all of us just as easy as for a few? How many of OUR employes go on strikes for better conditions? Is capitalism a necessity here?

All we need, is men with brain and muscle and a medium of exchange or some method of trade to do business on. Your capitalist never supplied any of these things. You supplied them all.

And so instead of asking silly quetion as to how you could get along without the capitalist, you had better begin to ask yourself how you ever managed to get along so far with him.

It seems that the intelligence of the average voter is a good deal below the average.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly six years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

GRAPE JUICE BILL.

There do be some folks what seem to have an idea that it's a great crime for Bryan to love grape-juice. But it ain't. I'll swear it ain't. If Bryan never hadn't done nothin' wusser than to love grape-juice, I'll bet Saint Peter wouldn't ax him no hard questions, ner hem and haw about lettin' him in.

Yes, sir, mister ladies and honorable men folks, there do be a heap wusser things than drinkin' the pure, sweet blood of luscious grape. I expect you and me have committed bigger crimes most every day of our lives and never even blushed behind the ears. I sometimes blow in a nickle on grape-juice myself, and I ain't nary bit ashamed of it, nuther.

This-here third-class country of ourn would be a blamed sight better off if her political tin gods would drink more grape-juice and less corn likker.

Some of the nincompoops are very glib about referring to Bryan's "grape-juice diplomacy,", as if that were a term of great reproach. But it ain't. I'll swear it ain't. If I had any diploming to do, hanged if I hadn't rather risk it in the hands of a grape-juice drinker than in the hands of a red likker guzzler like most of our cheap-skate politicians. The fact that Billum don't muddle his brains with anything stronger than pure, unfermented grape-juice is at least one point in his favor.

The Fool-Killer aims to be perfectly fair and impartial with Billyum. This sermon is devoted to some of his good qualities, but I have taken off some pretty big pieces of his hide elsewhere in this paper. Read on to the end and then go back and read the whole smear again. Call in your neighbors and read it to them. Then tell 'em to shell their dimes and you fire in a big club.

Huerta is probably convinced that there is an embargo on Mexican ex-presidents.

THE PROPHET OF PEACE.

And so it seems that our friend, Billyum Bryan, is getting it hot and heavy from all sides, especially from the war jingoes. They have cussed him black and blue—and every other color you could mention. Because he was a man of peace, and because he was willing to sacrifice his high office rather than his principles, he has become the object of unreasoning scorn and hate.

The Fool-Killer has never had too much confidence in Bryan's ability or his sincerity of purpose. He has always seemed to me like a man posing for his picture and fishing for popularity. But recent events have made it look a little more like he actually meant it.

The question is—does he mean it? Or is he still fishing for favors? This is the question. Some of his recent utterances sound so overly good that I can't help being rather suspicious. It recalls to my mind so vividly some of the "reform slobber" that dripped from Toothadore Specksvelt's mustache in 1912. And before the real friends of peace decide to follow this second-hand Moses, it would be well to remember the fate of those who wandered off after the Bull Moose.

Just stand aside, now, and wait for the new Bryan party to come along and "save the country"—just like all the other parties are in the habit of doing. Dog my cats if this country ain't "saved" the most and still stays in the wussest fix that ever I seen. Ain't that so, Hanner?

"We want peace, but we want to fight for it." says the war jingoes.

If Germany and America can't find any ground to agree on, they can probably find water to fight on.

A New York laundry advertises this way: "Don't kill your wife. Let our laundry do the work." Why hadn't a man just as well kill his wife as to hire a laundry to kill her?

Jane Addams has just hove in from Europe, and she thinks they are all about ready to consider peace terms. Jane must to have heard that from some baby over there.

There is talk of an embargo on arms to Mexico. Now if it is wrong to sell war supplies to Mexico, why in the thunder ain't it just as wrong to sell 'em to Europe? Can anybody answer?

The Devil's Letter.

My dear Woodpile Wilson:

Oh, say, I was about to forget-I promised in my last letter that I would write to you this month and give you some views on "Neutrality" from the standpoint of Hell and Wall Street. So here goes:

I want to tell you in the outset that the conduct of that fellow Bryan has been giving me a good deal of concern here of late. I called into service four of my best sub-devils and put them to work helping me figure out just what Billyum is up to. We have used up all the asbestos paper in hell except just enough to write this letter on, and we ain't got the problem solved yet. I have always considered Bryan one of my best friends, and it hurts like thunder to give him up, but I may have to do it. Of course I have noticed for some time that he was spouting off too much of that "peace talk," but I didn't think he meant it seriously. I thought the blame fool was just talking that way as a sort of blind. You know my business depends a great deal on keeping the public fooled up, and I have always had a mighty good set of helpers in the politicians of the Excited States.

But, as I say, Bryan has still got me guessing. I hate to believe that he has gone over to the Lord's side, and that he is actually in earnest about wanting to prevent war, but it certainly does begin to look like it. The infernal traitor! He deserves to dance bare-footed on one of hell's hottest griddles for deserting a good friend like me.

But let us hope, my dear Woodpile that we can keep the war spreading without Bryan. I think you are doing just fine. I am so thankful that you went ahead and sent that note that Bryan refused to sign. Of course, as Bryan said, it was calculated to stir up more trouble, but that was just what I wanted. And I am tickled half to death because Germany's answer is a flat refusal of everything that the Excited States demanded. That looks good to me. Fine prospects for war all around. Please don't let any of those "peace cranks" interfere with our plans.

Say, that Frank Holt business was just great! Blamed if he wasn'ta fool for certain! Thought he could stop my prosperous war business by blowing up the capitol at Washington and trying to kill my friend, J. P. Morgan. But it seems that Holt did know a few things, even if he was a crazy fool. He must have had a fairly correct idea of Wall Street's power to stop the war. But he was barking up the wrong tree when he thought he could make Wall Street use its power for that purpose. The very idea! Wouldn't the House of Morgan be a pretty blamed fool to cut its own throat that way? Don't scare yourself. The Morgan interests have handled fifty million dollars worth of war orders in the last few months, and in doing so they have lined their own nests to the tune of several millions.

Of course Wall Street is "neutral." Wall Street is Hell's American office, and it's just BOUND to be neutral. Because there's money in it, and the money is what counts. The house of Morgan will furnish canned hell for anybody that can come after it and pay for it, the statement of the late Frank Holt to the contrary notwithstanding. The Wall Street operators are just like me—they don't care which side wins. All they want is to furnish the sinews of war at so much per. They would even welcome their own country into the fray, even if they knew it would get the stuffin' licked out of it, because it would bring still more orders. What would a few million dead Americans amount to when their death would bring more money into the pockets of Wall Street?

Sick 'em War Dogs! Hurrah for Neutrality!

Your neutral friend,
SATAN DEVIL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOE W. HUNT, Oxford, N. C.—I received a copy of your Fool-Killer a short time ago, and am very much pleased with it. Will say that it is the very paper I have been looking for for the past twenty years. Enclose twenty-five cents for a year's subscription.

SILAS HUGHES, Kings, Ark.—Here I come with five more subs. I guess I am the first one to introduce your paper in this part of the country. I started working for you five years ago and think it is a dandy. Take your gloves off, Pearson, and fight 'em hard, and every time a smart elic butts in, break his snoot. Fight on, fight on. Yours for victory.

W. P AKINS, Tinsman, Ark.—I sure did like the last issue and I think that all the subs I have seen like Mr Wilson's pieces better than they do Mr. Morgan. But we like your method of getting under their tough hides and knocking the scales from their eyes better than any one I have ever read after.

Z. T. SUTHERLAND, Pride, Ala.—Inclosed is 25 cents to renew my subscription. I think the poem on the first page of the May issue is worth a year's subscription. It fits my feelings so well, strengthens me to see what another perceives and understands. All your May issue, I think, is extraordinary, and shows that your mind was on what you were writing. Ordinary fiction is no good. But those letters "make like" from hades are eye openers, liable to do lots of good and no harm.

J. W HOWARD, Midland, Ark.—A copy of your hot shot (The Fool-Killer) has just come into my hands and I liked it so well that I jumped out and soon had a list of six subscribers, including myself.

ADAM JACKSON, Box 64, Atlanta, Mich.—I am sending you a few subs. Your wonderful little big Fool-Killer is certainly doing a great work in this part of the country, so let us keep this good work going. Please send me a few samples.

J. R. PEARCE, Paris, Ky.—We have received all the papers we missed and thank you for being so good as to send extra copies. We do not believe that it was your fault that we did not get them in the first place. Am glad to say that I have always found The Fool-Killer strictly honest and ready to correct all mistakes. I shall speak a good word for the mustard plaster every time I can. While you are shaking the rotten foundation of the world I think you had better shake the rotten foundation of some of these neglectful and meddlesome mail clerks. I could use a few samples very well.

J. B. B. BISHOP, 134 McPherson Avenue, East Atlanta, Ga.—Through a friend I have gotten in possession of The-Fool-Killer and I wish to say that I enjoy it very much Inclosed is a check for $3.10, the same is for a club of 31 which I have gotten up in accordance to your club rate of ten cents a year.

W. T. HOWELL, Fayetteville, Ga.—Here I come again with five or more subs for your wonderful paper. The pieces you write touch the spots that have never been touched before. I find it very easy to get subs for The Fool-Killer. After seeing one copy they never rest until they have subscribed. Please send me another bundle of samples and I will send in another club as soon as I can.

A. W. FAULKNER, Augusta, Ga.—Please find enclosed list of 11 names and money to pay for same. After reading one copy of your valuable little paper I got up a club in about two minutes. Much success to your paper which is an eye opener to the world.

MISS MATTIE TYUS, Milner, Ga. Please send me a sample of The Fool-Killer. A friend has just sent me a copy and I have seen that it is a fine paper and I want to pass a good thing along. I thoroughly enjoyed reading the copy I have, and as soon as I can I am going to get up a club.

S. W. SMITH, R. F. D. 4, Box 17, Westminister, S. C.—I saw my first copy of your paper last Saturday and I think it beats anything I ever read. Send me some samples and I know I can rake up a nice club. I must have The Fool-Killer if it cost $1.00 a year.

A. O. HOOD, Nicholson, Ga.—Inclosed please find check for $1.50 to pay for 15 new subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. They are no trouble to get in this part of the country for the people like your paper very much. Please send me some more samples so that I may get some more subs.

G. W. HARRIS, Dryton, S. C.—Am sending you another list of names for The Fool-Killer. All the former subscribers I have sent are just wild over The Fool-Killer and look forward to its coming as tho it were gold. And I think myself that it is just grand. Come on with the Devil's Letters and ask each subscriber to send in five subs and push the list up to half a million. I'll do my part.

D. A. PEACOCK, R. F. D. 2, Stewart, Miss.—I took an old copy of The Fool-Killer and showed it to some of my friends and as soon as they read a little in it they began to pitch me dimes to get it a year. Please send me a few samples to hand out and get more subs.

R. L. BAILEY, Shady Dale, Ga.—Inclosed you will find 25 cents for which please enter my name to The Fool-Killer for one year. In some way I had a sample of the paper, and I don't know whenever I have enjoyed reading a thing as much as I did it. Can't you in some way make a weekly of this paper? The trouble is in waiting so long for it.

T. A. LEATHERS, Temple, Ga.—Many cheers and all the encouragement possible to you for your courage in properly "showing" up the plutocrats, corrupt politics and erroneous religious teachings of the world. If you desire to send me a few samples to distribute perhaps it would aid me in getting some subscribers and be instrumental in causing a few more people to do ther own thinking.

O. A. SHAW, Oakland, Cal.—I've been reading that goshdarned postage stamp of yours for several months. Sometimes I've felt like I'd be ashamed to acknowledge that I read such stuff, and that if there was a "really, truly" fool-killer that he'd ot to do his main stunt on its Editor. Then, after reading some of it, like some of your stuff in the June issue, the fool seems to be at the other end.

Say, I've never found anything half as funny in any of the so-called comics as some things in the little old "Fool-Killer," and when a feller feels that way he'd ot to just come right out and fess, to encourage the one that is doin' it. I don't reckon you have any extra meal-tickets laid away, that you've earned from publishing the postage stamp, and you sure do deserve something. I believe that if you have any flowers for a fellow you should put 'em on his desk, not on his grave. They don't do him any good after he's dead and a word of encouragement sure does a lot of good, many times.

A PITY AND NOTHING TO PUT IT IN.

A well-meaning but misguided brother up in Corning, New York, has writ me a very weepy letter bemoaning my tendency toward the use of slang. He thinks I mean well, but am really doing more harm than good. He wants me to "tone up" my paper and make it refined and classical, sorter like The Christian Herald, I guess. He wants me to cut out my home-spun language and talk like the president of a Boston college, using words big enough to choke a bull elephant to death.

Aw, say, mister college-foundered goodikin! I wonder to my soul why you didn't learn some common sense while you were learning so many big words? Now wouldn't you play smash with trying to measure everybody's language by your grammatical yard stick? If I occasionally use a word that ain't in Webster's Underbreeches Dictionary, I reckon that's my business. Didn't you know that the proper words of today were the slang words of yesterday? Where would the new words come from if somebody didn't have originality to make 'em?

Slang! Aw, your foot! Do you reckon you would know a slang word from a patent calf-weaner if you woke up in bed with it? I doubt it like thunder. I know what's the matter with you, honey—you're just as jealous as an old maid because you cannot edit a good nice funny paper like The Fool Killer and talk to 100,000 people every month. Suppose you start a paper according to your elevated ideas of journalism and see how it works. After several years of squatting your lifeless words into paper with a hand press, you will throw up the job and get me to send The Fool-Killer to your little handful of subscribers. Be ashamed!

One editor says corn is the emblem of modesty, because it is so easily shocked. It's a plain case that that fellow never shocked any corn. Easy? Don't you believe it.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1915. NO. 6

THE TERRIBLE JITNEY

Once there was a mule-car,
And it ran upon a track;
It took folks where they'd like to go,
And then it fotched 'em back.

But it couldn't go much fast—
No faster'n a mule could trot—
And the old plug had to stop and cool
When ever he was hot.

And so somebody sot in,
And here's just what they done—
They put old Lightnin' in the shalves,
And—golly!—how she run!

And then that mule-car suffered,
The driver stormed and cussed,
And swore that blamed old trolley-car
Had treated him unjust.

But the trolley held its own,
And then some more besides;
Till fust thing anybody knowed,
It cornered all the rides.

But now here comes the Jitney
And takes the trolley's nick,
Just like the trolley done the mule,
And watch that trolley kick!

When we can gouge another,
We don't want any fuss;
But—my!—the devil is to pay
When someone gouges us!

PARAGRAPHS

Speaking of Warsaw, whadye reckon the war saw, anyhow?

The empty dinner-pail contains plenty of food for thought.

If nobody had too much, then everybody might have enough.

Most of the free advice we get is worth just about what it costs.

It isn't a bit of trouble to agree with people who happen to agree with us.

Some people believe in free speech—for themselves, but nobody else.

Either the devil belongs to the church or the church belongs to devil. Which is which?

Take what you think you know, and subtract from it what your neighbors think you don't know, and the results will be what is left.

There are only forty Dog-Days and probably forty million dogs. And still they tell us that "every dog has his day."

Toothadore Spexvelt's Exposition Speech

By The Fool-Killer's San Francisco Correspondent

And it came to pass one day in July that he who swalloweth lions for pills and eateth elephants as if they were candy kisses—behold, this mighty being, whose name was Toothadore Specksvelt, did stand up at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and utter great and wonderful words, even the following:

"Say, you confounded clabber-brained cranks, and nervous Nancified ninnyhammers, what did you come here to see? Remember, this is a great exposition, and in going through it you want to get your money's worth. Therefore, O ye fools, come away from that monkey cage! Cut out that fortune-teller's joint! Hike down from that merry-go-round! Yes, verily, I say unto you, come here and see the REAL EXHIBIT! Before you, on this platform, standeth the only thing that is worth coming here to see. The main difference between me and the brazen serpent that Moses lifted up is the fact that I am not on a pole. Another difference is that Mose's brass snake didn't talk or wear spex. But it done the work. So do I. Look unto me, all ye that are hypnotized by the siren song of peace-at-any-price, and be ye cured of it.

Rip! Snort! Boom! Bang! Listen! If you want your sleepy souls baptized in the gospel of blood, then adjust your louse-pastures to an angle of forty-five degrees and listen attentively while I pump the pure truck from the gap in my face.

Hurrah for me! Here I stand before you Exposition sight-seers as the only man on earth who knows it all. Some other men claim to know it all, but they are false teachers and undesirable citizens. There is only one ME in the world, but one is enough if you will all follow me.

If any of you doubt my idenity, I invite you to come up close and examine my teeth. And also give prayerful attention to my eye-glasses. You will observe that the shoe-string attached to these glasses flows out like a cowboy's lasso, just as it does in all the cartoons of me. And if you are still not satisfied that this is me, I am willing to lift up my voice and say "Liar," "Thief" and "Molly-coddle." I invented these words, and I alone know how to use them properly.

Yes, boys, I am the Bull that made the Moose famous. I am the Booger-Man that the mother-beasts in the jungles scare their babies with when they won't be good.

So much for the introduction. If you are all convinced of my idenity, then let's get down to brass tacks—or rather to brass shells. I stand before you to-day, O ye mollycoddles, as the apostle of glorious crimson War. I can't understand why anybody would want peace, when war is so much nicer. Peace is too blamed monotonous—not enough excitement about it to suit me. War is such a fine interesting game, you know, and just think how much pretty red blood a fellow can get to see. I have been informed that cowards don't like to see blood, but I can say from personal experienee that brave men like me just love it—provided, of course, that it is some other man's blood. A coward sickens at the sight of torn and mulitated flesh, but a brave man like me just dotes on it—provided, of course, that it is some other man's flesh.

Be ashamed of yourselves, you skulking cowards! War is the life of a country, therefore let us have war. Let it be with Germany or anybody else that will agree to fight us. A man or a nation that is "too proud to fight" deserves to be trampled in the dust and kicked around like a dog. And you fool mammies who are raising up families of boys, let me say this to you: don't train your boys to be such low-down things as farmers, mechanics, merchants, preachers, poets, editors and statesmen. Them trades ain't respectable. To be a soldier is the only respectable calling that is open to young men. Mammies of America, hear me! It is your patroitic duty to raise not less than fifteen boys apiece, and teach every one of them to be soldiers. Teach them that walking around with a loaded gun on their should-

(continued on last page)

STRAINING AT GNATS!

Gosh, what fool ideas some people can get wedged into their hat-pegs! In spite of the seriousness of the occasion, I can't help being amused at all this twaddle about what is lawful and what is unlawful in the conduct of war.

For several months now we have been tearing our hair and ripping our shirt-tails in our efforts to convince Germany, England and the rest of 'em that they are violating certain points of international law.

International fiddlesticks! What in the thunder does any sort of law amount to in a time like this, when two-thirds of the world is engaged in breaking everything that is breakable, including heads and hearts? Why will we grant that nations have a legal right to raise hell, then quibble over the methods they use in getting it raised?

We are told that certain kinds of bullets and certain methods of warfare are cruel and inhuman. As much as to say that other bullets and other ways of killing are merciful and kind!

Great Gods! When will the blind world get its eyes open? Common hoss sense ought to teach us that the finished product of war is so cruel, so repulsive and so terrible that no mere tool or method for doing the thing can make any difference.

If I had to be marched out into a field and shot full of holes, I wouldn't care a snap whether the bullets were soft or hard, round, oblong or square. And I can't see that soaking them in cologne water before loading would help my case any.

If I had to be drowned, I would not care to stipulate that the water must be just so many feet deep, and that it must carefully filtered to remove all germs and microbes.

If some enemy should come by night and burn my house, it wouldn't comfort me nary bit to be told that he used only safety matches to start the fire.

Hang-take-it-all, can't you see what I am driving at? The chief aim and object of war is to kill, mangle and destroy, and the mere details of HOW it shall be done are only of minor importance.

But like people of old times, we still strain gnats and swallow camels.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Perodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J L. PEARSON, Editor and Propr.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, Bus. Mgr.

One year to your heart 25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More, 10 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N C., under the act of March 30, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order .

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Moravian Falls,........North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a fort eleventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Kiler, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., G. Kilpatrick, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Mar., 1915. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Warsaw saw war.

Gravelot has a lot of graves.

If there is anything nastier than politics, it is more politics.

Part of the world sane is better than a whole world crazy.

I'd rather buy "peace-at-any-price" than to take war as a free gift. Hadn't you?

Hot words are like hot mush—it is easier to spit them out than it is to swallow them.

The only trouble with the Pan-American conference in hehalf of Mexico is that it refuses to "pan."

Texas has again been devasted by storm and flood. Looks to me like it would pay Texas to pull up and move to North Carolina, anyhow.

One of the towns in the war country along the Euphrates is named Kilissa—pronounced "Kill-I-say."

I'd like to be an optimist as well as anybody, but there ain't but mighty doggon little to optimise over these days.

Pass your plate, Mexico, and let us help you to some of our nice, home-made "strict accountability."

Eat, drink and be sociable, for to-morrow you may have the toothache.

The thing that puzzles me is, how God found room on a chigger to put such an awful mouth.

"The war will be over in another year," says J. P. Morgan. Over what? Over the whole world?

Recently a Democratic speaker took "Lies" for a subject. And he was full of his subject.

When you hear some silk-hatted millionaire shooting off his lip about "fighting to the last man," yon can rest assured that he aims to be the "last man."

The Greensboro News is authority for the statement that J. J. Cudd was a candidate for something or other in an election held in South Carolina t'other day. But after the votes were counted it turned out that J. J. Cuddn't.

PLEASE TICKLE ME.

In the last issue of the Fool-Killer there was not any special appeal to club-raisers, but in spite of its absence the returns have been very good. The daily average all summer has been nearly 100 subscriptions per day. That does pretty well for the dull summer season, and under normal working conditions I could have saved some money at it. But, bless your souls, I now have to hire EVERYTHING done and pay a big price for it all. The sickness and trouble in my home has knocked me completely out so far as doing any office work myself is concerned. The paper is going right on, of course, but all the work has to be done by hired help. Consequently, when the running expenses are paid there is very little left for the widder and me. To be sure, we have made some money in the past and ain't quite ready for the "poor-house" yet, but that ain't the point. We want to make at least enought to live on as we go along.

And that's the reason for this-here Speical Appeal which you are now reading. (Or it is somebody else that looks like you?) Anyhow, you are the one I intended it for.

Of course business will naturally be better from now on through the fall and winter, but I want us to make it a doggon big sight better. And we can—easy enough. All it takes is for each subscriber to do a little missionary work among his friends who are not subscribers. Tote your Fool-Killer in your pocket and draw it on every fellow you meet. Mighty few folks will refuse to pay ten cents a year for such a rip-snortin' good paper as the Fool-Killer. All they need is the asking, and the dimes will be ready. Try it on a few dozen, anyhow. I don't care if you bury the office force so deep in subs that it will take them all next summer to claw out. That would be funny to me. Please tickle me.

Edison says he owes everything to his wife. Must be purty nigh bankrupt, then, and the only way I see out of it is for her to take him for the debt.

Even with the dull season and the hard times on, The Fool-Killer's circulation has climbed upward more rapidly this summer than ever before.

NO AUGUST PAPER.

All readers of The Fool-Killer will please take notice that the August number has been omitted and this issue dated for September. This was done mainly to catch up with the mailing date and get the paper out a little nearer on time. All subscriptions will be advanced one month, so that the regular number of papers will be received.

PERSONAL POINTS

After having written "funny stuff" to amuse the crowd for six years, you might think that a fellow had about milked his thinker dry. Well, I have almost felt that way about it a few times, but after resting a month, there is always a new supply ready. That if the secret of being a writer—to always have something to say. The man who "runs out" or "goes dry" was not much of a writer to start with, If I hadn't been pretty confident that I would have something to say, I would never have started in to edit a paper. And so, having stuck to the job for six years, I am ready to stick a good while longer.

And now we come to another question: What is the Fool Killer's mission in the world? What have I been trying to do all these six years? A dozen men would probably give a dozen different answers to the above question. But as near as I can make out, The Fool-Killer has, above all else, established the reputation of being a "funny paper." More people read it for the alleged "fun" they find in it than for any other reason. From all over the country they write me that they never laughed so much at anything else in their lives.

And so, if the readers insist on it, I will continue to use my same old motto—"Make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open."

One of the editorial errors that I have often found myself falling into was the tendency to get too "serious." I would forget, for the time being, that The Fool-Killer was expected to be funny, and I would start out on a long, dry argument about something or other. Suddenly it would occur to me that what I was writing was not "Fool-Killer" stuff at all, and wuold tear it up and start again.

In this way more copy goes to the waste-basket than gets into print. But never mind the waste-basket. I want at least a million folks to read what I print in this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

It don't matter what in the thunder he does, I never aim to print the name of Harry Thaw in this paper again. Just look there, will you? Sarn-taked if it didn't slip in again in spite of me.

W. Henry Davis says in his last Hornet: "Don't criticise me too harshly for publishing The Hornet." I won't, Henry, because I see it's all the sense you've got.

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash.

Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE MAD DOG

The cartoonist of The Chicago Evening Post thinks he has done something. But according to The Fool-Killer's way of seeing, he has simply succeeded in making a big display of his own ignorance.

These remarks have reference to a certain cartoon that recently appeared in the above named paper. The picture is a rude map of the world, showing Europe and America, with the ocean in between. On the European side stands a big fierce-looking beast which we are told is the Mad-Dog of War. He is stretching his vicious-looking head out toward America. On this side stands a man who is sneeringly labelled with the name of "Pacifist," with his pockets full of peace documents. He is talking to the Mad-Dog of War, and these words are put into his mouth:

"Nasty thing! You are a cruel, unreasoning, unnecessary beast, and I refuse to have anything to do with you."

The man of peace is thus held up to ridicule, while in the background we see Uncle Sam grabbing for his gun to shoot the Mad-Dog of War.

To shoot what?

Why, to shoot the War, of course.

What does war consist of?

It consists of shooting.

Then the very minute that Uncle Sam begins to shoot AT the war, he becomes a part and parcel OF the war, does he not?

He certainly does.

Then, instead of defending himself from the Mad-Dog of War, he is simply transforming himself into a similar Mad-Dog of War, thus making two mad-dogs where there was only one. Ain't that a fact?

It certainly is.

Are two mad-dogs more desirable than one mad-dog?

They are not.

Then isn't Uncle Sam acting the fool when he injects into his own veins the very same virus that has run Europe mad?

It looks that way to me.

This particular mad-dog that is devouring Europe would not turn aside to bother us if we would let it alone. It is our infernal meddling and trying to tie tin cans to its tail that is liable to get us into trouble.

What do we Americans want, anyhow?

We claim that we want safety for our own people.

Safety from what?

Safety from the Mad-Dog of War, I suppose.

Well, then, if we go ahead and create on this side of the ocean another Mad-Dog of War just like the one Europe has, will our own people be any safer than they are now?

They pointedly will not.

Then who is the fool in this case, the man who wants us all to run mad and bite ourselves, or the man who wants peace?

Gentlemen, take the case.

A SERMON ON BUSYBODIES.

I like to see a man attend to his own business—if he's got any. And when he gets that done, I like to see him sit down and rest—or go fishing. But now and then we find some Smart Eleck who is so durned industrious that he has to go around and meddle in the affairs of his neighbors. One such busybody in a neighborhood can cause more trouble than forty peace-makers can settle.

The busybody thinks he is so much smarter than anybody else that nothing can be done right unless he bosses the job. He don't stop to consider that the world got along several thousand years before he was born, and that it will never slip a cog nor pay any attention when he dies.

There is no man so big nor so important that his death will cause even a ripple on the sea of human activities. All of the so-called "big men" of the world might die this very minute, and they would never be missed except by their own families and personal friends. Other men would step right in and take their places and the world would go on just the same.

Knowing this to be the case, it is plum funny to see some little old on-hoss busybody trying to advise and dictate to his neighbors as if they didn't have sense enough to run their own business. Any community that is worth its salt will resent such an insult, and will treat the busybody with the contempt which he deserves.

Toothadore Spexvelt says he is standing behind the President. Sorter like he stood behind that sugar-kettle in Cuba when the Spaniards were shooting at him.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT

Well, I do say! When the suckers get tired of biting at the old bait, there is always something new trotted out to tempt the gullible greenhorns. The latest is some sort of witch-juice to pump under the skin for the cure and prevention of Hay Fever.

Hay Fever is said to be caused by the pollen from certain plants and weeds. The stuff flies thru the air, people breathe it into their goozles, and it causes irritation, sneezing, sniffing, and so forth. That's Hay Fever as I understand it, and I don't suppose there is any fun in having some of it.

But listen here! The latest news is that the doctors have caught old Mister Hay Fever by the horns and rubbed his nose in the dirt. Yes, sir, they've put the sniffles out of commission at one awful swipe. So they say. But there is no law to make us believe it. And if there was such a law, I'd break it all to thunder faster than it could be mended.

But the doctors have at least invented one more way to bleed the pocket-books of the suffering. They have pounced onto the vaccination idea which is getting so popular here of late, and now all you need to do for your hay fever is a hyper-durn-it injection of witch-juide made from the same weed-dust that causes the disease.

Right in line with the argument that to eat a rotten egg will keep you from smelling it. Maybe it will. And I have heard it rumored that cutting your fool head off will cure the toothache, too. Suppose you try it some day while the dentist is busy.

Now listen to me, you folks who suffer with hay fever. Don't you pay those doctors a fat fee for squirting a few drops of rag-weed syrup into your hide. You trot right out to the old field and eat a big belly-full of rag-weeds. That ought to do just as well.

CIVILIZING THE OYSTER..

I see by the papers that a movement is on foot to civilize and enlighten the poor benighted Oyster. They are going to furnish better opportunities for his physical and mental development. It seems that the common scrub oyster is too slow and easy-going for this fast age, and therefore Science is going to speed him up a few notches.

The oyster, if I understand it, is going to be taken out of his native mud-bed where all of his ancestors have lived and raised their families. He is going to be rudely separated from all the old home ties and the memories of long ago. He is going to be placed in a glass case, under the wicked eye of a cruel, calculating scientist, and there forced by electricity to grow and expand into full oysterhood in a few hours.

Science has it all figured out that a healthier and more intelligent race of oysters can be produced in this way. Incidentally, it is hoped to make them cheaper and more plentiful.

Maybe it will work, but I have my doubts about it. This is a serious matter—this business of pulling up the faithful oyster out of his native home and transplanting him into the midst of our modern civilization. There are other things to consider besides the mere commercial side of it. We must take into account what effect the sudden change may have on the mind and disposition of the faithful creature with whom we dare to take such liberties.

We don't know what the oyster's religion is, and his form of worship is entirely beyond our comprehension. It may be that his mud-bed in the ocean cave is best calculcated to develop his spiritual instincts and keep his mind occupied with proper thoughts.

Our present-day civilization is full of dangerous pitfalls, and it would be an awful calamity if we should lead the oyster astray and cause him to take up bad habits. It would be a thousand times better to let him remain uncivilized than to run the risk of his learning to smoke cigarettes, go to the movies and read the Sunday papers. And, futhermore, I doubt very much whether the oyster would be any happier after being civilized than he is at the present. He might get to worrying over his bank account, and his wimmen folks might fuss over the latest fashion in oyster shells. Oh, there's just oodlins of things in our civilized life that might trouble an oyster's mind, and of course an oyster that lived uphappily and died of a broken heart would be rather bum eating. I suggest, therefore, that this job of civilizing the oyster be referred to the Committee on Hen's Teeth without further discussion.

The Devil's Letter in this issue was written by George Kilpatrick, The Fool-Killer's business manager. How do you like it?

The Devil's Letter.

Hades, August 23, 1915.

Dear Teddy,

I sent one of my imps around to The Fool-Killer office the other night, and he said that they had your Exposition speech on the copy hook all ready for the printer. That is good. I am glad to know that it is to have such a large circulation. And do you know that the printing of your speech is the only thing that that Fool-Killer man ever did that pleased me? Well it is.

But now to your speech. I say, old man, it was great. You have made a lot of good ones in your life, but that Exposition speech in which you condemned all mothers who are unwilling to raise their boys to be soldiers is the best yet.

You certainly hit the nail on the head, my dear Teddy. The idea of a mother not being willing for her boy to be a soldier! How perfectly absurd! Why, if there were no soldiers my business would drop off terribly. Think of the plight I would be in if there was no war in Europe! The mothers of Europe have raised million of boys for my business, and the American mother who is unwilling to do so is not fit for citizenship, as you said.

Of course, I know that mothers love their boys, and it is but natural that they should hate to lose them. But when it comes to the point of refusing to give them up to be shot by another, mother's boy (or even to shoot some other mother's boy), well, that is taking it entirely too far. Such a mother, I am glad you pointed out, belongs to the same class as those who say that they don't raise their girls to be mothers.

You know, Teddy, I am awfully sorry that you were not elected President in 1912. Now some people may be surprised to hear that from me when they recall your "Onward Christian Soldier" song and other semi-religious features about your campaign, but they did not bother me at all. Christian soldiers are as good as any to me, and I believe that if you had been elected you would have marched a few million of them onward to Mexico to promote my business down there. (And don't forget that it would have helped my business a great deal. There is nothing like war when it comes to pleasing me.) Then you would have jumped into the European scrap when it came along, and by this time I would have several million Americans killed or wounded along with my 15,000,000 able bodied men of Europe.

You suit my taste exactly in declaring that a nation that is too proud to fight is a corwardly nation. I do wish that the Americans were not such cowards. If you could only be elected president, maybe you could talk it out of them. I know if anyone could, you would be the one to do the job.

Yet, we had just as well look on the bright side of things. For the time being, the European war is supplying my needs fairly well. You keep on with your mother-undersirable-citizen and cowardly nation business, and maybe we can get America into the war yet. Then you and me will be happy.

Hopefully yours,
SATIN DEVIL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. M. May, DeSoto, Mo.—Inclosed you will find a money order for $4.40 for the 44 subs I have gotten up in just a little time. This is my first experience in getting up a club, and I think that I have done extremely well, don't you, old comrade? I will try again soon. I certainly do enjoy reading The Fool-Killer. Now give these 44 new fellows their medicine in 12 big doses.

GEO. BROOKS, Landisburg, W. Va. —You will find inclosed a money order for $2.80 for a club of 28 subscribers for The Fool-Killer. I recently saw a copy of your paper and have gotten up this club for you.

DAVID BLUE, Sandersville, Miss.—I accidently picked up a copy of your sheet and enjoyed it so much that I have decided to try to raise a club for you. Please send me some sample copies and I will send you a list as early as possible.

E. P. PARHAM, R. F. D. 2, Nashville, Ga.—I saw a copy of the Fool-Killer a short time ago and liked it so well that I am going to try to get up a club. Your paper is made of the right stuff. There are a lot of men who think as you do but they are ar- who think as you do but they are araid to come out in the open.

W. L. HARTMAN, Hunter, Okla.—I will send you a few names to-day and 90c to pay for same. Will try to make my order bigger next time. Your paper is doing a great work. I am only a boy 79 years old, but I will try to do my part. I have been fighting for my rights for about 45 years fraid to come out in the open.

ISAIAH BUFF, 926 Menchaca St., San Antonia, Texas.—Inclosed please find a fifty cent money order to pay you for sending The Fool-Killer to the following five names. Some of us are colored and some are Mexicans. Please send me a bundle of samples.

C. J. HARTLEY, Harrison, Ga.—Please find inclosed fifty cents for five more subs to your valauble little paper. If you wish you can send me a few more sample copies as the people around here are fools about your paper.

J. W. GRIFFIN, Lavonia, Ga.—I saw a copy of The Fool-Killer a short time ago and think that it is a grand little paper. Please send me a few sample copies and I will raise you a club.

L. J. WALKER, Span, GA.—Here we are with a money order for $1.20 for the noble and brave Fool-Killer to be sent to the following names. I was handed a copy of The Fool-Killer today and stood right around and made up this list in about ten minutes.

The buzzards of America have just held a convention at which they heartily endorsed the Roosevelt policy of "war-at-any-price." The American buzzard hates to see the European buzzard living so high while he gets nothing but an occosional dead hoss or cow that has been foundered on Wilson prosperity.

A SERMON ON SEALS AND MEN.

Now, my beloved fellow-idiots, we will again limber up our preaching proclivities and sermonize briefly on the subject of "Seals and Men."

My text will be found in the New York Independent of August 16th, 1915, and reads as follows:

"In 1911 the United States, Great Britain, Japan and Russia signed an agreement to stop killing all seals on the high seas for fifteen years."

And thus we see, my dearly beloved greenhorns, that Mister Seal has the dead-wood on Mere Man by a good margin. The nations have pledged themselves to protect the lives of the seals on the high seas, but there is no protection for the lives of men. Indeed the genius of the world is taxing itself to invent new ways of killing men. They are sent out in battleships for the sole pur pose of killing and getting killed. Men are such common, cheap things, you know. There is no need to be stingy or saving with them A man's carcass ain't fit for anything but the buzzards and sharks, and his skin has no commercial value whatever. But seals are different, oh, my dear idiots. They have a commercial value. Their skins are useful to make sealskin coats for the millioniares and their wives, and the traffic in them is a great source of profit for the fur dealers.

We are told also that the men responsible for protecting the seals have got a heap of cussing from men who made money out of the killing of seals. Why, of course. And those who oppose the killing of men are catching Davy from the gang of millionaires who make money out of the killing of men.

But say, you muttonheads! Don't you wish we could all be big fat seals up in Alaska or some place, with the government's protecting arm around us, instead of Mere Men whom the government sends out on the high seas to be murdered? Huh? And so endeth this preachment on "Seals and Men."

The Big Dealer sets the price on what he buys and also on what he sells. The Little Producer doesn't get to fix HIS price on ANYTHING. And yet we are told that this is a government that gives all an equal chance. All who believe that, please pull off your breeches. Waiting. Nary a shirt-tail do I see.

We printed 40,000 copies of The Fool-Killer last issue, and then came very near not having enough. If it booms this way in the dull summer season, what WILL it do through the fall and winter? Nothing to hinder us from recahing the 100,000 mark in the next six months.

"PROTECTION"

"I must be protected,"
Says the Government,
"Soldiers, you do the job."
"Who will protect us?"
Say the soldier men,
"We need protection, too.

"What? Such an idea!
That's plum ridiculous.
Why do you need it?
The house-roof don't fret
Because it gets rained on—
It's there for that purpose.

"Soldiers ain't human,
And musn't have feelings,
No more than a cog-wheel
That fits in the meshes
Of other clog-wheels
To turn our machinery.

"I, the great Government
Stand out superior,
Demanding protection;
But I don't pretend to give
What I'm asking of you—
Don't be so unreasonable."

Reports say that the "smart set" are staying away from Europe this year. Say, now, reckon it could be possible that I belong to the "smart set?" Anyhow, I've stayed away from Europe just a big as any of 'em.

The Boy says: "I'll be happy when I'm a man." The Man says: 'I was happy when I was a boy." The Hog says: "I am happy now." And I sometimes wonder if the hog's philosophy isn't the best.

Toothadore Spexvelt's Exposition Speech

(continued from first page)

ers and shooting down their fellow men without cause is the only trade worth following. A mammy who is not willing raise her boys to butcher and to be butchered in this way is not fit for citizenship.

This gang that goes aronnd harping about "peace" all the time—why, confound 'em, they are nothing but weaklings, cowards, mollycoddles and sissy-gal men. They ought to be tied up in a feather bed soaked in chloroform so they could go on to their hummingbird heaven. We are living here in a real world of real men, and all real men are born fighters. Hurrah for the fighters! Anything, just so it's a fight, is the thing that pleases me. That's my idea of having a bully time.

Now, gentleman of the refreshment committee, it's your move. I have made you a great speech, and the exertion of it has made me hungry. Go ye straightway and fetch me two raw elephant hams and eight gallons of blood to wash 'em down with. After which you may bring me for desert one well roasted peace advocate swiming in bear's milk.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1915. NO. 7

STUNG AGAIN.

A man from somewhere in the woods
 Came walking down the street—
He wore some shoes upon his face,
 A smile upon his feet.

He stopped beside a letter-box
 And smole another smile;
‘:Here is a music-box," said he—
 "I'll make it play awhile."

He dropped a nickel in the slot
 Where letters should be mailed,
Then listened for the music—but
 The music crop had failed.

And so he slapped it in the face,
 Ang kicked up mighty high,
And swore he'd have his nickel back
 Or know the reason why.

But finally he gave it up,
 (He'd tried a dozen tricks),
And swore by all that's good and bad
 The thing was out of fix.

"PLEASE PUT ME IN THE PENITENTIARY".

The North Carolina penitentiary is getting to be very high-toned and exclusive—almost as much so as "high society." Recently a gentleman by the name of Robert Walls journeyed alone to the city of Raleigh, where he presented the proper legal papers to show that he had been duly sentenced to serve a term of three and a half years in the pen for manslaughter. Telling the prison officials that he had come down alone to enter upon his new duties, he begged to be admitted. But there was nothing doing. After a careful examination of the papers, the prison authorities told Walls that he couldn't enter unless brought there by an officer from his county. They said he might be a good honest and truthful man, in every way worthy of a job in the pen; but on the other hand he might be a bad and and dangerous character whose influence would be detrimental to the high moral standard of the institution. They were afraid to trust him. With a look of bitter disappointment on his face, Mr. Walls went and registered at the best hotel and wired the sad news of his rejection to the sheriff of his county. About a week later the sheriff arrived in Raleigh and with his help Mr. Walls proved to the satisfaction of the penitentiary authorities that he was a man of splendid character—a man with whom the prisoners could associate without any danger to their moral and religious welfare. At last the door of the penitentiary was opened and Robert Walls walked proudly in—walked as only a man can walk who has overcome great difficulties and achieved the desire of his heart.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Several months ago there was a murder in Atlanta, Georgia. A poor little working girl named Mary Phagan was earning a few cents a day by working in a pencil factory. Then one night she was foully murdered, and her body was discovered in the basement of the pencil factory. Mary Phagan alive was a person of no importance whatever. But Mary Phagan dead instantly jumped into fame. Her death has been as widely discussed and as bitterly fought over as if she had been a queen. One man Leo Frank, has paid the penalty. Being neither judge nor jury in this case, I shall not pretend to say whether he was guilty or not. Most people think he was. But there are some who doubt it. Anyway, he is dead at the hands of a Georgia mob. Maybe the men composing the mob would have given Mary Phagan a crust of bread when she was hungry, but I doubt it. The poor child had to die in order to get the sympathy of the kind-hearted (?,) men of Georgia.

But out of the grim silence of Mary Phagan's grave comes a voice. Listen! With Mary White Ovington as interpreter Mary Phagan speaks:

"You care a lot about me, you men of Georgia, now that I am dead.

You have spent thousands of dollars trying to find out who mutilated my body.

You have filled the columns of your newspapers with the story of my wrong.

You have broken into prison and murdered a man that I might be avenged.

But why did you not care for me when I was alive?

I was a child, but you shut me out of the daylight.

You held me within four walls watching a machine—endlessly watching a knife as it cut pieces of wood.

Noise filled the place—noise, dust, and the smell of oil.

I wish some of the thousands of dollars that you have spent on the trial might have kept me in school. A real school, like you build for the rich.

I worked through the hot August days while you were loafing around the drug stores drinking soda-pop and planning how you could get more work out of me for less money; and you never paid me enough to buy a pretty dress.

You sometimes spoke coarsely to me as I went to and from my work. Yes, you did, and I had to pretend that I liked it.

Why did you despise me when I was alive? And why do you love me so now?

I needed your love and sympathy while my young and tender hands were fighting the grim battles of life—fighting desperately for a bare existance.

But now I am dead and gone—beyond the reach of all your gushing sympathy. You waited too long before finding out that I was worthy of your love.

O men of Georgia! O men of America! You are all guilty of my murder! Your hands are all red with my blood!"

WHERE DROWING IS BLISS.

Some time in August the National Woman's Life-Saving League held its annual field day at Long Beach, L. I.

It seems that the said league is composed of young women who are hungering and thirsting for a chance to save somebody from drowning. Of course they are all supposed to be perfect paragons of beauty, and when they called for volunteers to jump in the water and get nearly drowned so as to be rescued by the aforesaid lady life-savers, 4,000 men actually trampled over each other for the blessed privilege.

Now we are not to suppose that mere drowning could have such attraction for men. It was the manner of the expected rescue that proved the drawing card.

All men are a good deal alike when it comes to the question of pretty faces and dimpled arms and all that sort of thing. Who wouldn't run the risk of drowning every day in the week for the chance of being so gloriously delivered.

Go sorter slow in your criticism of those 4,000 brave volunteers. If you are a male man you would probably have done the same. It's just our cussed human nature.

An old hen saw a notice which said: "Now is the time to lay in your winter coal," and she went right straight and did so. They found her nest in the coal bin next day.

Just let an old railroad give out the word that it ain't making any money, and immediately it gets permission to raise its freight rates. But suppose some of you laboring men should report to the government that you ain't making any money, either—would that get you a raise? Suppose you try it just once.

A SERMON ON MISTER DUDE.

I will never forget the first time I saw a real live dude, with all of his dude clothes on, and putting his whole mind and soul into the business of being a dude.

Many a time and oft had I seen his picture in the funny papers, but I had gotten an idea that he lived only in the joke column and that I would never meet him in real life.

Then came the awakening. On a train which had been threatening all day to run into Charlotte, N. C., my newspaper eye caught sight of the jovial gentleman aforesaid. The effect was like someone had hit me across the face with a wet towel. I was knocked blind for just a second, and couldn't believe my eyes after they did get to working again.

But there he sat, just three seats ahead of me. I would have felt safe in swearing that he was the orignal of every dude picture I had ever seen. He was dressed fit to kill, and I couldn't understand why somebody didn't do it. His hair was a screaming red. It was parted in the middle and fell very low over his forehead. His collar was so high he had to climb up on a bench to spit over it, and his necktie looked like a patch ripped out of a September sunset. A straw hat was propped on the back of his head, and he squinted over his gold-rimmed glasses like a colicky hoss wanting his tummy rubbed. His mouth loked like the bung-hole of a cider-barrel, and his laugh sounded like the dying echo of a busted bladder. For, in addition to his other dudish accomplishments, he was about half drunk.

He had a girl companion who looked like a yellow ribbon on a brindle cat, and they couldn't either of them keep still more than five seconds. He would wink at her, and she would giggle, and then they would both look around to see what effect their smart actions were having on the other passengers. Everybody was awfully bored, but nobody said anything. There was nothing to say.

Finally the train stopped at its destination and everybody got off. My dude was quickly swallowed up in the crowd and I never expected to see him any more.

But a few days later, in passing a new building on which the carpenters were at work, I discovered my dude with his carpenter's apron on, his saw and hammer in hand, and the sweat of honest toil on his face.

Again nobody said anything. There was nothing to say.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Perodical of .Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J L. PEARSON, Editor and Propr.
GEORGE KILPATRICK. Bus. Mgr.

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order .

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Moravian Falls,..-...North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a fe eleventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Kiler, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

What about Frank Walsh for President? We might go farther and fare worse?

IDIOTORIALS.

The quickest way to not get rich is to become an editor.

Although a man's stomach is round, I have noticed that it usually takes a square meal to fill it. Ain't that a sight?

A new writer named Oliver Onions has recently blossomed out. He must be a very 'strong' writer, if there is any sign in names.

If we were put in the world just to help othr people, then what in the dickins were the other people put here for?

The more The Fool-Killer is persecuted the faster it grows. Won't a few more enemies please jump on it?

The St. Louis Humorist is the saddest paper in America. I use to read it, but it made me so gloomy that I had to quit.

Just about the supremest pleasure in this life is turning over and going to sleep again after the alarm clock has played its little tune.

There is war between the jitney and the street car, and the only way for a-body to remain neutral is to walk. Save your nickel and buy sole-leather.

There is so much controversy here of late as to which day should be kept for the Sabbath that I am getting afraid to work any day. Ain't that a plum pity?

I think it's a doggon shame to bring up that charge about eating the "forbidden fruit" against old Capt. Noah, and him not here to defend himself.

It is said that Henry Ford still rides in a Ford, although he could easily af-Ford a costlier car.

If I've got any "rights" in Europe just now, somebody else is welcome to 'em. Don't you want 'em.

One of the local exchanges pokes up its head and inquires: "When a girl wears a wrist watch on her ankle, what is that a sign of?" Sign of the time, you old fool you.

I have read somewhere that there is a certain kind of fish that catch 'Skeeters. As soon as I can find out where to get them. I am going to buy up a good supply of those fish and turn them loose in my room at night.

PERSONAL LETTER.

Friends, Comrades, Brothers:—

If you were running a good paper like The Fool-Killer and I was one of your subscribers, I would show it to every body I came in touch with and send you a big club every few days. Yes, I certainly would. Now won't you please do as much for me as I would gladly do for you?

No matter how hard I work to make The Fool-Killer the best paper on earth, a good deal of its success must always depend upon its many thousands of friends scattered over the country. Those who get the paper must show it to their neighbors and friends who don't get it. and induce them to subscribe.

Now, for the good of the cause which we all love, let each subscriber take this much responsibility upon himself—to send in at least one club each month. If you can make it ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred, so much the better.

I now have the names of 35,000 of you on my subscription list. Enough people to make a great big city. And I am your preacher. I love you my dear big flock, else I would not be taxing my tired brain to write all this fool stuff to amuse you. If you love me in return, show it by sending in a club.

The Fool-Killer has grown so large that I must have more office room and more machinery. Right at this minute I am having lumber and material placed on the ground to build a new office 30 by 50 feet. It will be hurried to completion and occupied soon as possible. Also I am figuring on a faster press and other machinery which has long been needed. I have just kept "putting it off", but it can't be put off much longer. So let every man put his shoulder to the wheel and big things can be accomplished easy enough. Do your part, boys, and I'll make a powerful effort to do mine.

THE CONTENTED NIGGER.

I druther be a nigger lak I is,
An' hab a little cabin in de woods,
Dan any white man wid a heap o' biz,
An' allers be oneasy 'bout me goods.

I ain't a-making little o' me race,
But 'course we ain't as brainy as de whites.
It's lucky when a nigger know his place
An' nebber make a fuss about his rights.

Dey got ter be somebody on de top,
Er else de bottom layer wouldn't be;
Somebody got ter wrassle wid da crop,
An' I 'specks dat cullo'd gentleman is me.

An' so de world can rattle right along;
I jes' soon be a servant as ter not:
A hoe-cake an' a banjer an' a song—
Dey all de high ambitions I is got.

—James Larkin Pearson.

NOT IN THE POOR-HOUSE

There seems to be an idea prevalent among some folks that The Fool-Killer has not amounted to much financially, and that I have only been able to just barely live. Well, boys, I ain't what you would call rich, and probably never will be; but I ain't quite as poor as I once was.

Financially speaking, The Fool-Killer has been a success. When I started the fool thing in January, 1910, I was not worth $300 to my name. Now I am worth at least $6,000. My clear profit has averaged about $1,000 a year. When I started I couldn't get credit for a pair of shoes at the local store. Now I could get credit for hundreds of dollars from almost any business house in the United States.

And all this has been accomplished under the most unfavorable conditions. My wife has been an invalid all the while and has suffered untold agony both day and night. Our sleep has been very broken and disturbed, averaging not more than four or five hours a night, and often none at all. It would be very near the truth to say that we have not had good night's sleep in six years. You can't tell us anything about suffering and trouble—we know all about it. Money? What is money? Gladly would I give all I possess, to the very last penny, if that would restore my wife's health. But it won't, so the struggle must go on. All that money can do is to furnish a stay-place, with food and clothes, and such other comforts as will make the suffering a little more bearable. That's some help, and surely nobody will envy us that.

"DISAVOW" IT.

This-here diplomacy business is great stuff. I see where Uncle Sam is trying to get Germany to "disavow" the sinking of the Arabic and other vessels. The word "disavow" means to "deny" It makes no difference, then, how guilty Germany is, if she will just "deny" her guilt, Uncle Sam will be satisfied. Why, hang-take it, any criminal on earth would jump at the chance to get off that easy. Commit all the crimes you please, then "disavow" the crime, and you go free. Is that the way the courts deal with individual men who are accused of crime? Well, hardly. Then why should a guilty nation be treated with more consideration than a guilty individual? Oh, well, maybe it all depends on how big the guilty party is and whether we are afraid of him or not.

If you have stolen a sheep, just "disavow" the act, and you have not stolen a sheep. Could anything be easier?

A SERMON ON 'SKEETERS.

My dear Victims:—Solomon told you to consider the ant, and I supose you did so. Sol's advice was good, so far as it went, but it didn't go far enough. He should have called your attention to our affectionate kinsman, the common household 'Skeeter.

I use the terms, "affectionate kinsman," in speaking of Mister 'Skeeter, because wherever I happen to meet him he calls me "cousin" and tries to kiss me. Now I don't so much mind a moderate kiss, but Mister 'Skeeter has a way of putting too much feeling into it. He either puts the feeling into the kiss or into me, I don't know which. But anyway, I'm the one that feels it.

More than that, when a man is being held up and kissed without his permission, he at least likes to know something about the sex of the kisser. If he could always be certain that it was a good-looking female 'Skeeter pressing her rosebud lips to his sunburnt hide, he could sorter put up with it. But the thought of an old big gentleman 'Skeeter smacking a fellow on the cheek till the blood runs—doggoned if that ain't the limit. That is mighty bad manners, and I say no 'Skeeter who is a real gentleman will do it..

But there are arguments on both sides of the question, and I desire to treat the 'Skeeter with entire fairness. He was no doubt put here for a purpose, and we ought not to deprive him of his rights. If he is no use to us, maybe we are some use to him, and that ought to be a consolation to us.

We talk a great deal about the 'Skeeter spreading diseases--yellow fever and such like. But that certainly ain't his fault. Where would he get disease germs to inject into your blood with his little hyper-durn-it if he didn't get them out of some other person's blood? It is man's duty to himself and to the 'Skeeter, to keep his blood pure and healthly. Then the 'Skeeter himself would keep in better health and enjoy his meals more, and there would be no more germs for him to carry. No doubt the poor ignorant 'Skeeter suffers and often dies from the diseases he gets from us. Just think of the 'Skeeter lying on his death-bed, slowly dying from a disease that he caught from the human race, and no money to pay a doctor! Excuse me while I weep. What the 'Skeeter needs most of all is a pure food law.

Here they come with another yarn saying that it was Noah instead of Adam who ate the forbidden apple. Well, even if it was, the charge has stood against poor old Adam so long that it has plum ruined his reputation, and he is too dead now to benefit by the vindication.

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash.

Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A DEAD FUNNY MAN.

Ah, no, beloved, I didn't say a funny dead man. I said a dead funny man. And there's a difference—a mighty big difference. Do you see the point?

He spent his life making others laugh. His fun was hearty, wholesouled and harmless. You couldn't to save your neck, associate him with the ordinary vexations of life, and nobody took the trouble to wonder whether he could die or not.

But he is dead—just like other men—and the sunshiny twinkle is all gone out of his eyes. And the world wonders, as it stands looking at his white, set face, if this is the same funny man it laughed at till its sides were sore. The very same—but different now! And the world is plum stumped—it cannot understand it all, and never will.

But we other sad souls who still live and have to submit to being called "funny men"—we understand it perfectly. Shall I give away the secret? I will whisper it to you, my friend, but don't tell anybody. You didn't see that funny man every minute of his life, else you had seen him weeping many times. Yes, he had his troubles, and they were very real—as well as yours and mine. But—and here is the secret—he kept his tears all to himself, while he divided his smiles with you'

Peace to the sad, pure soul of the dead funny man! God rest his ashes! Amen.

The Eastman Kodak Company has been "dissolved" by the Federal District Court at Buffalo. Now's the time to buy Eastman Kodak stock. It is my rule to always do my buying in a trust that has been "dissolved," because that's a sure sign that it is just entering upon its most prosperous days.

The song of the hour! Woman's honor first!

"Georgia, Dear Old Georgia"

Our traducers answered. Words of patriotism. Patriotic air.

Should be in every home. If you miss this you'll regret it! Send one dime for words and music. A. F. BYRD, Author, Baxley, Ga.

LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT

If you, Mister Reader, are half as tired of this miserable war business as I am, you will welcome a change of subject. Hanged if I ain't read about it and writ about it so much that I wish it never had to be mentioned in my presence again.

But the papers and the magazines will go right on devoting three fourths of their space to the war, because it is looked upon as the livest news matter of the day, and the fool people of this country will waste half of their time reading it. And how much good does it do them? None—not a particle. It is actually harmful.

We can't stop the war—not by all our writing and reading about it. We can only saturate our minds in blood and make ourselves needlessly miserable. Why must we keep our minds always full of that gruesome stuff, especially since we didn't start it and can't stop it? Of course we can't get entirely away from it, but we can devote at least part of our reading and writing to pleasanter sugjects.

This paper, therefore, will not say as much about the war from now on as it has in the past. My readers expect my droll, homemade, tom-fool talk to amuse them, and in order to do so I must choose subjects that can be handled in a humorous manner. If you must read about the war in the other papers, then read The Fool-Killer to take the bad taste out of your mouth.

Ben Pitchfork Tillman, of South Carolina, is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. A few days ago he visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard and was snown one of the submarines. He peeped inside of it and exclaimed: "Well, who'd a thought the durn thing was holler?"

King George and Czar Nick have again been swapping felicitations over their good luck in having God on their side. Meanwhile Germany don't allow us to forget that God is on her side. My opinion is that if God should speak out in thunder tones and tell where He stands, they would ALL hide their faces in shame.

HOT ROASTED 'TATERS!

The progressive march of science just keeps right on keeping on, and if Luther Burbank don't look out, I am afraid he is going to get left with the bag to hold, so to speak.

I see in the papers that some cunning plant-wizard is going to just literally and everlastingly put to shame our friend Luther. The story is that the newly-risen second Burbank has succeeded in raising an improved sort of Irish potatoes, already salted and peppered.

Of course you don't believe it. I don't, either, but it's a fact, all the same. It's all very easy to understand when you know the method. He does it by planting a stalk of red pepper in each potato hill, and that takes care of the peppering. Then he waters his patch with salty water every day, and, lo! the proper salt flavor is added to the growing spuds.

There is just one thing lacking now, and the wizard is working day and night on that. He never intends to give up until he succeeds in growing the potatoes already cooked, as well as salted and peppered, and ready for the table.

You may not think it possible. but I believe he will succeed. I think his wonderful ability as a liar will bring his 'tater patch into such close contact with hell that the tubers will be thoroughly roasted. Then he can get him a tin snout and root them out of the ground like a hog and eat 'taters till everything goes easy.

WAIT A MINUTE.

Wait a minute. Or it may take two minutes. But wait. Got sump'm to tell ye.

Are you still waiting? That's right. Just be patient. A good story like this is worth waiting for. This introduction is just to get your appetite whetted for it right good and you will enjoy it better. Some people have no patience about a thing of this sort. Always nervous and on the jump. They run clean ahead of their good luck and never give it time to catch up. Don't do that, my friend—it isn't best. Wait till—

Yes, I'm coming to it, but wait. Take a deep breath and close your eyes. Pray a little if you want to. But don't cuss. This ain't no cussing matter, if it does look like it. The Bible says—

Oh, that reminds me. I was going to tell you something. But please wait a second. What I started out to say was that it would please me plum to the gizzard for every reader of this paper to get up a big bunch of subs for it and send them in right away. Now don't wait any longer. Get busy.

When the grub begins to run low, just hang the monkey-wrench on your appetite and vote the same old way. A sheep wouldn't do it, but you are different from a sheep.

The Devil's Letter.

Hades, Sept, 20th, 1915.

Dear Flying Men:

I take off my hat to you fellows. And that means a good deal, for I don't often take off my hat to anybody. You are great fellows, and your profession is winning its way into my heart in a most wonderful manner.

Yes, my dear Flying Men, I am most happily surprised at the development of the flying machine and I will gladly do all in my power to extend its usefuness throughout the earth.

I will confess, however, that I did not always look upon the flying machine in this favorable light. When the idea of men learning to fly was first suggested to me I only laughed at it. In that respect I was like most other people. Of course I have always been able to fly. I learned the trick in heaven when I was an angel and have never forgotten it. My wings have been scorched a good deal since I have been down here bossing this fire department, and they don't look as nice and new as they once did, but I can still fly pretty well. It comes in mighty handy, too, when I want to make a trip to the earth and back, as I often do. But then I am something more than human, you know, and felt myself superior to men. And so when I heard that men were trying to fly I just had me a big hearty laugh. I loked upon it as another ambitious Tower of Babel project and felt sure it would never succeed.

But imagine my surprise and consternation when I received a message from earth one day stating that man had actually learned to fly. Indeed, I could hardly believe it until I made a trip up there and saw it with my own eyes.

"Well," said I to myself, "those men on earth are getting too smart for me. After all my efforts to keep them out of heaven, they will now be able to fly right in."

And you can't imagine how blue and disheartened I was for awhile. I felt that I might as well rent out hell for a goose pasture and go to preaching.

But as the years passed and the flying machine continued to improve, I noticed that nobody had yet gone to heaven in it, while several of its victims had landed in hell with their necks broke. Then hope began to spring up in my bosom again. It seemed possible that the thing might yet turn out to be a powerful agency in my behalf.

And so it has. Since this glorious war started, I have been more than pleased with the results of the flying machine. In former wars it was only the surface of the earth and sea that could furnish victims for me. But now I get them from the water, the land and the air. To tell the truth, though I have had some trouble with you fellows who come down from the air. From your air battles ten thousand feet high you have such a long fall that you nearly knock the bottom out of hell sometimes. I have seen the liquid fire spatter for half a mile in every direction when some daring air men hit it kersplunge right flat on his back. The fall of one air man has thus been known to knock a dozen other victims plum out of hell, and I have had to hunt three days to find some of them.

Still, that is only a small matter, and I wouldn't think of giving up the flying machine. It has certainly proved its worth as a man-killer, both in peace and in war. My judgment of any new invention is based upon its usefulness in war. If it fails there I take no further interest in it. But the flying machine has not failed. With such a machine, and plenty of you brave fools to operate it, I feel assured that my business is going to enjoy a great wave of prosperity.

I just wanted to give you boys a word of encouragement. Keep right on flying until you are killed. That won't be long, according to the law of average. And when you start to fall, remember that I am waiting to give you a warm reception down here.

Smokingly yours,
SATAN DEVIL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

R. J. TULEY, Gentryville, Ind.—Inclosed find six names and money order to pay for same. The Fool-Killer is certainly an eye-opener, and ought to kill all the fools. I had no trouble in raising this small club, and if you will send me some samples I wil distribute them among my friends and try to get up another club.

ROY McCAMPBELL, Alexander, N. C.—Inclosed you will find seventy cents to pay for seven subs, including my own. I recently got hold of a copy of your paper and liked it so well that I have raised this club. Please send me samples.

ERNEST L. HARRIS, Mill Springs, N. C.—Some time ago I visited my brother and he showed me a copy of The Fool-Killer. Am now sending you a small club which I hope to double next time. Am looking forward to the coming of The Fool-Killer and expecting some of the political fools here to be shortly laid in the shade after reading the first copy. Please send m a bundle of good red hot ones to hand to my friends.

VICTOR B. CHESHIRE, Anderson, S. C.—Please find 25c in silver for which please send me The Fool-Killer. It's the greatest sheet I ever read. Would be glad to get as many back numbers as yau have on hand, for which you may send me bill at your regular rate.

H. F. HUTCHENS, Box 155, Spray, N. C.—Thanks for the six sample copies you sent me. I am now sending you seven subs. When I looked the paper over I failed to find any patient madicine ads, I knew it must be worth reading, and I certainly found it interesting. When a man is honest enough to run a paper without accepting fradulent medicine advertising and has enough grit to say what he thinks he is worthy of the support of all good people.

J. S. JONES, r3 bx 11, Coushatta, Ind.—Inclosed find money order for enough dynimite to kill six fools whose names are given on inclosed subscription blank. Success to The Fool-Killer.

D. M. S. FERO, 28 Montgomery St., Newbough, N. Y.—We have a surplus of fools in this locality and if you have a specific for that difficulty which seems to attack the head and heart you can make a fortune which would make Rockfeller's bank account look small. Here goes the last ten cents I have for information in regards to your method of treatment. If they seem rational to me you will hear from me again.

G. L. PIERCE, Box 425, Warren, Ark.—Inclosed find 60c for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. Your paper is a little wizard. It sure has the proper name and will certainly set a man to thinking if he has anything to think with.

W. N. PARKS, Ola, Ark.—Am sending you a list of subs. This is the results of showing one copy of your paper. Would be glad to get a few samples to scater among the fools in the neck of the woods. I think The Fool-Killer is the right dope for fools.

WALTER E. BANKS, Vienna, Ga.—Find inclosed fifty cents to pay for five subs. Give them their medicine in 12 big doses. Your paper makes me think of the chigger you spoke of in your last issue; I don't see how you find room in The Fool-Killer to cram so much fun. If I could not get The Fool-Killer I would pay $1.00 a year before I would do without it.

A.J. SMITH, r3, Pendleton, S. C.—Here I come with another bunch of subs. Send me about 12 copies to use as bait. This makes about 60 subs for me in the last 90 days.

J. H. HOWARD, r3 bx 13, Monroe, La.—Well, I got hold of one of the fool things and decided that I wanted some more so I got out and got up a club of six. I think The Fool-Killer a fine litle paper, and you are doing a fine work. Would be glad if you would send me some more samples.

CHAS. G. NAIR, Macon, Ga.—I was about to have a bad spell of sure enough blues, being terribly disappointed over not receiving the August Fool-Killer when along came the one for September and set me straight. Believe me, The Fool-Killer is some paper. Now don't you think for a minute that it ain't, for I know better. The September issue made me laugh so much that I was about to be overtaken with a sure enough laughing spasm, what ever, that is. I suppose you know, for if anybody knows, it must be you since you happen to be editor of a funny laughable monthly paper. The Fool-Killer is the proper name for you paper. It sure does kill—kills the blues, anyway.

We, the undersigned having read various and amusing items of interest in your very interesting and amusing monthly, respectfully request that it shall continue to visit Gilboa, W. Va., for the next twelve months. We therefore accompany the five names with the five dimes required.

Very truly yours,
Jas. Duling
Henry Fitzwalter
W. T. Bashaw
Ray Bell
L. F. Bell.

Mr. Henry Jim, a brother to the late Bill Jim, has got above his American raising and become a naturalized Englishman. Well, Henry ain't been what you would call a "practicing" American for a good many years, nohow.

The cotton farmers of the South a few months ago wanted to borrow a few million dollars to help them out of a tight place, but you remember the sudden and pronounced manner in which they didn't get it. And now here come England and France and their allies wanting to borrow a cool Billion of dollars to run their nasty war, and of course they will get it. Which shows that in the eyes of our plutocratic bosses a foreign soldier is a heap better than an American farmer.

FRENCH FIDDLE-DEE FUN

And now, just for a change, let's talk about something else for a few minutes. I take it that you are a common person—most of my readers are—and a sensible person. I don't believe you like this hifalutin sawsiety stuff any better than I do.

But maybe you have been unmercifully driven into a swell hotel sometime in search of what we country boys, when I was growing up, used to call "belly timber."

If you are at all like me, when you get hungry you don't care a cuss for a French menu card that it would take sixteen Harvard professors to translate—you want something to eat. That's me.

Well, one day I found myself caught in one of them-thar fine, Frenchy flap-jack fixins, and blamed if I din't feel like an American Tom-cat trying to eat French mice in their native language. But I was determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and get something down me that would stave off hunger till the next meal.

So I took up the menu card and read it backwards and forward, up and down, and then whicker-goddlin across, and the dab of adult butter that somebody had dropped on it was the only thing I could see any sense in. I could even SMELL scents in that. All the rest of it, so far as I was concerned, might have been an extract from a Turkish newspaper telling about the war.

Well, after wasting fifteen minutes over the blamed thing, I turned around and crooked my finger at a saddle-colored nigger that stood there like he had a board tied to his back. I says to that nigger, says I,

"Looky here, you coon, beat it into that kitcken and fetch me some beans an' taters an' a hunk of corn bread."

Wish-I-may-die if that nigger didn't just about faint, but after he recovered from the shock, I got my grub all right.

And even outside of hotels and restaurants, some folks have a powerful mania for trying to use French words that they don't know how to use.

They remind me of a mule's daddy trying to sing tenor at a camp-meeting of nightingales.

I despise such words as en regle, entree, entre-nous, and dozens more like them. All these words are pronounced entirely different from the way they are spelled (so I am told by a man who once got foundered on a French grammer.) Also they are to be pronounced as tho you had your mouth full of hot mush that you couldn't swallow with-yelling, and were too polite to spit out in your plate.

I guess you and me had better stay at home and eat in the langauge that we know how to digest.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1915. NO. 8

WONDERS.

A feller come along, he did,
An' tuck my photograft;
Hit looked so like my ugly self
I busted out an' laughed.

"Ye done it—that's a fack,' sez I,
"But that's the limit, shore;
Thar can't be no improvement made
On what's bin done before."

Next time I saw that pictur man
He'd made sich awful strides
That he could look right through my clothes
An' pictur my insides.

I had to own up it was done,
But told the feller, flat,
That I was certain he could not
Do nothin' more than that.

I hummed a little snatch of song,
With music rare an' choice;
An' fust thing anybody knowed
He'd photograft my voice.

He started up a phonograft,
"Now listen here," sez he;
An' that-thar measley instrument
Jist sung an'-talked like me.

A man across on t'other hill
Yelled "Hello thar!" to me,
An' I could hear each word he said
As plain as plain could be.

"I'm goin' to stretch a fencin' wire
On poles," sez he, an' smiles,
"Then you an' me can talk on that
Fer most a dozen miles."

Of course I knowed it wouldn't work—
At least, the chance was small;
But when he got his wire strung up,
Hit did work, after all.

"Hold on," sez I, "don't let success
Completely crack yer lid;
You'll never talk a hundred miles—
It simply can't be did.

But, bless yer soul, that crazy man,
With bales of wire unfurled,
Kept on at work till he at last
Talked half around the world.

"All right," sez I, "you're pretty smart,
That much I will admit;
But I will swear the limit's reached,
An, so I guess you'll quit."

Deliberately he cut the wires
An' let the poles stand bare;
Then talked around the earth an' back
Jist on the naked air.

—James Larkin Pearson.

IN THE GOOD OLD U. S. A.

Onward Dear old Hypocrites
Marching as to war,
We have lent our flag to the devil
And he's marching on before.

To try to stir up trouble
Within the dear old states,
Great Britain she is bidding come
And Germany only waits.

Bring on your sons and daughters
And drag them down to shame,
Just any thing to please the rich,
And give some War Lord fame.

We know that great society
Is always talking war,
You never get them in the front,
It always is the poor.

They tell you to be loyal
And serve your country well,
And when the war is over
The poor don't get a smell.

—H. L. BEE.

Some people are so mean that they will pat you on the back before your face, and then turn right around and hit you in the eye behind your back .

A LOVE-LY INTERVIEW

The Washington correspondent of The Fool-Killer called on President Wilson at the White House last week to talk with him about the burning questions of the day and to get his opinions on certain important matters.

When I was ushered into his presence, the president was seated alone at his desk, with a fresh bouquet in his button-hole, and in his eyes a far-away, dreamy expression such as I have often seen in the eyes of spring poets and other young people who were hopelessly in love and didn't want to get out.

Not wishing to take up any more of the president's valuable time than was necessary, I pitched right in:

"How are you getting along with Germany, Mr. President?" I asked.

"Her name isn't Germany—its Mrs. Norman Galt—and I tell you we are getting along just, fine," was the president's earnest reply.

Seeing that his mind was not on Germany and the war, I made another effort to lead him out by saying:

"I notice in the papers that there was a very important engagement on the western battlefront a few days ago. Do you think it means the turning-point of the war, as some have claimed?"

The president lifted his eyes from a photograph on his desk and gazed dreamily out of the window as he replied:

"Yes, I should say it was an important engagement—for her and me, at least. We have been engaged for nearly a month now."

"Do you think it likely that the war will be over any time soon, Mr. President?" I emphasized the word "war" to get his attention.

"We are expecting to get married some time in December," he replied, bringing his eyes back to the photograph on the desk.

"Have you sent off that note to England yet, about holding up and delaying our commerce on the high seas?" I next inquired.

"Oh, you see I don't have to send notes to Mrs. Galt any more," he replied sweetly. "I have just had a private telephone line built between my apartments and her home on Twenty-First Street."

"What are you going to recommend to Congress on the subject of military preparedness for this country?" I asked. "Do you favor a big increase in expenditures for national safety?"

"Oh," he answered, rousing himself from a sort of reverie, "as to that, I expect the circumstances of the case will compel us to have a pretty swell wedding, in view of my official position and all that; but really both Mrs. Galt and myself are in favor of having it as simple as the conventions of society will allow."

By this time I had colllected enough data on the presidential love affair to give me a start, after which the going was easy.

"And so you are not going to favor the extravagant waste of money which is being urged by Garrison and Daniels and their ring?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Garrison and Daniels haven't got a thing in the world to do with it." the president replied, with just a little touch of irritation in his voice, " but if it's the engagement ring you're talking about, I paid $75.00 for it, and don't consider that extravagant, either."

A glance at my watch showed me that I must be going.

"Well, Mr. President," I concluded, rising, "I have greatly enjoyed your wise remarks on the war situation. I now feel more than ever convinced that whatever is entrusted to your care will be well taken care of."

"Thank you," he said, extending his hand. "That's what I told Mrs. Galt, and she said she'd rish it. Drop in any time after Christmas and I'll introduce you to her."

AN INDUSTRIAL SERMON

By King Johndee II.

Hello here, you ragged and half-fed mining slaves of Colorado! Lift up your heads and behold your king. For verily I have left my palaces in the East and have come out here to soft-soap you ignorant guys.

My old dad has turned things over to me, and I am now crowned King Johndee II. Dad saw that his old methods of dealing with the labor situation were running down at the heels, and that the Industrial Relations Commission and other friends of humanity were going to make it too hot for us if we didn't change our tactics. So he decided for me to take the reins of government into my hands and see if I could sorter pacify the restless and grumbling workers.

And so, my dear servants, you are hereby invited to salute your new king. I come to you with a new industrial gospel. Ye have heard that it was said by my old dad:

"Starve 'em out, durn 'em,
And shoot 'em and burn 'em."

but verily I say uneo you that taffy and soft soap shall be my weapons.

My old dad has been a tolerable good business man in his day, but he never was any good at acting the hypocrite. He held you folks in utter contempt while he bled the dollars out of you, and he was perfectly frank in letting you know how much above you he felt himself to be. If you didn't like it, you just had to lump it. You couldn't help yourselves.

But that method gradually developed a spirit of unrest among folks that was dangerous to our continued lordship over you. I told dad that something would have to be done, and he has sent me out here to do it. Dad told you the bitter truth, but I am a smarter diplomat than he ever was. I am going to try lying and flattery. I am going to pretend to come down on a level with you folks—I say PRETEND. It really isn't so, but you ain't got sense enough to see the difference.

I am going to put on a miner's suit and go through the mines with you. I will take a pick and dig a few chunks of coal. I will go and eat with you in your cabins. I will borrow your nightshirts and sleep on your hard, dirty beds. I will dance with your awkward and ignorant wives and kiss your ragged, towheaded babies. In this way I will prove to you that we are equals and that I do not hold myself above you. All that fine ‘,mixing" is certain to make me popular among you, and then you will forget how I murdered some of your wives and babies at Ludlow.

Yes, boys, we are going to be mighty fine chums here in Colorado for a few days. Then I will go back to New York, and me and dad will have many a hearty laugh at your expense.

But now if you really want to find out how much "equality" there is between you and me, suppose you go to New York and try to get into my private office. Suppose you invite yourself to take dinner with me in my Fifth Avenue mansion. Suppose you try to dance with my fashionable wife and kiss my blue-blooded babies. Suppose you try to borrow my silk embroidered nightshirt and stick your smelly carcass under my perfumed sheets. Just try any of them stunts if you please, Mister Miner, and see how quick and how hard you will hit the side-walk.

Oh, yes, we are "equals" and "pardners" to beat forty kinds of thunder

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Perodical of .Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J L. PEARSON, Editor and Propr.
GEORGE KILPATRICK. Bus. Mgr.

One year to your heart 25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More. 10 Cents.
(Canadian rate, 25c a year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order .

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Moravian Falls,..-..-.North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even eleventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Kiler, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1915.

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Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

(Signed) Geo. Kilpatrick, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of Sept. 1915. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Bought you any Anglo-French war bonds yet?

Even Champ Clark has begun to Champ-ion the president.

Repartee is simply an insult with its dress-suit on.

A few more little talks with Count von Durnstuff will make it all right.

The submarine is one business that has to go under in order to be a success.

The men at the front have to dig in, while those left at home have to dig up.

Life in the White House is just one wedding after another. But still poor Margaret hangs on.

Lead and gold are still circulating freely—lead for the poor, and gold for the rich.

It would have been better business to order old Carranza shot with a bucket of soap-grease.

Now why not drive off Count von Durnstuff and quit claiming to be a neutral nation?

Thousands of "reformers" are hacking at the branches of evil, but mighty few ever strike at its roots.

Senator Stone has shown his good sense by agreeing with The Foll-Killer for once, at least. He opposed the big loan.

Great Britain thinks Bulgaria is betting on the wrong hoss. The trouble is that they are all wrong hossses.

If the common people had what rightly belongs to them, the New York speculators wouldn't be quite so blamed rich.

A few drotted millionaries gambling in stocks is no sign that the masses of the people are prosperous. It may be both the sign and the reason that they are poor.

If we are to believe the plute papers, it would seem that John D. Rockfeller, Jr., is mighty doggon popular in Colorado since he went out there and honey-fuggled the miners a week or so. But you can do as you please about believing the plute papers. Rockefeller pays them to lie for him.

And besides being a preacher, a defender of the home, a married man, and defendant in a $100,000 breach of promise suit, the "Rev." John Wesley Hill is also president of the International Peace Forum. But all the time he can spare from his various women is devoted to fighting against the only political party that honestly stands for peace. The infernal old hypocrite ought to have rotten his heart cut out and a green turnip put in its place.

Paying $62,000 for a seat on the Stock Exchange is one way of getting rid of it.

The Balkans out of war are like a fish out of water. But if nothing happens they will get their belly full of it this time.

When a sick man takes up his bed and walks, it is usually a signal for the well man to throw down his bed and run.

Governments borrow, and borrow lightly. But if any paying back is ever done the people will pay, and they will pay heavily.

Poor old China don't seem to care whether she has a republic or a monarchy. Just anything that Japan wants her to have will suit China.

But with all the great "prosperity" of which the Democrats boast, still the government ain't got money to pay its running expenses. Oh, you Democrats!

The report was sent out some time ago that South Carolina had gone dry. But that was a mistake. The State has merely voted for prohibition.

It is getting about time for Toothadore Specksvelt to organize another political party. He and Hobson ought to get together and organize the Preparedness party, with the Mad-Dog as its emblem.

James Whitcomb Riley, the great Indiana poet, says he has not voted in the past thirty years. Unless the average man can learn to vote more intelligently it would be well for him to folow Riley's example. A vote cast wrong is ten times worse than no vote at all.

Before you line up against Woman Suffrage, just take a look around you and see who your companions and colleagues in the fight are going to be. For instance, you will be working in double harness with the liquor interests, the white slave gang, the reactionary politicians, and all other agencies that are a menace to the public welfare. Now do you want to join that gang?

"Rev." John Wesley Hill, the Smart Elick who was going to "destroy" that gang who want to ""destroy the home," is now having trouble with a woman, and is being sued for $100,000 for breach of promise. A preacher a "defender of the home," a married man! But he courted another woman who didn't know he was married, and now the devil is to pay. Won't it be just awful if this holy man is put out of business so that he can't fight that wicked Socialism?

Fool-Killer Bundle Rates

12 copies	10 cents
25 copies	15 cents
50 copies	25 cents
100 copies	50 cents

HEART-TO-HEART AGAIN.

Good howdy, my dear folkses! Hope you all are as happy as Woodrow and Edith, and that's going some, if the papers don't lie. Them two children shore to goodness have got a serious case, and ain't nary bit bashful about it, either.

But that ain't got a doggon thing to do with what I started out to say. This column has been held open for my regular "Personal Chat" to my friends and coworkers all over the country, and I feel just like I was shaking hands with 150,000 true hearted brothers and sisters. I honestly believe that I have the truest and most loyal army of readers and club-raisers that any editor ever had, and this faithful army is growing rapidly larger each month. I would like to write a long personal letter on my typewriter and mail it under a two-cent stamp to each person who sends in a club, but that would be utterly impossible. It would take fifty typewriters going continually to write personal letters to all my good club-raisers and friends, and the cost would break me up. So we will have to content ourselves with these "Heart-to-Heart" talks in the paper. Let us try to cultivate a feeling of perfect confidence in each other, and then we can always work together in harmony.

The Fool-Killer is "our paper," yon know, and we've all got important duties to perform in connection with running it. My job is to write the "hot stuff" and get it printed and mailed. Your job is to introduce it among people who have not seen it and hustle up clubs. Make 'em understand that The Fool-Killer ain't any new experiment. Tell 'em that it is six years old and a well-established success. Now all together for the winter campaign! Every shoulder to the wheel! Roll, boys, roll!

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

Hush!—Don't Mention It!

Speak softly! Don't tell the deacons of young Rocky's church what scandalous capers their Sunday School teacher cut in Colorado. Dancing isn't exactly a church function—especially with other men's wives. If it was a poor man who was guilty of such a thing we'd kick up a big rusty about it and have him turned out of the church. But as long as it's young Rocky and he always puts something in the hat—sh!—sh!—don't say a word about it!

Keep your night-shirt ready. Johndee, Junior, might drop in just any time and want to borrow it.

THE DIPLOMATIC PENDULUM.

Tick, tock!
Soldiers marching
War's shock!
Rainbows arching!
Bugle blast!
Friendly nations!
Crisis passed!
Strained relations!

Left, right!
Clouds are parting!
Day, night!
Fleets are starting!
No more fears!
Troops assembling!
Peaceful years!
Thrones are trembling!

Quick change!
Every minute!
So strange!
Nothing in it.
Better, wuss!
Quickly nettled!
Awful fuss!
Never settled!
—James Larkin Pearson.

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

A Democratic writer says that the coming session of the 64th Congress will be a busy and a stormy one.

Busy with its long tongues—yes.

Stormy—no doubt about it!

He goes on to say that the Democratic majority is so small that it is going to take smooth sailing and expert leading in order that many measures so necessary to the life of the party may be put through.

"Necessary to the life of the party!"

Yes.

But nary confounded word is said about things that are necessary to the life of the people. Why in the thunder should we common clod-hoppers take an interest in the "party" unless the "party" takes an interest in us?

Things are getting into a pretty devil of a mess when national legislation has to be planned with a view to keeping the "party" alive, instead of providing things for the people.

But that's always the way of it. Whether Democrats or Republicans are in, they are always looking out for their ding-busted "party" and not caring a cuss about how we poor devils are going to get something to eat and wear.

The party belongs to the bosses, and the bosses are not interested in you and me. They are only interested in themselves and their set. And so it's up to you and me to look out for our own interest. It will be a happy day for us when we learn to quit tagging around after a gang of infernal big-bellied bosses and letting them use us as mud-sills to hold up their miserable old rotten hulks of parties.

Hang take it, fellers, let's turn over a new leaf and try working for our own interests awhile. Does that ring your bell?

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash.

Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

SANTONE'S BAT-ROOST

The New York Independent tells the story of the Municipal Bat-Roost which the city of San Antonio, Texas, has recently added to its list of luxuries.

Maybe I ought to be ashamed to own that I have lived here in this world for 36 years and didn't know that bats were useful. But I was just that ignorant. Nobody had been good enough to take me by the hand gently, lead me to a quiet place, and lubricate my brain with the oil of knowledge concerning the virtues of the bat.

But the dark pall of ignorance has at last been lifted from my intellect, and behold, I see standing before me the sheeted ghosts of all the leather-wing bats that I ever killed with a broom. I am now led to see what awful crimes I committed in snuffing out the day-lights of these web-winged wanderers on night's Plutonian shore.

We now have it on case-hardened and steel-rivited authority that the common leather-wing bat is one of our very best friends. It seems that nature has given the bat a very peculiar appetite—a taste for fresh meat, as it were—which will not be satisfied with anything except the gracefully curving hams and juicy shoulder-blades of that familiar household pest, the common domestic mosquito. Those who have studied the science of bat-ology as far as the chapter on appetite are convinced that bats live mostly on mosquitos. And when they can't get their favorite dish they soon begin to lose interest in life and go Democratic.

It was the hope of getting rid of mosquitos that prompted San Antonio to put up its municipal Bat-Roost, which is said to house a quarter of a million bats. Now unless they have a good supply of mosquitos the bat-feed will soon run short. Then they will have to start a mosquito farm to feed their bats, and the human population will have to furnish blood to feed the mosquitos on till they get big enough for the bats to eat. Seems to me the undertaking is going to cost about as much as it comes to.

THE MONEY-GODS WIN.

At last the bosses of America are making some headway in Mexico. The long-expected choice between several barrels of spoilt fish has been made, and they have picked out Carranza for their honey-boy.

But before agreeing to "recognize" the Carranza government in Mexico, of course the bosess of America made His Whiskers promise to give them a free hand in looting the oil-fields and other resources of the bloody republic.

This Uncle Sam person you hear so much about has stood ready all along to "recognize" what ever faction the plutes of this country wanted him to recognize". And the plutes have just been feeling around to find out which leader they could squeeze the most juice out of. And it seems that they have now settled on Corranza as the man most likely to be a good little yaller dog for them.

Carranza is more kinds of a grand rascal than Villa ever dared to be. In spite of being a thief and outlaw, Villa has some interest in the welfare of his country. He has shown a willingness to listen to reason and has sent delegates to peace conferences. But he probably didn't agree to hand over his country, soul and body, to the money-gods of Yankeedoodle, and of course that spoilt his chances of being 'recognized."

Carranza, on the other hand, has played "dog in the manger," and has treated all the calls to peace meetings with the utmost contempt. His actions have said more painly than words:

"If I can't be the Whole Cheese in Mexico, I won't let anybody else be But if you will recognize MY government and set ME up as the legal head of the Mexican republic you may just have anything else you care to ask for."

Thus the blamed old scoundel has bought the "recognition" of the American money-gods and has mortgaged his country for it.

THE GOLDEN BOOGER

For pity's sake! I do declare it's just too awful to think about. Them darling, good, gentle, timid, bashful billionaires up in Yankeedoodle are getting so scared that they can't hardy hit the leg-holes of their breeches when they go to dress of a morning.

And it's all on account of that nasty yaller gold which has been coming in from Europe so fast here of late. Their banks are all full of the yaller dross, and they have rented the basement of Harry Thaw's dog-house to pile it up in. You can't walk the streets of New York without miring up to your knees in gold dollars, and the poor folks have begun to feed it to their chickens in the place of shelled corn.

Now that's a mighty little thing to get scared about. I'd just like to see the pile of gold that could scare me. If I never die till I get scared to death by having too much gold in my possession, you needn't wait for my life insurance.

Say, you Northern fraid-cats, why don't you trot a few loads of your yaller booger down this way, where folks are brave? We won't run.

WHAT WOULD THEY DO?

The doctor don't want people to be well. If everybody were well, what would the doctors do?

The lawyers don't want the law obeyed. If everybody obeyed the law, what would the lawyers do?

MSS.—POOH!

Looky here, Mister He-She-or It, or whatever your name is, I want to ask you one plain, flat-footed question. Can you tell me why in the thunder it is that the word "manuscript," wherever it appears in print, always has to be abbreviated to "MS?" I'd give $3.98 for a right plum good answer.

During the past week I have been browsing through a very learned book in which the author finds occasion to use the word "manuscript" very frequently. But instead of being spelled out like other words, it always grins at me in the shape of that cussed little MS., of if plural, then MSS. It makes me tired. Some abbreviations are always proper, but I see no particular significance about the word "manuscript" which prevents it from being spelled out like the other words around it. The general reader may know what it means, or he may not, but in either case he is bound to be disgusted with such a fool habit. Why not just as well squeeze "buttermilk" down to BM., or "fiddlesticks" to FSS.?

The Devil's Letter.

TO J. P. MORGAN.

Hades, Oct. 20, 1915.

Mr. J. P. Morgan,
Wall Street, N. Y.

My dear Boy:

Excuse me for not writing to you sooner. Have been very busy and expect to be still busier before I get to rest much. But I must take time to write you a word of thanks for what you have done, to say nothing of what you are going to do.

Say, young man, you are simply great. I honestly didn't think it was in you. But I am now thoroughly convinced. Your success in putting through that big war-loan for the Anglo-French allies has given you a running start ahead of all the other millionaries, the Rockefellers not excepted. I don't understand why the Johndees and Ford and a few others were so luke-warm on that loan question, nohow. If they had known how much it meant to me they surely would have taken more interest in putting it through. But, thanks to you, my dear boy, it got through all right anyhow, and I have scored another great victory on earth.

To be sure, I haven't any grudge against Germany, but I wanted the Anglo-French crowd to have that money. On the other hand, Emperor Bill is one of my special favorites, and I would just as soon lend money to him as to my own daddy. But Bill didn't seem to need it as bad as the other side did. That's why I wanted Bill's enemies to have the loan—so as to keep the two sides pretty evenly balanced. You see, if one side begins to weaken, or run short of money, it might happen to surrender and stop the war. And of all things that could happen, that is the very thing I don't want to see. Anything to keep the war going—that's my program. Anything to make it bigger and bloodier and spread it out over more territory. I want to see the United States get into the war, and this loan which you have fixed up is a long step in that direction. I always did despise a neutral nation, and you know the American people have kept themselves strictly neutral. Yes, you know. They have refused to sell food supplies and war munitions to the allies, because they were afraid of committing some unneutral act. Certainly! If you can't believe one of my lies, whose lies can you believe?

Seeing, therefore, that the American people were so blamed particular about it, I just wanted them to get tangled up in a big war loan. And you worked the trick for me slick as a button. Surely the United States can't have the nerve to claim neutrality any more. The Americans have definitely cast their lot on the side that they loaned money to, and they are bound to be interested in seeing that side win. Because if it doesn't win, the Americans are liable to lose their money. See?

I am sorter disappointed at the time it takes to get the United States into it, but we will keep right on till we succeed. I blame Woodpile Wilson a good deal for the delay. Poor old Wilson! He is a good fellow and seems to be serving me the best he knows how, but he does make so many blunders. Just think! The blamed fool had to fall in love right at the time when he ought to have been declaring war on somebody, and you know a man in love ain't fit for nothing.

And now, to change the subject, I am so glad to see you taking steps to organize a still bigger Steel Trust. That's right. Swallow up Schwab and his Bethlehem company, and all the rest of them. Get everything under your own thumb, and put the whole works to turning out war supplies for Europe. And of course you will get a fat slice off of everything that passes through your hands. Gee! it makes my head swim to think how fast you will get rich. It won't be long till you can hire the Rockefellers to black your shoes.

Yours truy,
SATAN DEVIL.

A WILD ANIMAL GOT LOOSE.

A writer in the Greensboro News, who probably picks his chawin' terbacker out of Roosevelt's spittoon, is getting powerful wrathy over the fact that his idol gets so much "abuse." He thinks T. R. is a mighty good Christian, and intimates that as an object of worship there ain't much choice between Teddy and God.

Christian, your foot! As if Christ, the Prince of Peace, ever advocated bloody wars and the useless butchering of innocent people. If that bull-necked ruffian is a "Christian," then I prefer to be classed among the peaceful heathens.

To at least three million poor devils it will make no difference how the war ends. It has already ended them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

H. J. REESE, Parksville, S. C.—Inclosed is seventy cents for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. This makes 28 subs I have sent in in two weeks and I was only about an hour getting them. My paper was the first to come to this town The boys are anxious to see The Fool-Killer.

A. A. MAYO, DeSoto, Mo—I am a boy who works in the shoe factory and I took one of The Fool-Killers to the shop and read a few of your articles to the boys and they almost laughed their ribs out. Now just send twelve big doses to them and maybe they will finish their ribs. Inclosed is $1.30 to pay for the 13 subs.

F. M. JONES, Lauderdale, N C.—I would not take 50c for the September issue for you hit Mr. Roosevelt right. I am going to try to get up another club for you before long. We have some fools here who are so bad off that I think they need a few doses of good medicine and I think The Fool-Killer is the best medicine they can take for the fool disease.

JOHN C. HUGHES, King, Ark.—Here i come with another club to break into the tink-tanks of the Henry Dubbs. The Fool-Killer is the biggest little paper in all the world. Just keep right on giving the medicine for it is sure to kill all but hopeless cases. Hit them hard with the everlasting truth.

CECIL C. LITTLE,—Inclosed is a list of names. Please give each one a lot of your Fool-Killer medicine. There are certainly a lot of fools in this part of the country and we feel that we need your medicine, especially when we know that we are getting if from an honest druggist. You are the poor man's physician, so give us the medicine that will clean out the fools properly.

D. G. WALKER, Corning, Calif—I am sending you another club to your Fool-Killer. There are a lot more fools in this neck of the woods that need killing and I will get a few of them as I go along. You sure have the dope that makes them squirm, especially if they do not like to know the truth. But it is the truth that hurts, so go after them for all you are worth.

MISS ROXIE THOMAS, Seneca, N. Mex.—I want all the fools killed in New Mexico, so you will find inclosed money and names to send the paper to. My brother takes The Fool-Killer and I think it is good to kill all the fool that is in the minds of sensible people.

R. S. FOY, Sylvester, Ga.—The Fool-Killer is about the funniest paper I have ever read, and anybody who is wise will subscribe. I will send a larger club in a few days. Please send me a bundle of samples to give out to my friends.

T. A. GRANT, Shiloh, Ga.—Inclosed is 70 cts for which send the Fool-Killer to the following names for twelve months. I will do all I can to get more subscribers. It is the greatest paper for the money I ever saw

W W. STEVENS, Mayfield, Ga.—Your article in October number, "A Voice from the Grave", is the finest piece on the subject i ever read, and is worth ten times the subscription to any one.

Mrs. CHAS. HARRIS, White Owl, So, Dak.—Someone sent me a sample copy of The Fool-Killer and I am now sending fifty cents to pay for my subscription and four of my friends.

H. LeROY MURCH, 1708 W. First Street, Marion, Ind.—Inclosed find money order for $2.10 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. I would like for you to send me a bundle of samples to pass along to my friends.

W. A. ANDERSON, Rosston, Ark.—Say, how did you get all that fluid on four pages? It is enough to kill all the fools if they will only let it soak in The first copy got me. I can now see the end of my nose alright. Inclosed find fifty cents for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names.

BUG-HOUSE LOGIC.

Your Uncle Chump Clark is out making speeches and telling the dear people about the prosperity that they ain't got. Chumpie shows a mighty forgiving spirit whooping it up for the man who beat him out of the presidency, but his estimate of the average man's intelligence is away off. He tries to make sensible grown folks accept statements that any six-year old child would laugh at.

We all know very well that what little prosperity we now have is due to the war. Without the war and the vast export trade it has given us, we would to-day be in a ten times wusser fix than we are. Nobody knows that better than Chump Clark. Yet he has the nerve to stand up on his hind legs and belch out the assertion that the government's shortage of money is due to the war.

Great day in the morning! I reckon, then, that if a few more billions are piled into this country from Europe, our government will go plum broke. What an awful pity!

And so this is about the size of it: If we have any prosperity the Wilson administration wants to claim the credit for it; but if we have any p overty and hard times they want to pack it on the war. From a partisan standpoint, the Democrats ought to be mighty thankful for the war. It has actually enabled them to keep up a little show of prosperity, while at the same time it has come in mighty handy to blame their failures on.

Great is war, anyhow! But still it isn't half as great as the ignorance of those who can swallow Democratic lies.

PARAGRAPHS.

"Wall Street Paved With Gold by War," says a headline. Say, Mister Worker, have you noticed any golden streets around your cabin.

The Anglo-French allies had to come to America to borrow a half-bllion dollars, while Germany borrowed three billions at home. Now who's hard up?

That-thar borrowing committee what came over here to get the loan of a billion dollars never so much as mentioned the matter to me. I feel awfully slighted.

In spite of the fact that The Fool-Killer has been hard at it for six years, there are still a few fools in the world. I see where some fool company is still advertising and trying to sell Teddy Bears.

"Preparedness and nuetrality" is the slogan. Load your gun, but don't shoot! Right now would be a good time for us to stop and consider that a loaded gun gets people into trouble much more often than an empty one.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1915. NO. 9

PATRIOTISM.

Tommy Dubb was a German's son,
And Jimmy Dubb was French;
And they both shouldered an army gun
To die in a bloody trench.

The interests of Tom and Jim
Were just about the same;
Each had a master over him
Who understood the game.

These two had labored side by side
And no disputes arose;
You could not, even if you tried,
Imagine them as foes.

But lo! a bunch of royal scrubs
Among themselves have fussed,
And just for that a million Dubbs
Must bravely bite the dust.

So Tom and Jim rose up in haste,
As all good soldiers do,
And with their loaded guns they faced
And shot each other through.

—James Larkin Pearson.

SAVE, DOGGON YE, SAVE!

Somewhere in the wilderness of Snobdom lives a well-feed rooster by the name of Dr. Frank Crane. This Crane person is broke out all over with a bad case of Blind Optimitis and spends most of his time writing hypnotic dream stuff for the capitalist press.

I have before me a pious preachment by Dr. Crane on "Thrift," and I just want you to listen to a few earfuls of his fancy fuss:

"The man or woman who is spending all he or she makes is a fool. No other term expresses it. Of the great "army of the unemployed" who have been beseiging our cities, panhandling for dimes and standing in line for bread, it is safe to say nine-tenths need not have been in that condition had they saved some of their money while earning wages. Lower your styles of living if necessary. Your 'position in life' is not essential. Your savings are essential."

Now, Tom Henry Peter, you've got it straight.

Say, Sal Malinda Lucy, did you hear that?

Save!

That is the word!

Strange nobody ever thought of that before.

If you are getting four dollars a week and it takes three dollars to pay your rent, don't be so wasteful as to eat anything, and for goodness' sake don't think of wearing any clothes. Lay up that other dollar and save it.

And lower your style of living!

Why, certainly!

If you have been living on bread and water, just cut out the bread.

And if you have been enjoying the luxury of a pair of ragged breeches, sell 'em to a nigger for ten cents, put the money in the bank and go in your shirt-tail.

There is nothing like saving, you se

REDEMOCAN PRAYER.

Almighty and all-powerful Old Party Boss (it don't matter which one, for you are all alike): Once more upon bended knees, all spraddle-legged and flattened out, we come cross-eyed and whomper-jawed to make our most humiliating manners before thy absquatulating greatness. Look down upon us, O mighty Boss, and behold how meek and humble we are. Take the toe of thy yaller shoe and kick us over and examine us from all sides and see that we are the genuine goods. We are thy foolish and faithful dupes, and there is no intelligence in us. It don't take any intelligence to be a good Redemocan, and that's what we are. Our only object in life is to vote as thou tellest us, and then get what we don't want because we voted for it.

O mighty Boss, we love to worship and serve thee almost as well as we love drink mail-order booze. And when thou payest us in booze for our services to thee, we are as happy as a dead pig in the sunshine. Drink and serve—that's what tickles us; and the drunker we are the better condition we are in to serve thee.

O mighty Boss, thou knowest that there are no such words as Republican and Democrat in our vocabulary. We are full-blooded Redemocans and nothing else. Sometimes we vote one party ticket and sometimes another, but thou art Boss of all the old party tickets and thy man gettest our vote just the same one way as the other. Three years ago about four millions of us began to grow horns and make a fuss like a Bull Moose, and voted for Toothadore Specksvelt. But last year we shed our horns and our noses grew into elephant snouts and we went back to the G. O. P. like a martin going to its hole.

But thou knowest, O Boss (whichever Boss it happens to be), that we were voting for thee and thy gang all the time. Thou knowest no party lines. Whether thou art on one side or the other, thou art working in the interest of the plutes and grand rascals of high finance and rotten society. The different party names are only to fool us voters with. And oh, how we do love to be fooled! We know that many of us are ragged and hungry and out of a job, but we don't know why, and we don't care. That ain't none of our business. Thou wilt look after that. Our business is to drink the likker and vote the ticket, and trust thee for everything else. If the man we vote for gets elected it's all right, and if he gets beat it's all right just the same. Thou art still in the saddle and thy word is the law of the land. We humbly beseech thee to keep us as ignorant as hogs, and don't let us learn any sense.

Our Political Boss who art in control, Barnes, Murphy or Perkins be thy name; thy victory come, thy will be done in one party as in another. Give us this day our daily dram, and forgive us the price of it as we forgive those who help us drink it. Lead us not into government ownership, but deliver us from Socialism, for thine are the Congress, the Courts and the Special Privilege. Amen.

WHAT I BELIEVE

I believe in a God who knows His business, and a devil who is not as big a fool as some folks.

I believe God made the world, but the devil has been running it for a good many years.

I believe the so-called Church of God is so sound asleep that Gabriel will have a hard time waking it.

I believe the belly and the pocket- book call more preachers than God does.

I believe that if every church member had a praying machine, lots of them would forget to wind it.

I believe that cold water, hard work, fresh air and sunshine are the four best remedies known to man.

I believe marriages were originally manufactured in heaven, but since the patent ran out the devil has put lots of substitutes on the market.

I believe the man who isn't as virtuous as he expects his wife to be ought to be hung.

I believe when a girl is kicked out of society and her destroyer sent to Congress, there is something wrong with the "system."

I believe if all the hypocrites were dead, there wouldn't be enough people left to bury them.

I believe, to sum it all up, that the world contains more fools and bigger fools to-day than ever before.

I believe, therefore, that The Fool-Killer is badly needed, and that it "fills a long-felt want."

I believe you had better subscribe.

There are thousands of homeless and hungry women and children shivering in the streets of New York these cold winter nights with no place to sleep. And just inside a thousand palace doors there is warmth and light and luxury. And yet there are people who would dare to call New York a civilized city. Merciful heavens, what nerve!

A SERMON ON MADONNAS.

All right, my dear fools, here is a pound of wire nails to fasten your string galluses with to keep from losing your breeches while you stand here and listen to this sermon.

Now are you all ready? Well, here we go. This is going to be a sermon on "Madonnas," and if you don't know what a Madonna is, right here is the place to find out. A Madonna, my dear fools, is a mother with a baby in her arms. This has been a favorite theme of the great painters, and the art gallaries of the world are full of pictures entitled, "Madonna and Child." These pictures all represent a mother with an infant babe at her breast, and art collectors have paid fabulous prices for some of them.

Maybe a picture like that is worth a great deal. I don't speak with authority, because I don't know a bloomin' thing about the art business.

But from what I can find out, the picture of a mother and child is worth a darned sight more in the eyes of the world than the real flesh-and-blood originals. The only possible use that a millionaire art collector could have for a real mother with a real baby in her arms would be to rob her of her last crust and grind her life out in a sweat-shop in order to get money to buy a painted "Madonna" to hang on a palace wall.

A real mother gets tired and hungry sometimes. She even breaks down under her burdens and weeps. And the baby—poor little old dirty thing!—cries for milk, and then spews it up all up over the floor. And that would be awful ugly conduct to carry on in a milloinaire's parlor. But a picture—just a pretty, smooth, harmless picture; one that never gets its face dirty nor sheds tears nor has the heart-ache—that's the ten thousand dollar beauty that fits so well into a millionaire's drawing-room. That's what he would travel around the world and pay a fortune for—the same fortune, remember, that he has squeezed out of the patient, suffering lives of real mothers and children.

The original lives in a hut and goes to bed hungry.

The picture hangs on a gilded wall and smiles down upon the foolish revelry of the rich.

Oh, you mother bending over the wash-tub, with four ragged younguns catching tadpoles in the branch—don't you wish you was a "Madonna?"

A "war tax" on campaign lies would be a paying proposition. Why don't somebody call Uncle Sam's attention to that?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Perodical of .Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J L. PEARSON, Editor and Propr.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, Bus. Mgr.

One year to your heart 25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More 10 Cents.
(Canadian rate, 25c a year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order .

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Moravian Falls,..-..-.North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-eleventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

A boy caught a minnow and decided to scale him. The minnow wriggled, and the boy said: "Be still, little minnow, I'll skin you just as easy as I can." Say, Rube, your capitalistic masters are skinning you just as easy as they can, but they are skinning you just the same, and you don't even wiggle. You ain't got as much backbone as the boy's minnow.

IDITORIALS

Each neighborhood has at least one Solomon.

The wisest of us haven't get much sense.

A man who can be bought ain't worth buying.

Maybe Woodpile's love-affair is only "phycological".

A dude is an empty place with clothes on.

Some fools are born that way and others are self-made.

Patriotism ends where starvation begins.

Pulpit thunder is not much sign of spiritual rain.

Men are the salt of the earth, and women are the pepper.

The smaller a man's soul is, the more meanness it will hold.

A good deal of the "cream of society" ought to be churned.

If you love your neighbor, the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to The Fool-Killer.

"Uncle Sam Needs One-Dollar Bills," says a headine. Shake, Uncle, you and I are in the same fix.

Some people are not ashamed to do a lot of things that they would be ashamed to be caught doing.

Carry your Fool-Killer around in your pocket and read it to everybody you see.

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

We call some folks wise simply because they are not quite so foolish as some other fools.

Whoever gets the Nobel peace prize this year will have to fight for it.

They are fixing to have another year. The medical almanacs for 1916 have appeared.

A man may be a "patriot" for his party and a blamed fool for himself.

The officials are perfectly willing to fill the empty stomachs of the jobless workers—with lead.

Let him that thinketh hes tandeth take heed lest he come down kerflap.

A man who can be hired to commit a crime is none too good to do it without hiring.

A rich man who loafs about the country and does nothing is called a gentleman. A poor man who loafs about the country and does nothing is called a tramp. Ain't society a glorious old fraud, anyhow?

Sugar-coat a rascal with money and the world will swallow him quicker than a toad could lick up a fly.

Conscience cuts but little ice these days. In fact, the world is drifting so close to the hot place that there is no ice to cut.

If a tomato is a fruit and not a vegetable, what kind of graden truck is a Bull Moose vote growing on a Republican vine?

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied, "Yes, by gum! Let the wimmen suffer same as the men!"

A man and his wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

An optimist is a fellow who don't care what in the thunder happens, just so it don't happen to him.

A Republican or Democratic paper cussing the Catholics reminds me of a polecat holding its nose to keep from smelling itself.

There ain't no hull nor core to The Fool-Killer. It's all "goody". Help yourself and tell your neighbor to try some.

Viewed from heaven, the average man wouldn't look as big as a chigger's eye-ball; but get down here beside him and you would think, to watch him strut and hear him talk, that he was as big as a mountain. Great big little insect a man is!

IS THAT SO?

The Rebel has made a remarkable record in this, that it has printed more papers with less advertising than any other publication ever printed in the South.—The Rebel, Hallettsville, Texas.

Is it possible that the Rebel man has never heard of The Fool-Killer? If not, he might look in the Nelson Chessman Newspaper Rate Book for 1915-16 and he would find that The Fool-Killer's circulation is greater than that of The Rebel, and we don't carry any ads at all. So it is The Fool-Killer that has made the remarkable record; we have built up a circulation of 40,000 without one cent of revenue from advertising.

The reason we have carried no ads is that we wanted ta give all our space to good reading matter—wanted to give the readers their money's worth. We felt that we owed this to our subscribers since they have done so much for the Fool-Killer.

But lately we have come to see that a limited amount of advertising would be an advantage to our readers; it would add to, rather than detract from, the value of the paper. That being the case, we have decided to open three columns,—and three columns only—to advertisers. So in the future our 150,000 readers may look in The Fool-Killer columns to see where to order the things they need.

FIFTY THOUSANDS SUBS BY CHRISTMAS.

In my last "Personal Chat" I told you that I felt like I was shaking hands with 150,000 true-hearted brothers and sisters. That means that I have about 40,000 actual subscribers. That's a big bunch, but not nearly as many as a paper like The Fool-Killer ought to have, is it? Of course not, so let us get to work and make it 75,000 or 100,000. We can do it if we will.

This is the December issue. December, January, February and March are the best months of the year for getting subscribers. Let us take advantage of this fact and work as we have never worked before. You have certainly stood by me loyally during the summer and fall and I am sure that you will jump into the winter campaign with all your might and vim. And remember, the real winter campaign starts with this issue. It is on NOW.

I tell you what let's do. Let's set our goal for 50,000 by Christmas and 75,000 by the first of March. How does that sound? All right, doesn't it? Then when we reach the 75,000 mark we'll begin to look forward to 100,000, then 500,000 and then a million! Won't that be grand?

But for the time being, let us work for 50,000 by Christmas. We can easily do that if we CO-OPERATE. It will be as easy as falling off a log. Why, if only 1,000 of my friends would raise a club of ten, the trick would be done. Yes-sir-ree, if one thousand of my friends would make me a Christmas present of a club of ten, OUR paper would have 50,000 subscribers by Christmas.

Who will be the first to send in a club of ten (or a larger or smaller club) toward the 50,000-by-Christmas mark? Who will be the first to send in a club toward my grand Christmas present? Come, fellows, all ready for FIFTY THOUSAND BY CHRISTMAS!

WANT SOME CIRCULARS?

Say, Mr. Club-Raiser, how many of your friends know that you are taking subscriptions for The Fool-Killer? It's hard to tell everybody about the paper, isn't it? Now we have invented a way to make it easier for you. We have printed some circular that tell all about The Fool-Killer and what a fine paper it is. All you have to do is to write your name on these circulars and post in public places. In that way your friends (and others) will know that you are agent for the hottest and funniest paper on earth and they will flock to you with their dimes. Then you can send us a large club toward our 50,000-subs-by-Christmas goal. Send for circulars to-day.

Fool-Killer Bundle Rates

12 copies	10 cents
25 copies	15 cents
50 copies	25 cents
100 copies	50 cents

The journey of life is very tiresome, and when a man arrives at the end he is out of breath.

THE CHURCH OF MAMMON.

Now it came to pass in the year of the Bosses 1915, that the great high priests of the Church of Mammon did congregate in the temple of Graft for the purpose of worshipping the Almighty Dollar and for the transaction of such other business as might properly come before them.

Charles M. Schwab acted as moderator and introduced the orator of the day, Rev. J. P. Morgan who preached as follows:

"Dearly beloved of the Household of Profit, I greet you in the name of our blessed Wall Street, and in the name of all the holy Munitions Factories. Brethen, I am greatly rejoiced in the region of my vest pocket (to say nothing of my other pockets) because of the great things that we have done for ourselves. If any set of men ever had a right to congratulate themselves, we are the buddies.

Behold, my dearly beloved, how beautifully we have pulled the wool over the eyes of the common plugs. This great Preparedness campaign which we have just launched is going to be the juciest plum that ever fell into our laps. Through the agency of our dear jumping-jacks, Woodplie Wilson, Toothadore Specksvelt, and other of their kind, we have managed to get the "dear peepul" almost scared out of their hides for fear Europe will wade over here and try to eat us up. We have convinced them that we must be "prepared" for war in order to preserve peace. We have proved it by pointing them to Europe. You know Europe was well prepared for war and you know what perfect peace reigns over her today. (Applause!) Of course Bill Bryan and Claude Kitchin are going to try to put a bug in the Preparedness soup, but we ain't much afr aid of them. We feel perfectly sure that Congress is going to grant our request and vote two or three billion dollars to build warships and guns and to buy powder, shells, etc. And who is it, my dearly beloved, that owns the ship-yards, the steel mills, and the powder plants? Why, US, to be sure. We are the Captains of Industry, the Kings of Finance, the Bosses of Big Business, and it is OUR mills and factories that will get all these great orders for war materials. That is the main point with us. We want the PROFITS that are to be derived from furnishing the goods, and we are always smart enough to get 'em. What do WE care about the country being "prepared' to defend itself? Not one dried-apple cuss. If we could get the PROFITS by advocating disarmament, we would be the strongest advocates of disarmament you ever saw. But since we have Iron and Steel and Powder to sell at a big PROFIT—why, durn it, don't you see the country just MUST have Preparedness by the wholesale."

Wisdom is the art of not letting other people find out how little you know.

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash.

Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, Moravian Falls, N. C.

GERMANY'S GREAT SECRET.

The latest has not yet happened, but here's the next thing to it. Germany is still ahead, and unless all signs fail she is going to stay ahead. To get the signs, read on.

It is generally know, I suppose, that for many years the men of science have been working on the problem of producing human life by artificial means. Since life is the result of chemical action, the wise men of the laboratoris have hoped to hit upon the right chemical combination and thus produce human life without going through all the red tape of nature's methods. To hatch a man in a glass jar and raise him on chemical affinity seasoned with electricity—that has been the dream of the ages.

In this, as in everything else, German scientists have taken a leading part. But they never before worked at it half as hard as they have worked since the war started. With the world against her, and having set out to whip the world, Germany must have men in great numbers; and if they could be manufactured like gunpowder and turned out full grown while you wait, now was the time to do it.

And so there was no sleep in the laboratories of Germany. Day and night an army of skilled chemists labored among their tubes, jars, retorts and batteries.

Suddenly from the great laboratory of the Count Layem Von Hatchem came the thrilling news that success had been attained. The exact formula had been discovered and several able-bodied men had actually been made and sent on to the front. These men grew very rapidly, so the report said, and three weeks after being hatched they were ready to tote a gun. Being raised on electricity, they need no other food, which is another great advantage. Simple charge them like a storage battery and they can fight for several weeks without re-charging.

All over Germany, as if by magic, sprang up great factories to manufacture men for the army. The mystery of sex was also discovered in the time of it, and it is not necessary to make any women to be crying around and getting in the way. "Men Only" say the orders which come into these factories, and all orders are filled promptly.

If a million of her men are shot down in a single battle, what does Germany care? She has plenty more millions hatching in her laboratories, and can keep right on hatching more millions when they are used up. The chemicals are drawn from the air by another secret process, and the supply is therefore unlimited.

The exact formula for this great achievement is only known to a small group of leading German chemists. It is a carefully guarded state secret and there is absolutely no chance for any of Germany's enemies to get hold of it.

We have all been wondering where Germany got so many men, but now our curiosity is satisfied. She makes them to order, in the same cold, calculating way that she makes her powder and shells. The discoverer of this great secret declares that Germany can make enough of these artificial men in the course of a year to over-run and trample down the whole world.

Farewell, vain hopes! What's the use to fight against such great odds? Just as well surrender and be done with it. Here we are, Germany! Come and gt us.

A PSALM OF HARD TIMES.

Tell me not in hopeful ditties
  That there are no idle men,
For thec ry from all the c't'es
  Proves you've lied and lied again.

Need is real! Men are earnest,
  Hunting work the country through;
But the Cleveland time returnest,
  And they find no work to do.

Not enjoyment—only sorrow
  For poor families in distress;
Where they'll get a meal tomorrow
  None would even dare to guess.

Debts are large, and cash is fleeting,
  And our hearts, once light and gay,
Now like court-house bells are beating
  For the sheriff's auction day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In this hot commercial hell,
Poor folks are a helpless chattel
  That the rich may buy and sell.

Trust no plute, however winning
  His fair promises may sound;
He'll be nice at the beginning
  Just to get you gagged and bound.

Lives of rich men all remind us
  That we poor men made it all—
Forging chains of wealth to bind us
  While at Mammon's feet we crawl.

Crawling that perhaps another,
  Who may vote a few years hence—
Some forlorn and soup-fed brother—
  Seeing us, shall learn some sense.

—James Larkin Pearson.

NOW is the time to send in that club toward our 50,000-by-Christmas mark. To make me happy, send along a club of ten.

"FEED AMERICA FIRST"

This seems to be a day of new "slogans," and how will the above heading do for one? Try your mouth on it a few times—"Feed America First." Don't that have about the right jingle?

Readers of newspapers and magazines have been bombarded from all sides with "Buy a Bale of Cotton," "Made in America," "See America First," and probably others of the same kind. They are all right. I ain't got a word to say against them. A good collection of "slogans" is a mighty nice thing to have about the house. But it seems to me that our collection is not yet complete, and with your kind permission I wish to add another—"Feed America First."

I am not opposed to giving Europe all the help and sympathy we can spare. The Lord knows she needs it. But sympathy and human kindness should begin at home. We have plenty of poverty, hunger and destitution right here in America, and are sure to have more. Millions of people out of work and on starvation right now, and what it will be when winter closes in is too awful to think about.

Yet in the face of these conditions, our capitalistic bosses—the owners of America—are sending food to Europe by ship-loads every week. This food goes to feed the soldiers and keep them fighting, when otherwise they might quit fighting and go to work. But the grain speculators and food sharks must have the money, and it don't matter to them what becomes of our own poor—the jobless and the hungry who must face actual starvation this winter.

Here we are in a land that produces more food than the whole population could use if everybody got enough—and yet half of the people must go hungry. And they are the very people who do most of the hard, slavish work.

Therefore, I suggest that our official and commercial masters lower their sights a little and try looking closer home for somebody that needs help. In other words—"Feed America First."

GET A COPY OF THE GREAT SONG
"Henry Dubb"
Written from Comrade Ryan Walker's cartoons. Price 10 cents each; $1.00 per dozen; $7.50 per 100. FRANK SMELSER, Muncie, Ind.

They say times are getting good again—for the capitalists, the speculators and the manufacturers of war munitions. But that class have been doing well enough all the time. The thing we want is some good times for the average working feller. What do you know about that?

A SERMON ON THE DEVIL.

We have always heard that there was a devil, and there must be some truth in the report. Various rumors have been circulated about the old fellow's personal appearance and manners, as well as the location of his place of business, but nobody seems to know exactly the straight of it. Perhaps the testimony of Esq. Job, a leading citizen and Justice of the Peace in the county of Uz, is about as reliable as anything on the market. Hear him:

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, 'Whence comest thou?' Then Satan answered the Lord and said, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it'."

And so the devil goes in good company and wears store clothes He is also a member of the meeting-house and squirts ambear in the amen corner. I have even known him to occupy the pulpit, and the way he can preach takes all the starch out of the theological cemeteries—excuse me, I mean seminaries.

And the devil is a keen politician. He belongs to the Redemocan party and runs for office at every election. And he always gets elected. The devil is a perpetual office-holder and is never out of a job. He owns nearly all the politics in the world, and most of the religion. He frowns on us, and we tremble. He gives orders and we obey. He makes out a ticket and we vote it. That's all the sense we've got.

If a good man enters politics the devil sets all the political dogs on him and tears him to pieces. And if an honest party hangs out its sign on the political highway the devil trains all the artillery of hell on it in an effort to destroy it. And the Redemocan voters whoop it up for the devil and rejoice in his success. That's all the sense they've got. A few have learned better, and others are learning. How about you?

And the devil is a great business man. Rich?—just hush! Johndee and the rest can't hold him a light. He owns all of them, just like they own us. Hell is the home office, and Wall Street is the American branch. Europe is the fertile field where they raise hell for the market.

The cost of living is high, and the cost of dying is not much lower, but the people pay the freight and the devil gets the money. Yes, beloved, there seems to be a devil, all right, and if there is anything on earth that he don't own and operate, I've failed to discover it up to the time of going to press.

A society item informs us that wearing diamonds is unhealthy. Now listen at that, you poor one-gallus devils! Ain't you mighty uneasy about your health? Let's you and me quit wearing diamonds, anyhow.

Send along that club of ten.

PARAGRAPHS.

Every time I see one of these great big-bellied fat men, I can't help wondering how it would look to see him trying to trim his toenails.

Bring me a mouth about the size of a cellar door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

Encouraged by the example of the Benited States, England will probably muster up courage to call herself a neutral nation one of these days.

An old dram-drinking, tobacco-chewing hypocrite leading in prayer at church always reminded me of a chinch swimming in a tub of cologne.

No sir, I am not opposed to wealth. Wealth is a good thing. There is enough wealth in the world for everybody, and everybody ought to have it. It is poverty that I object to.

Most of our long-coated, high-Collared Doctors of Divinity spend their time doctoring divinity so that the rich devils in the church will swallow it and pay for it.

On one occasion, a good while ago, William Jennings Bryan sought glory at the cannon's mouth. But ever since that he has been seeking it at his own mouth.

When in doubt, see an editor; when in debt, see a lawyer; when in pain, see a doctor; when in death, see an undertaker; when in hell, see a Catholic priest.

The progressive Farmer tells about "a girl who did her own painting." Aw, goosey, shut up! Just lots of 'em do it.

Who's Busted, Anyhow?

Gosh all over everything, and then some more gosh! How comes it that the Excited States is so awful rich and so awful poor at the same time? We hear it on every hand that prosperity abounds and that we actually have more gold in this country than we know what to do with.

Then in the next breath we are tearfully told that there is a big three-cornered hole in the national treasury requiring about 'steen billion dollars to fill it, and we are politely invited to stand for a bond issue.

Shades of old Grover! What will the slippery politicians and big-bellied bankers try to cram down us next? If we are so terribly rich and prosperous as a people, it looks like our government would not be so near busted. Maybe Morgan and company had better get up a billion dollar loan for poor old Uncle Sam.

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. P. BARLEY, Arlington, Kans.—Day before yesterday The Fool-Killer came and we had quite a time with it I got a copy and went around and read it to a lot of the folks and the dimes began to roll in. I thought I would get a club of five anyway, but behold—I am sending you a money order for $2.50 to pay for a list of 25 names. We all sure enjoyed The Fool-Killer; it is rightly named. I read just one short article to a man and he said: "Hold on, that is a dimes worth and here's the dime." That is the way it went and I am sure that I will have more names to send off in a few days.

J. W. EATON, RFD 2, Summerfield, N. C.--I am writing this letter to thank you for the few doses of your medicine I have just taken, and say that it has done me so much good. I am inclosing the names of six people who want your medicine and sixty cents to pay for it. Please send me a bundle of free doses to give out, and I think I can sell several doses. I know that there are plenty that need it.

EZRA RUSSELL, Norton, Kans.—Inclosed is $1.10 for a bunch of subs for your little paper. It is just the stuff.

V. E. W. GOOD, Laurens, S. C.—Inclosed is $2.00 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. The people of this town are carried away with the paper.

BURTON KELLEY, Jingo, W. Va.—Please enter the following names on thes ubsription list of The Fool-Killer. These subscriptions were raised in less than fivem inutes.

S. J. COWAN, Dublin, Ga.—You dear old Fool-Killer: I ain't dead yet. Still on the job getting up clubs. Inclosed you will find money order for ten more who are not afraid to take your medicine. Ihope that you will be successful in killing them, as well as myself, unless there is enough manhood in us to live after the fool is knocked out.

H. E. CUNNINGHAM, 299 Clay St, Rochester, Pa.—Find inclosed $2.00 for yearly subs to The Fool-Killer. Please send me some samples. Hoping you the best of success with the best little paper I ever saw.

D. L. WILSON, Booneville, Ga.—"A Voice from the Grave" in the october issue was the best article I have ever read on the Frank case, and cannot be beat anywhere or at any time. Please send me a bundle of samples and I will do my best to send in some more clubs as I like to get up clubs for your paper.

B. E. F. BUCKLEW, RFD 4, Box 70. Terra Alta, W. Va.—Inclosed find money order for $1.20 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. This makes 45 I have sent in since July.

D. O. GOSS, RFD 3, Lake City, Fla. —I herewith inclose fifty cents for which please mail The Fool-Killer to the names given below. Your paper is just fine. I like to see the good work go on.

MRS. MAGGIE JACKSON, Dillon, S C.—Inclosed you will find check for one dollar for which please send The Fool-Killer to these names. I sent you ten about two weeks ago, and if you will send me some sample copies I think I can get a lot more subs.

The warring governments of Europe are encouraging all soldiers to get married before they march off to be shot, in order that a new generation of babies may be raised up to be shot later. They have reduced the cost of marriage licenses, but there ain't been nary word said about reducing the cost of raising a baby.

And still there are a few fools who believe that big armies and navies are a guarantee of peace. Of course that class of folks would jump in the river to keep dry.

THERE IS NEVER ANY CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR.

Oh, they talk about the spirit of the Christ,
And of how we are to celebrate His birth,
While the poor are being catalogued and priced—
Being bartered for a certain money's worth.

There are lights along the avenues at night,
And the Christmas cheer of opulence is sure;
But the alleys—ah, behold!—they are empty, dark and cold!—
There is never any Christmas for the poor.

When He tramped across the hills of Palestine,
When He stood among the fishers by the sea,
He was comrade to the common and the mean—
He was brother to the likes of you and me.

But they took Him from the people that He loved,
And they sat Him where the dollar signs allure;
In His name they make a feast—they with worldly goods increased—
But there's never any Christmas for the poor.

Where the festive halls are brightest in their glow,
Where the music melts and mingles with the air—
There the Christmas congregations come and go,
And the pick of pride and fashion—they are there.

But if Comrade Christ is somewhere looking on,
He is saddened by the prospect, I am sure;
And I think His heart must bleed for His comrades here in need,
Where there's never any Christmas for the poor.

—James Larkin Pearson.

WHAT THINK YE OF RUSSELL?

Now wouldn't it beat thunder and red lightning if our old friend, Pastor Russell, should turn out to be a true prophet? It may be a bitter pill for us to swallow, but we have to admit that he either knows something or is a mighty good guesser.

For more than thirty years Russell has been predicting that all existing governments were doomed to fall, and that the year 1914 would mark the beginning of the end. Take particular notice of that date. It is a positive fact that in a book which he wrote, printed and copyrighted over thirty years ago, Russell mentions over and over the date 1914 as the time when something big would begin to happen.

Well, we DO know that SOMETHING started right kerdab on the date that Russell said something would start, and none of us are smart enough yet to prove that it won't wind up just as he says it will. It don't require any stretch oft he imagination to see how the nations of the East, by going on in their present mad course, can totally destroy each other. And if this country follows Wilson and Roosevelt and their gang of war jingoes, we will be drawn into it and go just like the rest.

And so if Pastor Russell don't turn out to be a true prophet, it certainly won't be the fault of the military leaders of the world and their following of war jingoes who are all out whooping it up for the great International Suicide Club of the World.